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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE London Times, according to cable despatches, is endeavoring to convey the idea that Canadians view the British elections with alarm, lest the cause of tariff reform should not prevail.

This will be news to the average Canadian, in view of the fact that a majority of our citizens appear to be overwhelmingly in favor of the Liberal cause, that is if one may judge by the Canadian newspapers, by the discussions one hears in the clubs, in the cafes, on the streets, in the homes, in fact everywhere that British politics are the topic.

While we may love a lord individually—though mainly in the abstract—the democratic and perhaps self-willed instinct of Canadians as a race, gives little promise of sympathy for the British House of Lords as now constituted. Englishmen should remember that Canadians have been brought up in a different atmosphere from themselves; that Canadians would long ago have ousted or reformed a House of Lords had we chanced to have been saddled with one. And while the people of the Dominion appreciate the possibilities of tariff reform, and the preferential clauses which may or may not go with such a programme, I believe that the average Canadian would never dream of signifying a willingness of accepting the same as the price of the Dominion's loyalty, as the London Times intimates.

Surely the people of Great Britain do not hold Canadians so cheaply as to believe such yarns, even if they do emanate from the Toronto correspondent of the London Times. If the sympathies of the Canadian people are so easily bought; if the question of a preference would lose Canada to the British Empire, then Canada would long ago have divorced its British connection and have gone into the American Federation of States.

If this is the sort of trash that the Times' Canadian correspondents are heaping on the cables for the edification of the British public, then it's time that Lord Northcliffe employed a new set of men.

If it came to a question of accepting a preferential in the British market, and at the same time loading on to the common people of England the taxes which the landowning British aristocrats are now doing their utmost to dodge, I believe there is still sufficient manhood among Canadians to refuse the one if inseparably linked with the other.

To speak quite frankly, Canadians as a whole, I believe, are fairly well satisfied with their present position, and there is no disposition to crowd on to the now overtaxed British people additional burdens from which they will suffer in order that we may ultimately benefit.

This is not the first time by any means that Canadian representatives of the London Times have either through stupidity or by reason of some ulterior motive, sent to London misleading information. At the time of the last general elections a young man appeared in Canada representing the London Times. In the hands of a few Conservative politicians this wise looking youth, acting as special correspondent for the Thunderer, was putty of the most plastic, pliant sort. This slick crowd of Canadian politicians loaded up my young man at regular intervals; in fact for days at a time he talked with no one else, the consequence being that the tales which went forward to the Times were marvels of inaccuracy and about as deficient in regard to facts as any newspaper yarn that the New York yellow journals have been guilty of.

The reasons for this plan of misrepresentation are obvious when it is stated that these reports, appearing daily in the London Times, were cabled back here for republication in the Conservative dailies throughout Canada. In time this bright correspondent—whom I afterward learned was also a dope fiend—went his way, and probably to this day is not aware that he was being regularly utilized to serve the interests of a small band of Canadian politicians.

Of course, we all duly appreciate the position of the owner of the London Times. As a real live lord his job is new to him, and being new the owner of the title is naturally ardent in his advocacy of "class." However, even to uphold what is dear to his heart Lord Northcliffe should not allow his men to color "news" in the London Times, or in any other journal he happens to control, for that matter.

However, as it happens Lord Northcliffe is not the only sinner. There is J. S. Willison for example. At the moment he is just as busy, also under the direction of Lord Northcliffe it is presumed, for the managing editor of the Times recently announced in Toronto that Mr. Willison had joined the staff of the Thunderer as its Canadian correspondent at large, what ever that may mean. Mr. Willison is in London gathering in "boom" matter pertaining to the House of Lords which he in turn is retailing out in Canada to the eager consumer.

Altogether it is hard to tell where this newspaper combination begins and ends, but there is one lesson that those who run may read; and it is this: what you see in certain papers may not necessarily be true, chiefly because it is written along prescribed lines, and presumably upon orders from the "Big Chief."

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MONTREAL is doing its best to have a typhoid scare, and so far has succeeded to the extent of possibly fifteen hundred cases. That the water supply is to blame for this overabundance of typhoid,—for it has hardly reached the epidemic stage,—there can be no doubt. Montreal finds itself in a bad way as regards its drinking water, a subject which receives only passive attention in most Canadian centres, while in many others it is altogether neglected. As a matter of fact there is hardly a large centre of population in Canada which at the moment has a pure supply of water.

We outgrow our water supplies almost as quickly as a boy does his first pair of trousers, but for some unknown reason we seldom if ever awake to the fact until an epidemic strikes in among us. Ever since the days of Maisonneuve, Montreal has depended upon the river at her door for water. This was all well enough when the Upper Ottawa was bordered by unbroken forests; when the shores of the St. Lawrence above Montreal had no population to speak of. But conditions have changed. Towns and cities have sprung up on the banks of both the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, above the point where Montreal now draws upon the river for her supply. The most natural thing in the world, in fact the only thing for these towns to do is to drain their sewers into the rivers mentioned, and now Montreal pumps this stuff into its reservoirs, and calls it water! Not a pleasant thing to contemplate, even from a distance.

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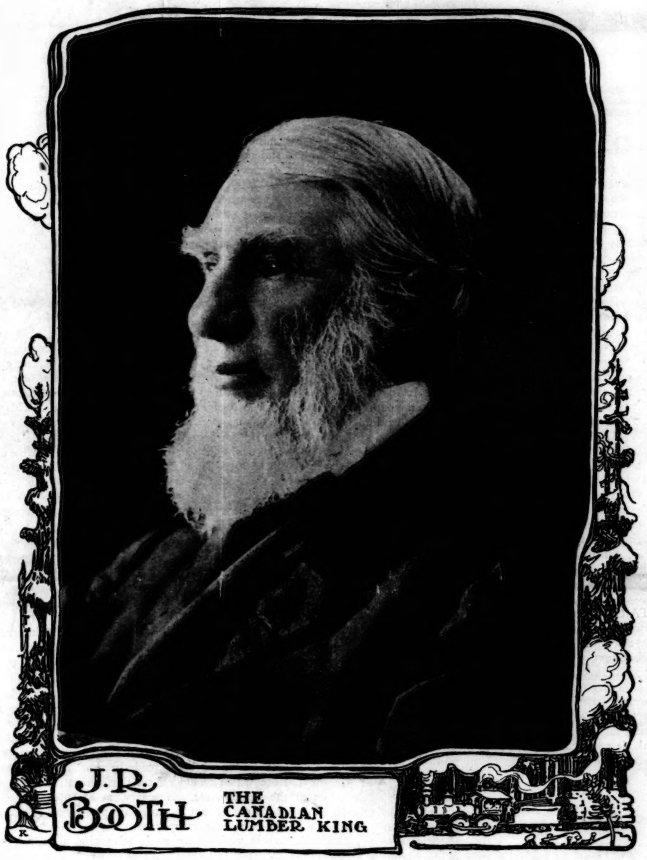
FRAU VON ENDE, a German-American, has just published a book in Berlin in which she gives some impressions and opinions of Americans. The writer deals specially with that latter day product known in newspaperdom as New York society and New York millionaires.



Among other things Frau Von Ende states that Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Russell Sage are not sincere philanthropists, but that through large gifts to charitable objects they are striving only to restore the reputations of their families, besmirched by the unscrupulousness of the husband of the one and the father of the other.

That the general conduct of Jay Gould, the railway buccaneer, and of Russell Sage, the grubbing old money lender, was far from commendable must be admitted, and it would be late now in the day, and not in accord with the facts to attempt their defence. At the same time the philanthropic work done by Miss Gould since her father's death and the good works of Mrs. Sage, who is devoting her old age to aiding those who are distressed, should by no means be condemned.

Jay Gould was the first of a long line of American financial freebooters. He wrecked railways that he might buy them in cheap. He ruined men that he might get their gold. He broke every law in the financial calendar, and he died with seventy-odd millions to his credit, leaving behind him a record which no upright man could envy.

Russell Sage spent his life, every moment of a long active career, in gathering together the millions which Mrs. Sage is now disposing of. Sage's specialty was loaning funds at exorbitant rates of interest. He was pre-eminently the Shylock of his generation. The day of other men's misfortunes was his harvest time. Throughout the latter years of his life he was the butt of Wall Street. When a newspaper man was short of copy he wrote up Sage. He told of how miserly this multi-millionaire was. How he ate an apple for his lunch, which he had brought down town in his pocket that morning. How he preached the necessity of saving lunch money; and how, finally, a crank attempted to blow him up with a bomb, only to shatter the frame of an innocent victim, who, in turn, spent his latter years endeavoring to get Sage to pay the damages.

That Mrs. Sage ever approved of her spouse's greed is not to be thought of. She was ever pictured as a kindly, childless old woman who would have done much for her neighbor had she dared.

Neither Mrs. Sage nor Miss Gould are to be blamed for the sins of the husband and the father, and that both are sincere in the good work which they have taken up is beyond a doubt.

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IN voting the "tube" Toronto electors indicated pretty plainly where they stood in regard to an improved street railway service. If the Toronto Street Railway refuses to come to time, and worst comes to worst, then the citizens may shoot in the tubes, and it will matter not then a great deal whether or not the "coon" comes down. It is certain, however, that the Toronto Street Railway will not, under any circumstances, get an extension of franchise, which, I understand, is now being figured upon in inside circles. Mr. Fleming says that the company is prepared to give a street railway service that will make the citizens forget all about the tubes. Let us hope so.

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OUR own Capt. Bernier did not discover the North Pole, but he appears to have discovered something else that is more worth while, though it lacks the noise of the Pole exploit. Captain Bernier brought back with him from the north numerous samples of what has proven to be most excellent coal, and these samples have been recently tried out by the Government at Ottawa with the best of results.

Bernier, however, still pines for a Poleward dash, as he has done for twenty years and more, and it is said to be not at all unlikely that when he sails with the Arctic northward upon his trip in July next, he will carry orders from the Government to make a try at it.

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IT was a wonderful victory that Japan won over Russia. From a nonentity among nations, Japan sprang in a day into a world power. She thrashed a nation many times richer than herself, and now she is paying the penalty. Japanese writers state that the burden of debt is now more than their country can bear. Since the termination of the war, Japan has paid annually in interest and principal for borrowed money the sum of $50,000,000. This sum they must continue to pay annually for many years to come. Meanwhile the people of Japan groan under heavy taxation, and it is urged in some quarters that taxes be lightened on the land, in order that agricultural and other activities may be encouraged and vivified. If the taxes are not paid in full, the loans will fall in arrears and the foreign credit of Japan receive a serious blow.

In the abstract, war is a grand, magnificent thing. In reality, it is the worst calamity that could befall a nation.

We would do well to think of Japan's position before we don our war togs and go out looking for trouble.

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BY the most effectual method yet devised by man, United States Secretary of War Dickinson is putting a crimp in the Standard Oil Company. In other words, Secretary Dickinson has ordered the War Department to cease buying supplies from the Standard and its affiliated concerns on the broad grounds that the concern in question is an illegal combination under the Anti-trust laws. Secretary Dickinson's reasonings in the matter appear to be sound, for how can a Government deal with a corporation which in the eyes of the courts is an outlaw?

However, it is very much a question as to how far the action of the United States Government will injure the Standard Oil Company. The Secretary and his assistants will find it most difficult to separate the sheep from the goats when it comes to the purchase of kerosene, gasoline, or whatever that department may desire. Many independent gentlemen will turn up when the Government wants oil, but who is to tell how many of these independent gentlemen are included among the assets of John D. Rockefeller?

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"NEVER turn your back on a yellow nigger." Ever hear the expression? Probably not; though you would had you spent time enough south of the Mason and Dixon line. The originator of the phrase, so far as I can remember, is Col. Jack Chinn, of Kentucky, who, in the course of a long life on race tracks and among gamblers and horse men, has sent more men over the Great Divide than he could well count on both hands. I am led to speak of Chinn by the fact that a Lexington, Kentucky, despatch announces that the Colonel, who now represents Mercer County in the Legislature of that State, will prescribe a new kind of punishment for pistol "toters" in that locality.

The Colonel says that seven out of every ten men charged with murder plead emotional insanity, and he proposes to place in an insane asylum for a short term the persons carrying pistols. He would put them where they will be compelled to listen day and night to the ravings of the most violent patients in the institution.

He framed this law on the theory, he says, that as most of the murderers plead insanity at their trial, they must be presumed to be crazy when they buckle on their armor.

Colonel Chinn says that with hundreds of others he has been forced most of his life to carry arms for protection against these crazy people, but that with the proposed law in effect, it will not only prevent the carrying of firearms by would-be-murderers, but would relieve him and his kind from going about like human arsenals.

Colonel Chinn will also introduce a bill making it a misdemeanor for a preacher to discuss politics in the pulpit.

Jack Chinn is known wherever horses run and men congregate in large numbers, from one end of America to the other. I remember him years ago, a handsome dashing Southerner. An untamed savage, who believed in keeping a "Nigger" in his place. Since "befo' the wah" I don't imagine that Jack Chinn has ever stirred abroad without being "heeled"; that is, without a small arsenal strapped about him. His favorite weapon, however, in the early days was a knife, which he always carried in its case, strapped to left wrist. This he could and has repeatedly wielded with deadly effect.

The phrase "Never turn your back on a yellow Nigger" arose from the fact that according to Southern tradition a yellow "Nigger," that is, a Negro with white blood in his body, was both dangerous and treacherous—in other words, that the half-breed "Nigger" incorporated into his system the brutalities as well as the courageousness of the white man and the Negro combined, with none of the virtues of either race.

If Chinn had chanced to have lived in Canada in place of Kentucky, he would unquestionably have been hanged years ago. Many a poor devil has been strung up in the Dominion for far less than the crimes committed by him through his long career.

But this is the difference between Kentucky and Canada. A difference in temperament which is as hard to understand as are the thoughts of a Black Foot Indian.

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PERHAPS the next Pole controversy will take place within the Autarctic circle, the combatants being Captain Robert Scott of the British Navy and Doctor Charcot of France. Captain Scott, following the lead set by Lieutenant Shackleton last year, will, during the coming summer, leave England with a well equipped expedition in the hope of nailing the Union Jack to the South Pole. In the interval, however, Dr. Charcot, leading a French expedition, is already on the ground. He left France months ago, fitted out to carry his expedition to the southernmost extremity of the earth. How far the Frenchman has been able to penetrate as yet is not definitely known. One report from Australia has it that the Doctor has already attained a point farther south than that reached by Lieut. Shackleton. At the moment, however, this is still a matter of uncertainty, though it is expected that within a month or two some definite word will be received from the expedition. If Dr. Charcot's expedition, which is said to be so fully equipped with apparatus that even the suspicions of most doubting scientists will be satisfied, should attain the Farthest South, then there would be little reason for launching forward Captain Scott's party.

Peary at the North Pole and Charcot at the South Pole would leave the English explorers little to be thankful for, and still less to explore.

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THE year 1909 has bowed itself off the stage. Once more we have crossed the line of Time. Prosperity has been the keynote of the year, and its silvery sounds are still ringing through the land. The sun has shone, the rains came in their proper season, and the crops were gathered. Most of us have found something to be thankful for, and most of us are living better than we did a year ago, but by the same token we are paying well for the privilege.

"The high cost of living," says James J. Hill, "is the beginning of every national decline." The necessaries of life show, according to experts, an average increase of 60 per cent. in thirteen years. A man to-day can buy with a given amount of money but two-thirds as many necessaries as he could in 1906. Fortunately, however, we have for the most part money sufficient with which to buy what we want or must have. However, there is no question but that the pace is too fast.

The answer is the realization of the old cry, "back to the land." To-day in the United States the farmers are barely able to feed the population, and still millions

of acres of good farming land lie undisturbed; millions of acres that have never heard the whir of farm machinery, or smelled the growing crops. Into the cities they crowd. They come from the east and the west, from the north and the south.

"The desire seems to be for the young to get to the city," says Mr. Hill. "The desire must be circumvented, dissipated by some sort of method. We must make the country life as attractive to the young as the city is. We must teach them that where the city affords a dollar, the rural communities will contribute two dollars. And that is true unless one is a genius."

The "city habit," however, is as yet a trifling matter on this continent as compared with England. Over there, they find their acres deserted. The sturdy farmers, the men who won England and who kept it through all the passing generations, have left the acres to take up city life, a life of intermingled pestilence and famine; a life which uses up the body, leaving nothing for the coming generations to feed upon.

Here in Canada it is well to take these warnings to heart. Country bred are the men who make the "noise." Upon the farmer Canada must depend. It is upon him that the responsibility lies. He works for himself and for the city men as well, and by the tilling of his acres he wins an independence which the city man wots not of

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THE Winnipeg bankers find themselves on the outs with the Lord's Day Alliance. New Year's falling on Saturday, and it being necessary to make up the yearly balances in the shortest possible space of time after the expiration of the year, the clerks in at least eight of the principal Winnipeg banks were at work on Sunday last. It was a case of either working all of New Year's day or on Sunday, and the clerks naturally chose the latter, though some of them unquestionably were obliged to put in the better of the two days at their desks in order to prepare for the New Year. In any event, the Lord's Day Alliance got after these hardened criminals, who will probably be hauled into court. However, there is no reason why bank clerks should be exempt from prosecution, even if the banking facilities of an entire city are interfered with.

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AT Summit Hill, Pennsylvania, there burns a coal fire which, for longevity, holds in all probability, a world's record. I speak of the mine fire which has been burning into the centre of this great mountain of anthracite coal for the past fifty years, and which, it is now announced, will be extinguished by building about the flames a concrete wall fifteen feet in thickness. The little hamlet of Summit Hill, Carbon county, lies at the very peak of a high mountain which contains, or did contain, previous to its long burning, millions of tons of fine anthracite coal. For years, mining engineers and other experts have tried in vain one device after another in their attempts to conquer this fire, which owing to its altitude was most difficult to reach with sufficient water to effectively utilize the old device of drowning The particulars as to just how the fire started originally are lost in the musty past. Perhaps a careless miner dropped a match, or more likely he struck a flint and steel to light a pipe, for matches were scarce a half century ago. In any event this fire has burned on and on, eating into the vitals of the great coal measures. If modern science can conquer by building about these flames walls of concrete, one of the most valuable mineral deposits of the Keystone States will be reclaimed to the uses of man.

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HERE is a new rendering of "The House that Jack Built," copied from a recent issue of The London Daily News:

"Horatio Nelson, the victor of Trafalgar, had a brother who had a nephew who had a son, who is at the present Lord Nelson. This lordly person has received a pension of £5,000 per annum for sixty-seven years. This sum, together with moderate interest, amounts to more than £550,000. For what? Because he had a father who had an uncle who had a brother named Horatio Nelson."

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HOW many of us, I wonder, are on a peanut shell diet? Quite by accident the other day it was discovered that several cars consigned to Chicago breakfast food concerns were filled with peanut shells, shipped on from the peanut butter factories in the South. I was always under the impression that most breakfast foods are a combination of sawdust and bran. However, it might be worse, for there is nothing absolutely objectionable in a nice clean peanut shell, though its value as an article of food is not above suspicion.

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"IT isn't a man's job," said a prominent layman when asked to participate in the ordinary work of a church. This layman then went on to explain that should the church burn down, he and the other laymen would put their shoulders to the wheel and rebuild it. This, in his opinion, was man's work.

A writer in The Westminster (Philadelphia), in urging a line of church activities which would naturally commend themselves to men, goes on to say:

"Two prominent clergymen were looking at a baseball match years ago, together with an immense assemblage of men. One clergyman said to the other, 'There's hardly a woman here; why don't men come out like this to the churches?' Before his brother minister could reply, a stranger from the seat behind leaned over and tapped the minister on the shoulder and said, 'Beg pardon for butting in, but the reason men don't come to church is because you don't *play ball*.' It was his way of expressing the same sentiment. In the church there is nothing really doing; a little religious sentiment may be excited—the young may be instructed—there are church sociables and receptions for those who like that sort of thing. A college president puts into the mouth of one of his students the student's objection to the ministerial office: 'The minister seems to me like the man who sits in the grand-stand and explains the game to the ladies.' When the church has a man's job on its hands it may get a man's response. Nothing appeals to our young men more than fields which demand hard labor and much sacrifice. The young minister likes to see things grow under his hand; to take the ordinary pastorate and maintain it at its ordinary efficiency and fulfil the ordinary round of duty palls upon many of our most efficient ministers. They, too, feel the demand for a man's job. The same sentiment runs through all our American life, and men who have only the routine for the employment of their energies, who have no great problems to face and no great difficulties to overcome are comparative failures. All the appeals which adventure and war made in the past now go to this, that a man shall do a man's job."

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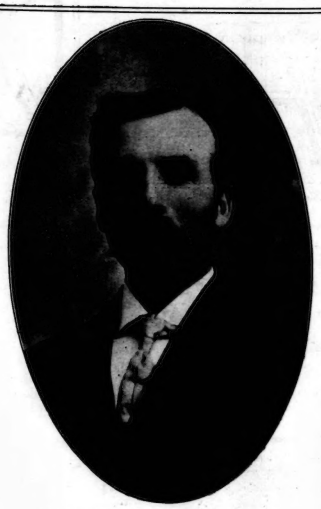
ONTARIO is fast mounting the water-wagon. In other words, just one-half of the province went dry at the recent elections, and there is jubilation in the camp of the Dominion Alliance. As a matter of fact, the only thing that saved the country districts of the province from all going on the dry list was the three-fifths clause. There will be, after May first, fewer bars in operation in the province than any time since Confederation. The ultimate aim of the Dominion Alliance, so state its officials, is not local option, but to push forward the campaign until one or the other of the political parties will make the banishment of the bars a plank in their platform.

THE COLONEL.



MR. JOHN A. BEST, M.P. FOR DUFFERIN.
Mr. Best was recently elected by acclamation to fill the seat made vacant by the death of Dr. Barr. Neither the Liberals nor the Prohibitionists entered a candidate against him.

Appreciation from Oakville.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Allow me to express my high appreciation of your splendid paper, Toronto Saturday Night. The improvement to it of late has been marked, indeed, and it comes to The Record as a most welcome visitor. I take great delight in perusing The Front Page, while my wife is much interested in The Other Page, and I am sure there are many others in Oakville who do the same thing.

Yours,
W. J. FLEUTY,
Publisher Oakville Record.

Oakville, Ont., Dec. 30, 1909.

In view of the fact that Toronto Saturday Night receives many communications regarding investments—answers to which have up to the present gone forward by mail—it is now considered an opportune moment to open a column for the special purpose of dealing with these matters. With the great investment public it is not a question altogether of what to buy, but what not to buy, and as Toronto Saturday Night does not accept the business of "fly-by-night" promoters, it is in a position to deal fearlessly with corporations of this character. Where an investment security is of unquestioned merit we will take great pleasure in recommending it, but where there is a question as to its real worth we expect to be equally straightforward in our pronouncement.

"Ottawa" wants to know if —— common stock is a safe investment for a widow who has little to lose.

On broad general lines no common stock is a safe investment. Buy bonds or preferred stocks. Be careful in your selection. Go to a first- class banker or a high class investment company and get their advice. Don't be persuaded into buying things just because you see a flashy advertisement. The bigger the ad. the poorer the security, as a very general rule.

P. S. C., Winnipeg:

The bank stock you mention is a good investment security. I would advise you to hold on, for it will be difficult to obtain another equally strong that will pay as good a rate of interest.

J. S. S. asks if Bartlett Mines is a purchase.

No; leave it alone till you know something of it. This means anything over two cents per share. Men of standing who have visited the mine have not been "shown."

Is Crown Reserve a good investment at $4 per share?

No. If the statement that it has $7,000,000 in sight is correct the stock might be possibly worth $2.50 as a speculative purchase. A mine's past has little to do with its future. Because a man broke the bank at Monte Carlo once does not say he will do so again.

Has the Drummond mine made money?

Yes; but it is not on the stock market. The owners' ethics were against being party to the wholesale robbery of the public which took place three years ago and refused many tempting offers to "float" their mine. The amount the mine has produced has not been made public.

R. T. P. wants to know if Nancy Helen could be safely purchased around present prices.

The mine has been going three years and has never paid a dividend, nor is there any particular reason for supposing it will in the next three years. Better buy Dominion Bank and sleep easy.

Comment on Cobalt.

Kerr Lake has been the active stock in the Cobalt list and its movement cannot have sprung from anything but manipulation. The news is, ostensibly, that the dividend is to be increased, but that the public would buy the stock with such avidity on a mere rumor is a hypothesis that cannot be entertained. It will be remembered that when Nipissing increased its dividend a few cents per quarter the stock jumped to $13. It is back to $10.50. There is hardly the shadow of a doubt, but that Kerr Lake will sell under $8 before a month goes by, possibly before this letter meets the public eye. The gossip of the street has it that the stock is easily borrowed and as it is a stock not widely distributed deductions are to be gathered therefrom. One is that the people who are manipulating the price up are finding the burden heavy or that they are setting a trap for the short trader, or that they are good natured and good sports. Of the three the last is the most probable as the recognized agents in the local market of the insiders, the Lewisohns of New York are not the people to work a corner.

The management of the Kerr Lake is marvelously reticent about their affairs and their last annual report was conspicuous for what it did not state, the condition of the mine being passed over with a most non-committal statement, something about developing two tons of ore for every one extracted. As it stands it represents $6,000,000 on the market, which, to any other than a Cobalt boomster is an important sum of money. The writer's advice to those holding long stock is to sell it while you may above eight dollars and not to buy it until you see it recommended by some reputable engineer in un-equivocal terms. As a general thing these reports emanating from Cobalt that such and such a mine has so many tons of ore in sight is piffle. If you asked the man who writes it what ore in sight means he could not tell you. The valuation of a mine is one of the hardest problems to work out by men of the highest skill and Cobalt mines are harder than most. In this connection read the following: "It is impossible even to approximate the value of our ore reserves. The veins are erratic in both size and values per ton and their extent can only be determined by working them out." This is from the manager of the McKinley-Darragh-Savage property to his directorate. The statement can be made with equal truth about almost any mine in Cobalt, the Crown Reserve possibly excepted but while Col. Carson claims $7,000,000 in sight he does not say whether the estimate is that of his engineer or his office boy. The thing is that the public should demand direct statements from responsible people.

Speaking of Crown Reserve brings to mind that the writer said some time ago that the stock was not worth $6.00. Since that time it has settled to $4.50 and the writer wonders why all the fuss was made because he stated a very palpable fact. Surely the man he kept from purchasing at $6.00 has no cause to complain. On the other hand we don't find the big financial interests rushing into the market to buy Crown Reserve at bargain prices notwithstanding all the equivocation published against what the writer said.

Notwithstanding leaven the Cobalt market as a whole is heavy and the move prophesied for "after holidays" looks like the reverse, a continued slump. Some people claim the apex of the Cobalt shipments were reached in June. One thing is certain that wholesale shipments of low grade ores are being made by the Drummond and the LaRose which would off-set the concentration going on at the Buffalo, etc. However, as stated before the shipment of ore is not a gauge of prosperity to either a mine or a mining camp.

A certain verbose writer is advancing Cobalt Lake. If any frog absorbs enough Cobalt Lake water to swell himself into a bull "he'll bus' his-self sure."

COBALT.

Plans for the $7,500,000 twenty-five-story municipal building for New York City have been approved and contracts will be let. It will house most of the city departments, will be erected near the Brooklyn bridge, and will have 650,000 feet of floor space. It will be 550 feet high, and a striking example of the architecture which has made the American metropolis distinctive.

SOME OF ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.
Mr. Harding Rideout, Mayor of Kenora.

SOME OF ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.
Mr. D. A. Cooper, Mayor of Kingston.

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City of Revelstoke..5's
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FINANCIAL

MONTREAL, JANUARY 5, 1910.

THE talk which is going around the "Street," at Montreal, this week, concerning the rapid transit tunnel, is interesting if not altogether convincing. That such a tunnel should be built, everyone admits; that it will be built, just now, very few believe. Montreal doesn't do things quickly. She thinks them over a long, long time and gets the advantage of the experience of others—whatever consolation that may afford her. However, before we get too far away from the subject, it may be as well to tell what this rapid transit tunnel is.

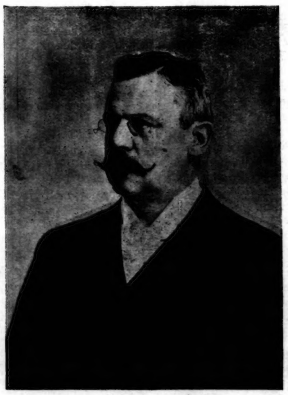
***

Montreal Congested.

Mount Royal has always caused Montreal a lot of trouble. It sits down just about her middle and crushes her out at both ends. Montreal would have given way riverwards, had her citizens been amphibious. As it was, the docks were built as far out into the river as possible and then the population which hadn't been shoved out the ends or clean across the river, began piling up on top of itself in flats and tenement buildings. When the electric railway was inaugurated, the population scattered to right and left into the country beyond. These now have to find some means of getting into the city more quickly. The steam railway could have carried them right through from east to west, or vice versa, but the danger was too great for even Montrealers to permit. Either that, or the railways did not come forward with the proper brand of pursuasion—or a sufficient quantity of it. At any rate, the railways are running away around the back of the mountain, a distance of a dozen miles or more, to get to a point which is only a mile or so distant in a direct line.

***

A Complex Situation.—The problem in Montreal is how to get people from their offices to what they please to call their homes in the quickest possible time and with the least amount of trouble and cost. From the east end, the nearest bridge to the south of the river is miles away; a new city has sprung up to the north. The C.P.R. and the G.T.R. have very good entrances and depots in the western portion of the city; the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. enter the east end through miles of streets, the depot of the latter being ten miles from the centre of the city; the C.N.R. has no western entrance, and the G.T.R., urged by G.T.P. exigencies, is just now laying plans to get some sort of eastern entrance. Other railways are trying to gain entrance from the south without making use of the G.T.R. bridge. Anyone with an ounce of sense would see at a glance that something big has to be done here ere long and that it would cost a great deal less in the long run for all to pull together on a comprehensive proposition than to continue in the present wasteful and unsatisfactory course.



Senator L. J. Forget, President of the Montreal Street Railway, who will unquestionably have a hand in any subway scheme that Montrealers may devise.

***

What is Proposed.

The big story this week is that such a plan is receiving the consideration of the various interests concerned. Of course, a deal of this nature requires time for consideration, and it is a certainty that it will get more time than is required. However, as we grab wildly at the greasy and microbe-laden leather loops and feel our arms twisting out of their sockets, each evening when the impetuous driver jerks on the electricity in the front of the car, it will be a soothing thought to the unselfish ones to feel—no, to hope—that the day may come when each will have a real seat to himself. Meantime, the idea is that a six-track subway will be constructed across the city, connecting the east and west. The subway will tap the Windsor and Bonaventure depots, in the west, and the Place Viger and the C.N.R. depots in the east. It will have a central station in the centre of the city. Included in the plan is a double-track tunnel under the river to Montreal South, to accommodate traffic to and from that direction, the roads particularly interested being the Delaware and Hudson, the Intercolonial, Central Vermont, Quebec Southern, the Rutland and the N. Y. Central. Another subway to connect with the north of the city is spoken of; but we will be well satisfied to get half of what has already been mentioned.

***

Our (?) Magnificent Waterpower.

Within a reasonable distance of Montreal is an enormous amount of waterpower. True, it is not of much financial advantage to Montreal, although of some to those in possession; but then we can talk of it just as if it were really ours. So, *we* have a lot of waterpower near Montreal, and why, under the circumstances, dirty, smoking, noisy, puffy locomotives have not long ago been scrap-heaped, so far as city traffic is concerned, is for the intelligent voter to explain. Now, however, we are told that the power for all the traffic mentioned is to be electricity, not one of those dirty, puffy, etc., locomotives being permitted within the sacred precincts. Certainly the citizens never compelled that move, grateful as we are for it. Right here is a motive. The Shawinigan Water and Power Co. has a raft of power it cannot possibly dispose of for years to come; the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., or some of the other companies, will probably soon have some surplus, also, and the Montreal Street Railway Co. is more or less interested in the work of hauling passengers to and fro and will shortly be interested also in freight haulage. But the company which would supply the greater portion of the power would be Shawinigan.

***

Where J. E. Aldred Came In.

When we talk of Shawinigan, we think of J. E. Aldred, of Boston and Montreal. Neither he nor J. N. Greenshields, nor H. H. Mellville, nor John Joyce made the water, but, assisted somewhat by the creator, they made the falls and, with or without his assistance, they formed a company and—bright thought, perhaps in this connection some evil disposed person might dispute the assertion concerning the making of the water. J. E. Aldred was secretary, first, then he became general manager, then vice-president and is now president, having succeeded Hon. Robert Mackay who had previously succeeded one of the makers of the company and its first president, namely J. N. Greenshields, K.C. Aldred and Greenshields had much to do in building up the various industries which are grouped around the Shawinigan Falls—such as the Carbide Co. and the Aluminium Co. Aldred was a hard worker and a keen business man. In fact, I am told that he is altogether devoted to business, more's the pity. However, he certainly made a success of Shawinigan and, they say, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The company is now distributing power to Three Rivers, to the Black Lake asbestos areas, and to a score of other users as well as to Montreal where, I have heard, it made one of its lowest contracts—about $15 per h.p., per annum. J. E. Aldred is one of those "hustling Americans" who must have his mind going on more propositions than one, so, at the present time he is also acting in the capacity as receiver to McCaw's Ferry Power Co., which he is reorganizing.

***

A Raison D'Etre.—Lately there has been much talk in local financial circles concerning a coming amalgamation between Shawinigan, Montreal Street Railway and Montreal Light, Heat and Power. That something is taking place there can be little doubt. What it is, is not yet known; but the general view is that the merger microbe is wagging its tail vigorously. Shawinigan, though only paying 4 per cent., is selling above par; Street has had a sharp advance and is selling not far off 225, while Power has reached a record price, at better than 136. Wise heads are wagging and inventive brains—being not the exclusive possession of the newspaper fraternity—are inventing. Out of the shapeless mass comes the story of the six-track subway, the two-track St. Lawrence tunnel and all the rest of it. Some financial details are referred to. Many laugh at the whole story, but others, having in mind the reasonableness of the proposition and the difficulties it would remove, are inclined to lend an attentive ear. Alas that it should be so, but it isn't a good reason for an attentive ear.

T. C. A.

***

TORONTO, JAN. 6, 1910.

THE year in financial circles starts with everyone in a fairly optimistic frame of mind. On all hands business seems to be in full swing. Merchants uniformly report a most satisfactory trade during the past Christmas season, and that fact affords a fairly accurate estimate of commercial conditions generally. Even at this time of the year a pronounced demand is in evidence for such luxuries as automobiles, a circumstance that indicates to some degree the manner in which the country is spending its profits. The distribution of wealth aids all interests, and the only fly in the ointment seems to be the uninterrupted increase in the cost of living. Rents are constantly in the ascendant, and so persistent is the advance in the price of all necessaries of life that several of the wholesale dealers point out that they are now unable to sell many articles that were formerly looked upon as familiar to every household. No doubt some explanation of this situation is found in the fact that the increase in prosperity has largely stimulated the demand from the individual, and that not a few who formerly thought themselves favored when they had one or two luxuries, now consider themselves oppressed if they do not possess the many.

***

Bad Spot for Amateur Investors.

Glancing at the stock markets both at home and abroad, there does not appear to be much that would point to a continued upward trend in prices at the moment. Much of the activity that has been in evidence the past week no doubt arises from the process known as "window-dressing"—a process adopted, particularly across the line, with a view to attracting some of the heavy reinvestments that occur immediately after the exceptionally large dividend disbursements are made early in January. The New York market is now at a halt because many are in doubt as to just what attitude President Taft will take in the message which he is to send to Congress. There seems to be a disposition to believe that he will not allow the railroads much leeway as regards flexibility of freight rates, and that he will be equally as insistent as his predecessor with regard to the necessity of counteracting the influence of the trusts. Naturally, the note of hesitancy in the New York market has had its reflection on the Toronto Exchange, and until the political atmosphere clears up both at Washington and London, very little more than a trading market can be expected. There may be a few opportunities for the ac-

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REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	358,311.06

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Tuesday, the 1st Day of February Next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to 31st of January, 1910, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, 22nd December, 1909.

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CANADIAN AGENTS

tive trader to slip in and clean up a few points on a quick turn, but the chances of doing much over a telegraph wire by those not constantly in the game will be quite remote. The present seems a good time for the amateur to make himself scarce.

***

Twin City Finally Wins Its Case.

At length there has come an end to the litigation in which Twin City was interested, and the stock has consequently risen to a new high point for the movement. A start was made, however, when, a week ago, the directors finally decided to make the long-contemplated increase in the dividend—placing the stock on an annual six per cent. basis. When the city of Minneapolis first undertook to discipline the Minneapolis Street Railway (an integral portion of the Twin City system), an attempt was made to break the contract under which the company was incorporated for fifty years and by which it was empowered to charge five-cent fares within the city limits. The judge at the lower court gave his decision in favor of the company, and now that dictum has been made effectual by the Supreme Court of the United States. The most important part of the decision just handed down, of course, is that confirming the company in its franchise. The quashing of the ordinance which sought to compel the company to sell six tickets for a quarter is a minor matter. It is seven years ago that the Twin City dividend was raised from 3½ per cent. to five per cent. Since then rumors of a possible increase have been been so frequent, only to prove unfounded, that many had ceased to entertain any hopes along this line. Latterly, however, the earnings have been so good that greater assurance was afforded for the expectation of an increased distribution.

***

Listing of Black Lake Issues.

A feature of the operations of the Toronto Stock Exchange the past week has been the activity that followed the listing of the Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos securities. Of these there were registered with the secretary, $510,000 bonds, 2,999,400 common shares, and 1,000,000 preferred shares. Within the last five days these have been all the subject of a notable advance, which, more pronounced than is usual with new securities, would seem to indicate that the investors look upon the asbestos industry in Canada as one that has come to stay. And when one considers the facts, this is not at all surprising. The United States mines only two per cent. of the asbestos manufactured in that country; the rest must be imported into that country. Perhaps that is the reason that the Amalgamated Asbestos Company has been able to sell its output ahead for five years to come. A similar offer has been made for the output of the Black Lake Company for the next two years, but the directors have preferred to await the completion of their plant before entering into contracts. The company's properties comprise five thousand three hundred acres in the heart of the asbestos region in the province of Quebec. Here the company is said to have ore blocked out that will enable it to extract one thousand tons a day for the next hundred years. A pleasing feature of the Black Lake issues is the absence of pool operations in them. The stocks are held by nine hundred widely scattered holders, and have consequently been properly digested. Most of the company's directors are men of prominence in other cities in Canada, the sole Toronto representative being Mr. F. W. Baillee.

***

Banks Will Demand More Capital.

Present indications point to large accessions to the capital of Canadian banks during the coming year. Indeed, it is rumored that several applications will be made to Parliament with that object in view at the current session. Most of the banks have already exhausted their authorized issue, and are face to face with the limitations set by the Banking Act, which confines the bank's circulation in each instance to the amount of its paid-up capital. During the month of November, at least nine of the banks were forced to resort to emergency circulation, and quite as many more were on the verge of a similar step. It is clear, therefore, that if the funds already invested in banks in this country are insufficient to meet the existing requirements of trade, some steps should be taken to provide avenues for the further expansion that must inevitably occur. The Sterling Bank is the latest one to obtain the necessary authority to increase its capital, and already practical results are shown in the establishment of an initial branch at Winnipeg, the forerunner of a movement to attach a portion of the business flowing from the West. The Bank of New Brunswick has decided to place on the market the remaining $250,000 of its unissued capital at 275. That these new issues are not likely to go begging is certain from the fact that the last-mentioned bank is marketing its stock at a premium of 175.

***

Advice to Unprincipled Directors.

Speaking of new issues of stock, the announcement of dividends, and other developments that are likely to influence the stock of banks and concerns listed on the Stock Exchange, reminds one that the time has come to say

SOME OF ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.
Mr. Anson Spotton, Mayor of Harriston.

SOME OF ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.
Mr. Arthur Gravelle, Mayor of Renfrew.

something of a matter that has assumed the proportions of a public scandal. Reference is made to the uses to which many directors put the knowledge which they acquire as the trustees of their shareholders. It is common knowledge that in the past the directors of some of the smaller mining concerns have been in the habit of systematically "scragging" those who have invested funds in these concerns. But it is not so generally known that similar methods have travelled afield into circles where such lack of principle would be least suspected. Not infrequently directors of institutions of recognized standing get together to consider, for example, an addition to the dividend. A majority of their number, perhaps, are in favor of the move. But, while the matter is still under advisement, many orders to buy find their way into the market. Before the announcement is finally made all the floating stock has been cleaned up, and your immaculate director, when the public begins to scurry about for the stock, is ready to unload at a substantial advance. As the good news has been completely discounted, the next thing you know the market has fallen to pieces and the public is left stranded with the stock. While the director in such a case may not appear to have done anything very heinous, he has still followed a course that would be rigorously eschewed by a man with right habits of thought.

***

Difference Between Prospects and Mines.

Not long since, Mr. John Hays Hammond, one of the foremost metalurgical experts in the world, discussed before an audience in New York the question of "Mining Investments." It is too bad that Mr. Hammond did not make his observations half a decade ago before many had come to repeat at Cobalt the hard-bought experience obtained in Rossland. After having pointed out that most people are led to invest in a "prospect" because the capital required is much less than is necessary to purchase a developed mine, Mr. Hammond points out that the losses in this class of investment are nevertheless more frequent because of the greater inherent risks involved. He seems to bring out the distinction between the two classes of mining properties even more clearly when he adds: "One may, if he be of a sanguine disposition, not unreasonably hope for—mind you, I do not say expect—a return of profits amounting to many times his investment in a mere prospect; while, on the other hand, the most optimistic investor would not be justified in entertaining hopes—far less expectations—of such large profits from his more conservative investment in developed mining properties." Mr. Hammond wound up his address by giving ten "don'ts" for the prospective mining investor, the final one of which epitomizes all when he says: "Don't abandon all your good common sense just because the investment happens to be one in mining and not in some other class of industrial securities." The speaker alluded to Mark Twain's definition of a mine as "a hole in the ground owned by a liar," but pointed out that a fairer definition would be "a hole in the ground sold by a lying promoter to a stupid investor."

INVESTOR.

A Queer Story from London.

SOME time ago a man giving the name of John Coombe and saying he was an American took a room in the house of W. Medland, a Government employee in Kew Gardens, London. He appeared to be about 50 years old and was apparently in poor circumstances. His habits were mysterious. He never went out.

A month ago he was taken ill and removed to a hospital, where he died after an operation. His clothing, as is customary, was returned to Medland, who was apparently the only friend the dead man had.

Some days ago Mrs. Medland was discussing with her niece, Mrs. Sholl, the question of the disposal of Coombe's clothing. They were gathering the garments into a parcel, when Mrs. Sholl, noticing a pad in the lining of a waistcoat, tore it open. The women were indescribably surprised to find that the pad consisted of several hundred $5 notes.

Thoroughly searching the rest of the clothing, they found many American and English notes in the padding of the shoulders and the lining of collars. In an old belt were hidden valuable documents concerning real estate in America.

The total money found was well over $5,000. Letters discovered showed that some time ago Coombe worked his own farm of eighty acres. His son is still in possession of this farm, but it is evident that father and son did not correspond, they having been on bad terms for several years.

An inventory of Coombe's possessions was prepared and forwarded to the son in America.

A romantic marriage took place at sea recently, when Capt. J. W. Winter, of the British steamer Stowford, was married off Algiers. He had arranged to meet his *fiancee* Miss Mary Eliza Duncan, a sister of the first officer, to be married at Algiers, but the vessel was suddenly ordered to Valparaiso. There was no time for the ceremony on land, so the English chaplain, the Rev. A. P. Brownyn, the acting Consul and Mrs. Graham sailed out in the Stowford. The ceremony was performed five miles out at sea.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

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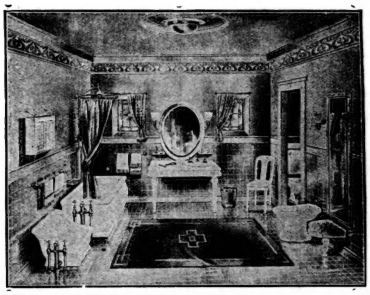

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Bulletin.

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The Theft of the Hanging Judge

JUDGE TATHAM, of the Northern Circuit, weighed sixteen stone and a quarter; and Long Ratcliffe, of Marshcotes, was wont to say in after years, that it was a big weight to carry, even as hostage for man's own true love.

A famous hanger this Justice Tatham, and appointed to the Northern Circuit because King James the First had determined once and for all to crush such raiding gentlemen as Ratcliffe and his fellows. For King, since he gained the crowns of England and of Scotland both, was filled with a new sense of his own importance, and the Borderers who had mocked at his authority in former days were to be taught a wholesome lesson. Judge Tatham could be trusted to strain the quality of mercy at every assize; he loved to hang as other men delighted in the chase. The King could not have made a happier choice.

As for the Marshcotes men, they knew the value of their situation among the bogs and heather of the West Yorkshire moors; and they laughed mightily when they were told how the King was minded to put an end to all their raiding frolics. They would have been troubled as much had one of their own toddling urchins threatened to beat them with a rod; and they plundered, if anything, with a shade more mirth in the business than aforetime.

Long Ratcliffe, though, was a troubled man nowadays, for the cause more powerful than the King's displeasure. During the years he had spent in reiving and in fighting he had made many a good friend among the Scottish Borderers, till at last this Ratcliffe the Long, who had rated women more cheaply than cattle, fell over ears in love with a daughter of Willie Armstrong's. There were stolen meetings and heats and chills and jealousies, and Long Ratcliffe grew soft as a morn of May with a softness that only wedlock could cure. But wedlock was none so easy a matter, for Willie Armstrong belonged to the old school of raiders, and he had a nice regard for the Border rules. King James might prate of law and order, but he, Willie, knew but one law—that of his honest fathers before him; and he would as lief have gone to Mass each Sabbath as have allowed a daughter of his to marry one of the English broken men. As a fighter or a drinking comrade, he liked Ratcliffe well enough—but he had told him plainly that as a son-in-law he relished him not at all.

Matters were in this case when Long Ratcliffe rode out of Marshcotes, on a crispish morning of autumn, to snatch a tryst with his love across the Border; and, as it chanced, he had scarce reached the parting of the ways this side Carlisle before he met old Willie Armstrong himself, with five-and-thirty men behind him.

"Whither away, friend Ratcliffe?" asked Armstrong, halting to pass the time of day.

"The same to you, friend Armstrong. What brings you so far south as this?" laughed Ratcliffe the Long, who had no mind to tell Willie that his errand was neither more nor less than to steal a kiss or so from Willie's daughter.

"What brings me? Why, Jamie the King."

"So," growled Ratcliffe, "you have fallen soft, then, like the Bold Buccleuch, and been bidden to Court and the rest of the bonnie-boy foolery? No more lifting of cattle or swing of a Lochabar axe?"

"Art young, Ratcliffe the Long, and that is to say a very fool!" laughed the other. "Dost think I would ever shame my fathers as Buccleuch has done? Jamie *has* brought me south, to give him a taste of my quality. No more frolic says Jamie, now that he's King of thy pesty England; so we're faring to sack Skipton."

"Have a care," cried Ratcliffe, with a boisterous laugh. "They say that fat Tatham, the hanging judge, is soon to go from Newcastle to Carlisle. If you fall into his hands, God ease the rope for you! for Tatham never will."

"Tatham!" growled the other. "We had the Wardens once in place of judges. Dost think that yon sixteen stone of flesh will daunt me, when Scrope and the Bold Buccleuch between them failed? Pish for the King and for his hanging judges! I'll not be caught just yet a while. His addlepated Majesty forgets that we remember him as plain Jamie Stuart, a king to be badgered and knocked about as we pleased; I always said how 'twould be if he won free of our spear-points and came to be spoiled by English petting. 'Ye must dance to my piping now,' says he to us Border lads. Dance to dour Jamie's piping? I'd as lief prance to the tune of a cow-bell."

"Fell, rather than stepped, on to the high road."

To all this Long Ratcliffe turned a deafish sort of ear. For old Armstrong had a way, whenever they met, of cursing the bad new days that had come to Scotland; and Ratcliffe, with a care for the feelings of one whose daughter he sought to wed, was wont to say "Aye" and "Nay," to nod his head vehemently, and to swear great oaths that Buccleuch and King Jamie were fit only for crow's-meat. But this morning he could think of naught save that Willie was faring to Skipton. If he were going so far south, and meant to return at the pace of stolen cattle, then it was plain that sweet Nell Armstrong would have leisure for the meeting he was riding north to seek.

"You go to Skipton, sir?" he said slowly.

"Aye, do I. 'Tis a further span than Scots have measured since Robert the Bruce's day, and full of fatness, so they tell me."

"'Tis full of fatness, for we of Marshcotes know it well. Fare ye well, and God speed the gleaning!" said Long Ratcliffe, with a gaiety that puzzled Willie Armstrong.

"The lad is full of spirits. What sport has he afoot?" muttered Willie, as he rode forward with his five-and-thirty men.

"He has never thought that I ride within bowshot of his own square tower of Kirkbrae," laughed Ratcliffe, as he started at the trot. Yet he guessed as little as Willie Armstrong that this raid on Skipton and this ride across the Border were to give him lengthier work and a richer meed than he set out to find.

Hot and fast he rode, with but one halt by the way—past Carlisle, over Eden Water, across by the Ford of Annan, and on till he gained Kirkconnell Lea. A lad was herding sheep not far away, and Ratcliffe called him to his stirrup.

"Dost know Willie Armstrong's tower of Kirkbrae?" he cried.

"And should do," answered the lad, "for 'tis Armstrong sheep I'm tending."

"They're English sheep, then," laughed Long Ratcliffe. "Well, take this ring, and stop neither for man nor beast till thou hast won speech of Mistress Nell, and tell her I will bide here on Kirkconnell Lea, though she keep me waiting for a twelvemonth. There! Stir those sturdy legs of thine."

The lad seeing the piece of money lie snugly in his palm, grinned in his dour Scotch fashion, and turned about and ran barefooted up the slope that led to Kirkbrae Peel. And then Long Ratcliffe set his horse loose to graze about the meadow, and sat him down, and thought, in the cool of the waiting-time, that a twelvemonth would be woundily slow in passing, should Mistress Armstrong keep him thus long at the tryst.

But by and by he heard the whinny of a horse, and turned and saw the bonniest maid in Scotland come galloping down the brae.

"Nell, lass, 'tis worth a longer ride to see thee!" cried Ratcliffe, as he lifted her out of the saddle—and kept her there.

"What brought thee north, dear lad?" she whispered.

"My heart, Nell—neither more nor less. 'Tis a poor heart and a maidish, for it cries the long day through for thee when thou'rt not there."

"I can forgive it that much," said she, and looked him shyly in the face and laughed to know she held him in so safe a leash.

"Whom did I meet, think'st thou, 'twixt here and home?"

"Nay, how should I guess?"

"Thy father, bent on riding to Skipton because King Jamie says he mustn't."

"I like not these far-afield rides," said the lass, with a sudden disquiet. "Is there not the whole of Cumberland to raid? Yet father must needs go roystering down to Yorkshire."

"Tush! never fear for him, lass. His horse is shod with luck, they say—and, faith! I half believe it. Besides, the Bruce was ever fond of Yorkshire, and thy father would be content to follow in the steps of no lesser man. Well-away, Nell! To think I have thee out of reach of all thy kin. I'm minded to set thee on thy horse, and take the bridle, and carry thee off without more ado."

"Nay, but I would not come," she said, coy as a mare at frolic. "We think shame on the Scots side to marry a lad from over the Border."

She stopped on the sudden and clutched his arm. A horseman was galloping over Kirkconnell Lea, fast as heavy spurs could drive his nag.

"'Tis my cousin," she stammered, ashy pale. "He rode with father—why does he come back alone?"

"Hi! Armstrong!" roared Long Ratcliffe. "What news hast brought from England?"

The horseman turned his head as he racked past. "News enough. Half our folk are slain, and the other half taken, and Willie Armstrong lies in Carlisle Jail."

There was no more love-making for Long Ratcliffe or Nell Armstrong. Swift into saddle it was, and swift to follow the man who rode for Kirkbrae Peel. And then the fiery spear was carried to kith and kin, till soon there were threescore lusty fellows deep in talk of ways and means. None stayed to ask how Nell came to be riding with Ratcliffe of Marshcotes; weightier matters clamoured their attention, and they welcomed brawny Ratcliffe because he brought one more strong arm to fight for them.

"They must be lifted out of jail," said one.

"'Twill be a short shrift if we fail to snatch them," said another; "for I heard but an hour agone that Judge Tatham was setting off from Newcastle at midday."

Long Ratcliffe broke into the talk, and all wondered at his gaiety. "The judges have already left for Carlisle?" he said.

"Aye, the pair of them."

"Well, then, I take it Fat Tatham is our only enemy. None other would dare hang old Willie Armstrong or Willie Armstrong's men?"

"Not they; and we have the ear of the junior judge. But he is a weakish fool where aught but the handling of horseflesh is in case, and he lets Tatham override him."

"'Tis as plain as noonday, then. Give me a dozen good men at my back, and the Chief Justice shall whistle for Carlisle city till Willie is safe out of jail."

There was silence for a while, as they looked at Long Ratcliffe and sought a clearer tale.

"We'll lift Judge Tatham instead of Willie, and the junior judge shall give every Armstrong of them all acquittal,' said Ratcliffe.

Their brows loosened then and their mouths went wide till, by the ringing laughter, a man would have thought that Willie Armstrong was safe already out of Carlisle Jail.

"'Twill be a neck-ride, this—a neck-ride, lads!" cried Ratcliffe the Long, as he picked his men from the crowd.

"Then we'll chant the neck-verse as we go," laughed one the Armstrongs, swinging to saddle. *"Miserere—miserere—miserere mei, Deus!"*

It was the verse by which many a rascal had escaped hanging; for the logic of the time reasoned that all who knew three words of Latin must needs be priests, and priests, whatever their crime might be, were safe from the law's arm.

"Have care for thyself, for I—I want thee back again," whispered sweet Nell Armstrong into Long Ratcliffe's ear.

"Back again will I come, and the price of Willie Armstrong's daughter with me," he answered, draining the potent stirrup-cup she brought him as an excuse for speech.

Judge Tatham, meanwhile, was going through a very formal ceremony in the town of Newcastle—a ceremony that made his Lordship smile a little contemptuously in token of his self-importance. For the judge was London-bred; he viewed the north of England through a little peep-hole of complacency, and when first he left the flat, fat country south of Humber he was not sure at all whether the northern gentry did not wear skins and paint themselves with woad; the one point on which he was assured was, that his new circuit gave him scope for hanging many a barbarious fellow who was better out of the world than in it.

So, when the assizes were finished at Newcastle, when the Mayor and Corporation, in full robes, waited on the judges at their official lodgings, old Tatham smiled upon them with all his sixteen and a quarter stone of fat.

"A very pretty foolery!" he murmured to his junior, as the Mayor came forward with the stereotyped form of words.

"My lords," said the Mayor, "we have to congratulate you upon having completed your labours in this ancient town, and have also to inform you that you travel hence to Carlisle, through a Border country much and often infested by the Scots; we therefore present your Lordship with a piece of money to buy therewith a dagger to defend yourselves."

Judge Tatham took the offered gold, and bowed and turned the coin round and round in his splodgy fingers.

"I thank the Worshipful Mayor and the Corporation of the ancient town of Newcastle," he answered suavely. "Yet I scarcely think there is any great need for their apprehension. This jacobus, I see, bears the imprint of King James the First, and the Scots have been less troublesome of late—if, indeed, there be any left since the late measures taken by his Majesty."

Whereat the Mayor and Corporation glanced one at the other, and nodded and broke into a fit of genteel laughter; for they felt sure that Justice Tatham had hatched a jest amid his weightier labours. Still smiling, the judge got into his coach, with his junior beside him. The guard saluted and drew to the front, and soon they were all going at a round, smooth trot towards Carlisle.

Judge Tatham prattled on of this and that. The guard sat their horses in idle fashion, as if their duties were so much irksome ceremony. The junior judge said little, nor did he contradict his sleek companion on any Border matter, though in truth, Judge Tatham's smug ignorance was a thing to marvel at.

"Indifferent good the trial list at Newcastle was. What cheer will they give us in Carlisle, I wonder?" said the justice, as his coach began the slow climb up Gallows-Tree Rigg.

"The list is wont to be a long one at Carlisle; the Western Scots are sadly busy, even yet——" began the junior.

"Tut, tut! The Scots are tame as dormice. You have dwelt too long, methinks, with these Northerners—they have infected you with their superstitions. What! your cheek blanches? Shame that one of his Majesty's judges should fear these fools of Scotchmen. What is that splash of blackness standing out against the sky up there?" broke off the justice, as the winding steepness of the road brought them near to the topmost level of the ridge.

"That, Lord Tatham, is called a gallows-tree," said the other quietly; "the hill we are climbing is known as Gallows-Tree Rigg; and it bears a reputation such as might well make even a brave man feared."

Judge Tatham laughed noisily. "Superstitious, too? And sick at sight of a wholesome gallows! Were it seemly, I would take the good cross-beams and chains for my quarterings. And the screaming of the crows! 'Tis sweeter music, to my thinking, than less sable minstrels give us." He was leaning eagerly from the window, his eyes on the clustering crown of corbies that hung, like bunches of black grapes, about the swaying gallow-guest.

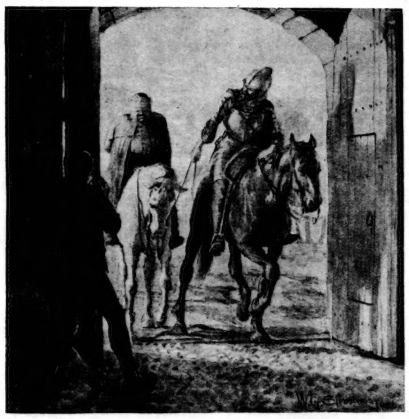
On a sudden the crow-song was crossed by a lustier music. Down the shrill upland wind there came a chant of *"Miserere mei, Deus!"*—a solemn, full-throated chant, that grew in volume with each yard covered by the coach. The guard dropped their listlessness and looked up the road; but they could see nothing. Justice Tatham sank back in his seat and chuckled in his well-fed way.

"Of a truth a singular people, a singular people," he murmured. "They deem themselves bold men and raiders, and yet the only company we meet, at the loneliest of the way, is a band of psalm-singing poltroons. Look forth from the window, my friend, and tell me what is the appearance of this saintly band."

The junior judge was troubled, remembering the significance of those three words, *"Miserere mei, Deus!"* He looked up the road, but it turned sharply to the right some five-score yards ahead of them, and naught was to be seen save the widening circles of crows, startled at feast and fretful to come back again.

"Miserere mei, Deus!" rose the chant, until it grew more like a song of rollicking fight than a chaste plea for mercy. Faster and faster went the tune, more and more merrily the voices tripped across each other. The guard moved forward with

(*Concluded on page 16.*)



"Ratcliffe led Fat Tatham's horse into the yard."

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

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ART EDITOR
TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT
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SPORTING COMMENT

THE hockey season is at last in full swing, and opening games have been played in all the leagues. Now the public can get a little respite from the squabbles of professional clubs over the possession of certain famous players. Taylor—the four-thousand-dollar wonder—seems to have at last decided in favor of Renfrew. Whether or not he will prove worth the trouble and expense remains to be seen. Certainly the club which finally got him is taking big chances in paying such an amount to any one player. But professional hockey is fighting for its very existence, and its promoters feel that it is a case of now or never. They are, therefore, spending money with a lavish hand.

In Montreal the Pitre case awakened a great deal of interest among hockey followers. This well-known French-Canadian player made a personal contract with the Nationals and then turned out for practice with Les Canadiens. The result was that the case was taken to court and an injunction demanded by the Nationals to prevent Pitrie playing with the other French-Canadian team. People are looking forward with a good deal of interest to the outcome. If the injunction suit proceeds in the usual way of justice, Mr. Pitre will probably get a chance to play somewhere around Dominion Day.

* * *

THE world is rapidly growing smaller. We have come to regard the remote parts of the earth as being almost at our doors. And with this readiness of communication, civilization has gone hand in hand. There are no wild and barbarous districts left. One is forced to make these reflections by the announcement that Richard Arnst, of New Zealand, and E. Barry, of London, will try conclusions on the Zambesi River for the world's sculling championship. It seems strange to go to the Victoria Falls for a championship race, but when such a judge as Guy Nickalls declares it is possible to get there the finest course in the world, it alters the look of matters. Further, it would be a neutral course and about equal distance from the respective homes of the rivals. The supporters of Barry are certainly acting generously toward Arnst by offering him £300 for expenses, for the New Zealander will not be put to a greater outlay than the Putney sculler. But think of it, a sculling race in the country where only a few years ago hordes of savage tribesmen went around with shield and spear and little else to speak of, looking for one another's heads!

* * *

RUMOR has it on the other side of the Atlantic that Harold Wilson, the ex-English champion miler, and Emilio Lunghi, the Italian half-miler, are not coming back to America. They are, it is said, to live near Sheffield, England, where Lunghi is to have a light job as an engineer and will be trained by Wilson, and they will help each other out in their training in a general way. When Wilson came to the United States last season his action did not please his countrymen, and when he failed to show his true form very little sympathy was expressed for him at home. Wilson's failure to repeat his English form was apparently a mystery, but it was said to be partly caused by poor coaching.

The Italian was in pretty much the same fix. He was badly beaten by Sheppard and Gissing, but when both these runners were away he got credit for making a great record, which until it is beaten must shine on the record books. Speaking of the Wilson-Lunghi residence in England one of the British critics remarks: "The news that Harold A. Wilson, our ex-one mile champion, is home comes with just such another sudden shock as the news that he was going out to join the Irish A. A. C. in New York about ten months ago. Added to this is the interesting piece of news that Emilio Lunghi, the Italian Irish A. A. C. man, will be with him. What does it all mean? Can it be that Wilson found the climate or some equally effective element prevented him showing his real form in the States? We have only to refer to published records of his American performances to prove that he was seconds outside his average display of ability at the distance he loves so well—one mile.

"The reticence observed by Wilson prior to his departure gave quite a mysterious air to his movements, although one frankly admits it was a private affair which mainly concerned himself alone. If he has come over to domicile himself permanently in his native country, and if he has returned with the serious intention of devoting himself to mile running in particular, then he will receive a hearty welcome. We were lamentably short of good milers last season, and the thought of Wilson in his old form fighting with that good and improving champion, Eddie Owen, arises our hopes for the coming season. A reference to Wilson's return while chatting with Nat J. Cartmell on Thursday last gave the furlong champion a chance of expressing himself about Wilson. He summed the man up in one short sentence: 'Wilson was a picture of a mile runner.' Many there are who will be in entire agreement with Cartmell, and a few might prefer to go a stage further and say we never saw Wilson at his best. Let us hope we shall.

"But what of the Italian? Sheffield is noted for its steel, also its association with large engineering works. Lunghi is an engineer by profession. Associate the several facts and we are left to presume that he is to have Wilson as guide and philosopher and that he is coming here to earn a living and show the English public his prowess as an athlete. There is a wide circle of people who will soon be friends, writing to welcome him to our depleted ranks of half-milers. A German holds our championship, and if our cosmopolitan list must needs be increased by foreigners, well, the Italian will be equally greeted as many others before him. We have room and plenty for tiptop men; they invariably teach each other some useful points, and if his object is the pursuit of amateur sport he will infuse life and be helpful in many directions during the coming season."

THE OTTAWA-HAMILTON GAME AT NEW YORK.
A Hamilton player, while on a wide run across the field, attempts to dodge a tackler.—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

MOST sportsmen are aware that the English Jockey Club officials are very cautious and not in the least likely to embark on a step until they are very certain about the result. There is much to be said in favor of this, yet one can hardly endorse a certain remark which Col. Hall-Walker (the guest at the Gimcrack dinner), made. He expressed distaste with over-legislation and added: "Let us stay where we are when things are going well." Many keen followers of racing do not agree with Col. Hall-Walker that the condition of the turf is so entirely satisfactory that there is no need for improvement.

A Jockey Club steward, who can take a bet by nodding to a bookmaker, and settle at his club the following Monday, is differently placed from "the man in the street." So, too, with the steward on the best stand, with good glasses, who can watch every phase of most races (there are some he cannot), while the ordinary spectator gets but a fleeting glimpse of the horses. In both directions there is need of urgent reform in the interest of the ordinary race-goer. With licensed bookmakers, welching would virtually cease and with old-fashioned courses (which only allow of the horses being in view for a portion of the race) remodelled, the onlookers would see something more of events like the Derby and Cesarewitch than they do at present.

It should be pointed out that Col. Hall-Walker's remarks were made at the one hundred and forty-third annual dinner of the York Gimcrack Club, a very famous function, which is supported by the foremost turf officials. The name and the dinner is in memory of a famous horse, named Gimcrack, while the guest of the evening is the owner of the winner of the Gimcrack Stakes, run at the York meeting. As Col. Hall-Walker has filled the position four times in five years, he has met with rather more than ordinary success.

The most satisfactory portion of Col. Walker's speech was in regard to amateur jockeys, and from what he and others said, it really looks as though the matter will receive attention from the authorities. Col. Walker said he thought that if the National Hunt did not move in the matter soon, it would not be surprising if the masters of hounds were to start a new hunt club for gentlemen riders.

* * *

IT is not only in the United States that there is reason to complain about the roughness incidental to football. Even in the English game of Rugby, which is supposed to be comparatively free from this objection, there is at times an excess of vigor in the play, to put it mildly. So it would appear, at least, from the following article in The Bystander:—"However much the standard of play may vary in Southern and Metropolitan Rugger, it is always claimed for it, not without reason, that it is clean, honest, and devoid of unnecessary roughness. There have been, however, and probably always will be, periods—usually brief ones, I am glad to say—in the history of Southern Rugby when a tendency to rough play becomes prevalent. We appear to be going through such a period now. I witnessed a match between a Midland and a Metropolitan team the other day in which the tackling of some of the players was at times unnecessarily vigorous—to put it mildly—and it would appear that in the match between Harlequins and Blackheath (which I did not see) a similar tendency to roughness was noticeable, and that towards the close of the game the referee awarded a penalty kick against the Harlequins for unnecessarily rough play. Out of this incident arose a question as to whether the referee was right in awarding a penalty kick, with which I am not at present concerned. It is sufficient for my purpose that there is ample provision in the laws for penalizing, in one way or another, rough or dangerous play, wilful hacking and tripping, and so forth, and the point I wish to make is that referees must not shirk the obvious duty, which in the present state of affairs is imposed upon them, of keeping their eyes wide open and checking at the outset anything that may cause the game to become a rough one. The example set by Mr. Potter Irwin in the match referred to will, therefore, in the present juncture, serve as a useful precedent, if not as an absolute prophylactic. For past experience has proved—in the south, at any rate—that rough play soon goes out of fashion when things happen that cause it to be talked about."

* * *

THE British yachting papers won't let the America's cup die for want of notice. The Yachting World in its latest issue has this to say about the ten months notice clause:

"If there is room for any addition to the efforts which have been in progress toward a revival for the contest centring in the old America Cup it might be suggested that the principle of the ten months notice of challenge might receive some attention. It is as easy to understand the spirit in which this stipulation was originally made as it is to sympathize with the purpose of it. Being rightly regarded at the time it was won as the most important yachting trophy ever brought into the country, the whole arrangement under which it was entrusted to the New York Yacht Club for defence was that it should be made a visible evidence of supremacy in the world of yachting. In accordance with this desire the contest was reserved for the vessels which were then the largest and most important in the sport, and conditions were framed to insure as far as possible that the possibility of a chance victory for either challengers or defenders should be reduced to an absolute minimum. One of the safeguards so devised was that the challenger should give at least ten clear months notice of his intention to challenge, this provision being specially designed to allow the defenders time to build and to try out as many defending vessels as they might be able to produce, or at least as many as they considered necessary for a safe defence of the trophy.

"Coupled with this there were conditions such as that which stipulated that the single challenger, named when the contest was 'intimated,' should sail against the whole racing fleet of America, which have been since dropped in the interests of fairer racing. The condition stipulating for ten months notice has, however, been allowed to stand as equally fair to both sides and a constant precaution against a snatch victory. Of its fairness there can be no question, but the desirability of its continuation might stand a little further thought. The first effect of the lengthy notice demanded has been to reserve this contest, for a quarter of a century at least, for yachts built especially for the purpose of the race. With the long spell of ten months set between the issue of the challenge and the sailing of the race the defenders had ample time for an effort to outbuild anything in existence at the time, and the challenger was practically obliged to take the same course and outbuild any ship which he might have in view on the issue of the challenge.

"In this way the contest was certainly kept representative of the best the designers and builders of the different countries could do when called upon for a special effort. In the same way, however, it has been kept always apart from the ordinary course of the sport and has not infrequently been looked upon as a positive hindrance to the ordinary sporting developments on both sides of the Atlantic. In the ordinary course of our sporting production in this country we have certainly had vessels—Britannia and Meteor II., if examples are wanted— which would have made as good a fight for the cup as anything we have had built specially for the purpose and discarded immediately afterward. The lengthy notice demanded is, however, fatal to the possibility of taking any such vessels from the racing in this country and sending them across for the first internationals. A ten months delay utilized by the defenders to build a vessel specially designed to outclass and outpace her is a handicap which no vessel could reasonably be expected to face. Even taking it that the desire is to keep the trophy as representing what the countries can do rather than what they actually have done in any particular season, the question might be asked whether our modern methods of construction would not justify the curtailment of the time of warning by a few months. It seems a ridiculous thing that it should be argued that mid-November, 1909, was too late a date for the arrangement of a contest to be sailed in the autumn of 1910."

THE OTTAWA-HAMILTON GAME AT NEW YORK.
The Ottawa team, forced back to their goal line, tries to check the Hamilton rush.—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

LEGISLATION for power boats is now claiming the attention of all who are interested in power boat racing. The committee appointed by the National Power Boat Association at its meeting last month is to report at Detroit next month, and the report of that committee will have much to do with the future of the sport. This committee has worked out a schedule for limiting power boats in length, weight and power, which it is hoped will do away with handicapping in the different classes and compel those who wish to take part in the sport to build up to the limit of the class in which they wish to race. This has been done for some years in the sailboat classes and worked out very satisfactory. The rule does not apply to boats built before its adoption, but to new boats, and in course of time all boats in the different classes will be of the same rating and the first one home will win the race. New rules have been framed for the classification of the power boats.

Yachtsmen generally think that if such a set of rules are adopted there will be quite a big boom in motor boat racing. As the rules are at present an owner must either race with an allowance or he must build a very costly boat, which being high powered cannot be used for anything but racing.

The adoption of restricted classes will mean the building up of two or three types of comfortable, seaworthy runabouts of moderate power and speed which will give their owners unlimited service and still permit them to race on even terms with boats of the same class. It will also give the designers of these boats considerable latitude in planning the boats just as the rule now in force for sailing craft allows a designer to vary the model and power as he thinks best, and at the same time develop a good wholesome boat. Such restrictions as are necessary to bar freaks and to control the efforts of some owners to beat the rule will be adopted which will be for the good of the sport generally. Power boat racing is growing everywhere and the trouble that has been with it has been that the trade has had too much to say about the management of the races.

* * *

NO country in the world has had more sensational dead heats in racing than Australia. Until recently there had not been a tie for the Melbourne Cup, the Sydney Cup, the Caulfield Cup or the Metropolitan, but now they are reckoned on the dead heat list. The Champion Stakes, now decided on the Flemington course, resulted in a dead heat in 1866, and of this and others the Australasian says:

"The race was run at Flemington, and the dead heaters were the New South Wales cracks, Tarragon, belonging to Mr. Town, and Volunteer, belonging to John Tait, while Panic, afterward famous as a sire, ran third. John Tait, who was afterward christened 'Honest John' by W. J. Hammersley, the first sporting editor of the Australasian, was very indignant with the judge over this race.

"John Tait, who occasionally acted as steward for New South Wales in those days had a habit of stationing himself just under the judge's box, and he is supposed to have thought, with many others, that Volunteer won the first time. In the runoff Tarragon won comfortably, and 'Honest John' declared that after the race Mr. Dougherty put his arms round Higgerson's neck—Higgerson always rode Tarragon—and said: 'Johnny, it would have been a pity to see the old horse beaten.' Needless to say Mr. Dougherty gave an absolute denial to this story. There was another dead heat for the Champion Stakes in 1896. The dead heaters were Wallace and Quiver. As far as we know no one disputed the judge's decision on this occasion.

The only dead heat for the Maribyrnong Plate was in 1880, when the judge failed to separate Welcome Jack and Lavinia. It was thought by a great many that Lavinia won by a length and that the judge did not see her until she had flashed past him. Welcome Jack finished on the far side of the course and Lavinia right under the box. The general opinion was that the judge missed Lavinia until she had passed him and then got out of the difficulty by declaring a dead heat. If he did miss Lavinia it was a very sensible way of solving the problem, but as far as we know the judge of the day never admitted that he had doubts as to the correctness of his decision."

The most famous dead heat which has ever taken place was the double one for the Australian Cup of 1872. The distance, as most people know, is two miles and a quarter, and the horses were Saladin, owned by the father of J. R. Crooke of Aspendale, and Flying Dutchman, trained by William Lang. Twice E. Rowe, the judge, failed to separate this pair and at the third time of asking Saladin, an old gray horse, carrying seven stone eight pound, wore his opponent down.

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MOTORS and MOTORING

THE movement for the improvement of the highways is rapidly gaining ground in all parts of the country, and to this happy result the automobile has contributed greatly. Something has already been said in these columns as to the wonderful improvement affected in certain parts of the Southern States. And now it is pleasant to see that Ontario motorists are taking steps for the betterment of our own roads. A committee of the Ontario Motor League recently had a conference with the Ontario Good Roads Association. The meeting was held in York County Council chambers in this city. At this meeting a proposal was considered to organize a National Good Roads Convention for Canada, to be held in Toronto in the spring under the auspices of the various Canadian societies interested in the improvement of the highways. It was pointed out that there was great need of a definite policy to be forwarded by the concerted action of everyone who had this cause at heart. The meeting was very favorably disposed towards this proposal, and it was decided to set about the work of preparation.

At the proposed convention—the name of which has not yet been determined—leading authorities on the subject of good roads will be present from the United States as well as from all parts of the Dominion, and will address the convention on the various phases of the problem. A thorough discussion will be given to every point, and the sessions should result in the formulation of some definite general policy.

The Ontario Motor League has undertaken to contribute a large part of the cost of holding and organizing the convention; and it is expected that the Ontario Government will also assist, as it has done with good roads conventions in the past. The work of organizing the convention will be done through the office of the secretary of the Motor League. Meetings of the committee in charge are being held for the purpose of considering further arrangements; and it is likely that an organization campaign will shortly be entered upon. It is proposed that the convention should be held at the time of the Automobile Show in Toronto, which is to run from February 24th to March the 3rd.

* * *

NOWADAYS, when almost every voice seems raised in a chorus of praise for the modern automobile and the genius of its manufacturers, it may be just as well to point out that there are a number of respects in which there is great opportunity for improvement. A writer in the New York Post points out that there is plenty for the automobile designer and maker to do for years to come. Though there may be temptation for him to digress to other fields, there are a great number of problems unsolved, awaiting him—in the chassis, bodywork, machinery, wheels, and other parts that he is turning out. Certainly enough to engross his time and attention for years to come. Even today it must be confessed that the horse is still the cheapest motor for slow and small vehicles. Here alone is a field which lies practically untouched.

Then, again, how can there be finality when we consider the problem of the most imperfect feature of the automobile to-day—namely, the various methods which are available for changing wheels or tires. The detachable wheel has its advantages and also its faults, which have not yet been overcome, while detachable rims and quick detachable tires are also susceptible of improvement.

Moreover, the absurd necessity of pumping up tires by hand, or carrying air-bottles, when powerful motors, of anything from eight to 100 horsepower, are running free within a few feet, must be apparent to any one who thinks. Makers have also much to learn about lamps and wind shields; and, above all, the study of carburation, both from a power-productive and an economical point of view, needs research and experiment.

As regards bodywork, the innumerable changes that have been made by various manufacturers practically annually since the inception of the car, indicate that there is still much experimenting going on with finality in view. In the construction, arrangement, and height of seats one notices changes of a radical nature from year to year by makers who are trying to attain the ideal.

In an open body there are distinct advantages in seats which are only raised eight or ten inches above the floor. The body is lower; the centre of gravity lower, and the area against which the air offers resistance is less than it is with the car having higher seats. But a low seat demands increased leg room, and a very much sloped and lengthened steering post. In a very low seat, the weight of the upper part of the body, increased by a large part of the weight of the thighs, is thrown on the pelvis.

In a sufficiently high seat much of the thigh weight is borne by the feet, and the legs will at times relieve the pelvis of the thrust of a jolt. So it would appear that a very low seat is more tiring than a higher seat; but how many makers have attained the happy mean?

Sometimes at automobile shows one hears a spectator exclaim: "How complicated it is!" or similar words to the same purport, simply because on some car apparatus and parts are found that are omitted from others. The ideal creation is one which is very simple in constitution, but infinite in its capabilities. True, no such thing or being exists, despite happy delusions.

How to approach the problem of simplicity or complexity is something for the makers to work out with greater skill—for now we have cars of both types, or one might better say of varying degrees of simplicity and complication.

An improvement in car-making that need scarcely be spoken of as a suggestion, for there is little doubt that will be effected within another year, is the production of low-powered cars with the same advantages of construction that the 30 and 40-horsepower cars of to-day present. So far there are scarcely any pleasure cars of 10 and 15-horsepower that are provided with sliding gear transmission and other accoutrements of the high-grade machine of double the power and more. There seems no reason why manufacturers should not put out low-powered four-cylinder cars with sliding-gear transmission, comfortably constructed with suitable springs and wheel base of ample length.

A POPULAR AUTOMOBILE.
It is said that 20,000 of the 150,000 cars to be built in 1910 will be of this light, high-wheeled type.

The futility of the high-powered car is a dominant thought with many future motorists who have as yet not purchased cars. To meet this manufacturers must come forward with something different from what we find at the shows this year. There are many to whom the low-priced small car makes an appeal, but there are some to whom this type is lacking in refinement and details of mechanical construction.

Restricted as the motorist is by speed regulations and the ever-watchful police to moderate progress in and out of the city, he cannot fail to realize the waste of money that follows every turn of the wheels—cannot fail to see that there is gasoline being used to run a high-powered motor that cannot be proportionately utilized, while wearing out the most expensive sizes of tires.

* * *

AT this season of the year attention may well be turned to methods of keeping mud, slush, snow, and water clear of the mechanical parts of the car, as well as from the occupants in the seats.

Cars provided with proper undernpans are well protected mechanically, but many a car, excellent in other respects, is deficient in the protection of its machinery against mud and grit. Some makers, while paying every attention to numerous quite important details, leave their engines partly exposed to the worst enemies of the road—dirt, dust, and mud. In other cases steering rods or springs and spring-shacklings are exposed to the unmerciful grinding of muddy water; they should be protected by leather coverings, at least.

Some things are to be remedied by the manufacturer, but the motorist can look to his own leaky top and have it repaired at this season of the year. Friction wears holes in the material of which these are made, and dripping, to the general soddenness of the passengers and their clothes, is the result when rain and snow come.

* * *

HINTS as to the buying of a motor-car are always interesting to the man who is thinking of buying one. And as very many people these days seem to be in that pleasant position of, at least, thinking about it, I make no apology for quoting at length, an article on the subject in the New York Post, by Joseph Tracy. Mr. Tracy says:—

Two or three years ago, it was quite the customary thing to hear some conservative white-moustached, prosperous looking man say to a friend, "Well, I am not going to buy a car just yet. I am going to wait until they get all through making improvements year after year. I am going to wait until cars are perfected before I give up my horses to take this new means of locomotion." This once popular motor talk is conspicuous only by its absence at the present day. Not only are cars so standardized as to make the yearly changes but little more than refinements of the same model, but the only question open to a man of to-day is not "Shall I buy a car?" but "Which car shall I buy?" Values have advanced. Prices have decreased. The motor-car is more luxurious, but less of a luxury than it has ever been.

As an illustration, a car which the writer has recently purchased for $1,500 is a far better car, a faster car, a more reliable and serviceable car, than machines which sold upwards of $5,000 only a few years ago. Driving a car nowadays is more popular in the curriculum spread before a youngster of nineteen or twenty than even football, and indeed, as far as mental training goes, the driving and intimate handling of a car surpasses trigonometry.

In spite of the fact that the development of motor cars has progressed to such a remarkable degree that the familiar answer, "Yes, it is a very good car for the money," can be applied to scores of makes, there are certain points that a novice should invariably look for in purchasing his first car, assuming that he is spending between $1,000 and $2,000 and getting a real automobile.

The point which occurs to me first as being the most important is naturally the running gear, and in particular the steering mechanism, because upon these depend the safety of the car and its occupants. It will be noticed on high grade cars, both domestic and foreign, that the design and construction of these parts have received particular attention. The jaws and pins of the steering gear are of liberal dimensions and are large and heavy enough to insure that they will not crystallize under the strain of use and the constant vibration to which they are subject when the car is in motion. The pins and other fastenings which hold together the various parts of the steering mechanism should be so designed and fitted that it will be impossible for them to work loose in such a manner as to disconnect the various parts which combine and form the steering gear.

In a demonstration, of course, the strength of these parts is not brought out, and the intending purchaser should be careful to go thoroughly into this portion of the car's construction in the salesroom.

It is a great satisfaction to have on one's car wheels which are not only really strong, but which look the part. Nothing so adds to the lines of a car as substantial-looking wheels, and I might mention here incidentally that a car with tires considerably larger than the actual size that the weight of the car calls for, will save many dollars of tire expense in the course of a year, because, while the first cost of the large tires is considerably more than that of smaller sizes, the advance in price will be saved many times over by the advance in mileage. Furthermore, large tires are far less liable to puncture or burst, and the owner of an "over-tired" car is practically immune from the annoyance of tire trouble on the road.

The wheel bearings and their fastenings, particularly those on the front wheels, should be of the very best, as the failure of a front wheel bearing or the coming off of a front wheel when the car is travelling at any but the lowest speed may result in a serious accident. The front springs and their fastenings to the axles and frame should be substantially designed and made, for the obvious reason that in most cars the front springs hold the front axle in position. As an example, in the writer's car the front springs are of the conventional half-elliptic type, of ample length and width. Both front and rear springs are secured in place by strong spring clips with special nuts and lock washers. Satisfactory experience with these heavy clips in the past proves that they are the best insurance against spring breakage.

Next in importance is the break system and its mechanism. The service break, popularly known as the foot-brake, which is used in ordinary running, should be so designed that a fairly light pressure on the pedal will be sufficient to "lock" the rear wheels, although the car can be brought to a standstill from speed in a much shorter time if brakes are applied in such a manner as to allow the wheels to rotate very slowly and not lock them. In order to bring about these conditions, the drum of the service break should be fitted to the gear shaft in the case of shaft-driven cars, and to the jack-shaft or differential shaft in the case of the double side chain-driven cars. The reason for this is that the faster the brake drum rotates for any given car speed, the less the brake shoe or brake band pressure required to produce a given retardation in car speed.

The leading American and foreign cars have the foot or service brake on the transmission and the emergency brakes on the rear wheels. Both brakes should have large wearing surfaces to insure long life and to obviate the necessity for frequent adjustment. The rear wheel brakes, on account of their location, should be well enclosed to prevent the entrance of grit and dust. The hand lever should be placed within convenient reach of the driver.

In the writer's car, for example, the rear wheels are equipped with metal to metal internal expanding brakes, operated by a hand lever. The drums are of unusually large diameter and width of face. The foot brake is on the drive shaft, immediately behind the transmission. It is of the contracting type, and is large in diameter and powerful.

The motor should be so designed as to permit of long periods of use without the necessity of making adjustments. The lubrication should be taken care of automatically so that it will be necessary to fill the oil reservoir only occasionally, and for cold weather use it is an advantage to have the latter so located that the heat from the motor will prevent the oil from thickening. In one of the most satisfactory lubrication systems in use at present, the oil reservoir is located underneath the crank case. When the crank-shaft revolves, the ends of the connecting rods dip into the oil, splashing it all over the interior of the motor and lubricating every part.

The level of the oil is regulated by over-flow holes which open into the oil reservoir below. Fresh oil is continually supplied from this reservoir to the engine base by a pump. Partitions in the engine base prevent an excess of oil at either end when the car is on a steep hill. The continuous flow of the oil is observed through a single sight feed on the dash. This lubricating system requires no attention other than occasional replenishment of oil. A single filling is usually sufficient for a run of 300 miles.

Another essential point is that the radiator should be perfectly capable of keeping the motor cool, which means that the water should not boil under most unfavorable conditions. Other things being equal the motor with water jackets of large capacity will be more satisfactory than a motor with smaller water-jackets. Provision should be made for draining the water out of the cooling system, and the pet-cock or plug, provided for this purpose, should be fitted to the lowest point in the water passages.

On cars employing a fan behind the radiator to assist in the cooling of the latter, the fan should be well made and its driving mechanism so designed as to insure its continuous running at the correct speed during all times when the motor is in operation.

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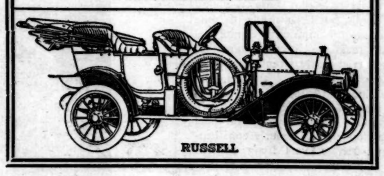

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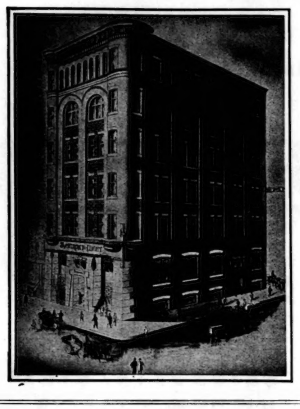

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!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

Toronto's New Mayor.

THE success of Mr. Geary in the recent Mayoralty contest is the victory of a young man who has steadily set his face toward a certain goal with a calm confidence that few individuals possess. Some years ago when he first decided to make politics his profession—and it is worth remembering that politics with the right man can be a clean, decent, and honorable profession—a friend who had been at Upper Canada College with him met him on the street and said:

"I see you are running for Alderman."

"Yes," said Geary.

"Why should a man like you bother with municipal politics?" said his friend, who had some disdain for the average alderman.

"Oh! I like it," said Geary. "And I'm going to boss the whole job some day," he added.

The friend went away smiling to himself at the assurance of young "Reggie" Geary. That was only about six years ago, and to-day he is Mayor of Toronto. If he keeps clear of serious mistakes—there seems to be no doubt that he will do so—and preserves his health and strength, he will be a permanent figure in the public life of this city and afterward of the province.

Mr. Geary is not quite so young as he looks, but the attitude of some people toward him until quite recently recalls a little conversation that occurred nearly twenty years ago. One day in the late autumn, Mr. John Shaw, M.P.P., then an alderman and chairman of the Executive Committee, the most powerful post in the Council as formerly constituted, met Mr. Stewart Lyon, at that time municipal reporter of The Globe. The scene was the corridor of the old Cty Hall on Front Street.

"Well, Lyon," said Mr. Shaw, "I see that the young comedian of the city council is talking of running for Mayor."

"Yes," said Mr. Lyon, "and the young comedian will probably get elected!"

"Nonsense," laughed Mr. Shaw, and went his way.

The "young comedian" ran and was elected. His name was R. J. Fleming. As a matter of fact the outcry against the youth of a candidate sometimes works, and sometimes miscarries. It has been used to railroad many an old jellyfish into an executive office for which he was wholly unfitted. Most of the incompetent and do-nothing mayors and members of Parliament—the political lobsters, so to speak—are highly respected citizens who are irreproachable on moral grounds but hopelessly at sea when dealing with a question which requires any mental grasp. This year the electorate was fortunate in having two candidates whose intelligence it could respect, to chose from—a condition by no means so frequent as it should be.

To return to the personality of Mr. Geary it may be said that he is an example of cool, carefully directed ambition. He has been described as a glad-hand artist; but this is only true in the sense that he is anxious to make friends. No candidate ever had a more perfect bearing in his intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men. He strikes the right note with everyone, is sufficiently cordial without humiliating the person he is talking to with a sense that he is being "jollied." And he is perhaps the most cautious and indefatigable organizer in the city of Toronto.

MR. GEORGE REGINALD GEARY
Mayor-elect of Toronto.

The Late Hon. Archie Gordon.

CANADIANS have heard with regret of the death, as the result of a motor car accident, of the Hon. Archibald Ian Gordon, the third and youngest son of the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and formerly Governor-General of the Dominion. He completed his twenty-fifth year last autumn; and the sudden off-taking of a healthy young man at such an age is always a matter to stir the emotions of those who knew even but little of him, especially if he was as generous and likeable as was "Archie" Gordon. A correspondent who knew him writes in The Westminster Gazette: "There are some vivid personalities whom those who knew them find it absolutely impossible to think of as dead. Mr. Gordon was one of these. I knew him as a little lad in his home in Scotland, a radiantly happy child, with great blue eyes, golden hair, and as winsome a presence as hearts of parents could desire. And as he was then, so he remained to the end of his short, happy life, a lovable, sympathetic presence, full of the joy of life, full of generous impulses, a beloved son of parents whose home circle was exceptionally happy, and who in their bitter grief will have the widest sympathy in Canada as well as in the United Kingdom."

Shortly before Mr. Gordon's death his engagement to Miss Violet Asquith, daughter of the British Premier, was announced.

Edward Blake as a Joker.

MR. PETER MCARTHUR, a Canadian who has had a long and varied experience as a journalistic writer, was a member of THE SATURDAY NIGHT staff in the very earliest days of its history, being one of the first young men selected from time to time by Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard to edit the bulk of the paper and to imitate his style on the Front Page when the eminent editor himself was away chumming with Egyptians, Arabs, and other strange peoples for the enlargement of his vision, or reposing in California for the benefit of his health. Mr. McArthur has recently been writing reminiscences—old-home memories and that sort of thing—for several of the daily papers of Toronto. In the course of an article on "Winter Weather" in The Globe on Tuesday of this week he recalls an incident which occurred in the offices occupied by SATURDAY NIGHT when it was but a child of fortune. Here it is:

I never see the snow fly without recalling a story, or rather two stories in one, that will bear repeating. Shortly after SATURDAY NIGHT was first published, John Charles Dent, the historian, dropped into the editorial offices to gossip with the editors. Before leaving he told a story that was supposed to illustrate the serious-mindedness of the Hon. Edward Blake. According to the anecdote, Mr. Blake was passing through the corridors of the Parliament Buildings, when he met J. Burr Plumb, who had just delivered a very witty speech. Mr. Blake congratulated him on his effort, and added:

"I often wish I could liven up my speeches with jokes as you do, but I seem to be deficient in the sense of humor."

"Why don't you acquire it?"

"Do you think that would be possible?"

"Nothing easier. Of course, you couldn't expect to get off anything killingly funny to begin with, but you would soon get in the way of it. You might begin by practising punning."

"For instance—"

"Well, it is very cloudy to-day. Someone will be almost sure to say to you, 'It looks like snow.' If anyone does you just say: 'Snow matter,' and let it go at that."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Blake. "Excellent!"

As he passed out of the building he met Mr. Costigan, who promptly observed:

"It looks like snow, Mr. Blake."

Mr. Blake looked up at the sky, chuckled softly and replied:

"Oh, it is immaterial."

H. K. Cockin and Duncan MacKellar laughed heartily at the story, but the third member of the staff, Phillips Thompson, the witty "Jimuel Briggs" of an older journalism, merely smiled.

"What's the matter, Thompson," asked Dent. "Don't you think that's funny?"

"Oh, yes," said Thompson. "I thought it was very funny some years ago when I got it up."

An Appropriate Hymn.

AMONG the students at Huron College, London, Ontario, is a young man who has acquired, by a series of unfortunate accidents, a reputation for awkwardness, which he keeps up by occasionally spilling soup into ladies' laps or coffee down their necks at parties. The Huron College men are sent out to country appointments each Sunday, and in the course of his duty this student was assigned on a recent Sabbath to a church not far from London.

It was just like his luck, on passing down the church, to trip over the little stove and bring down all the pipes. With the male members of the congregation, he bent his energies to repairing the damage, and finally ascended the pulpit. The sensation caused by the downfall of stove pipes was as nothing compared to that resulting when the coming clergyman announced Hymn 64 in the new Anglican Hymnal, which is headed, "The Lord shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet," and the first verse of which he read out, beginning:—

"Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of all things created;
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated."

C. H. Nicholson's New Position.

A CIRCULAR signed by Mr. E. J. Chamberlain, Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific Ry., has just been issued appointing Captain C. H. Nicholson, Manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific Steamship lines on the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at Vancouver, B. C. He will have supervision of all matters pertaining to marine and steamship business for the company and the Pacific Coast, the operation and maintenance of steamers, docks, etc., with such other duties as may be assigned to him from time to time.

CAPT. C. H. NICHOLSON,
A new G.T.P. official.

Captain C. H. Nicholson was born at Belleville, Ont. He entered the steamboat business in 1881 as cabin boy on the old steamer "Magnet," of the Richelieu & Ontario line. In 1882 he secured the position of Purser on the steamer "Hero," operated by the late Mr. C. F. Gildersleeve, on the Bay of Quinte and River St. Lawrence, which position he occupied for three years, when he was promoted to the captaincy of that steamer and served as captain of various vessels on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, covering a period from 1885 to 1893. During this period he undertook a college course by winter study, taking one year at Queen's University, Kingston, and completing his course at the University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

When Mr. C. F. Gildersleeve organized the Lake Ontario & Bay of Quinte Steamboat Company, Captain Nicholson was appointed General Passenger and Freight Agent, and later was appointed as representative of that company in the United States, with headquarters at Rochester, up to the year 1902, which service was terminated to accept the position of General Manager of Transportation of the Muskoka Lakes Navigation Company in the spring of the year 1903. This position he resigned in 1904 to accept the position of traffic manager of the Northern Navigation Company of Ontario, Limited, having charge of traffic and operation of the Lake Superior division with headquarters at Sarnia.

Stories Told in Winnipeg.

MEN from all over the West gathered at Winnipeg to spend Christmas this year. They came from the outposts, from the ends of steel, from lumber camps, from survey parties, from wherever they were and didn't want to be on Christmas Day, and some of them sat in the rotunda of the Royal Alexandra on Christmas Eve and told stories.

"I came through to Edmonton, down to Calgary and in on the C.P.R.," said one, a young engineer on the G.T.P. west of Edmonton. In the smoker there was a bunch of fellows from all parts—some Canadians, a few Englishmen, and a couple of men from New Zealand, going over to England to college. We got talking about this suffragette racket and the Englishmen seemed to be afraid that the women would get votes and 'play the devil' over there with politics. I knew that women had votes in New Zealand, so I turned to one of the chaps from there and asked him how it had worked out.

"Why all right," he said. "We find that it doesn't make any difference. The married women vote as their husbands do, and the single ones won't make the statutory declaration that they're over twenty-one."

One of the men had just come from a lumber camp on Big Island, in Lake Winnipeg, where he had charge of a gang getting out lumber for the spring work.

"I've got a mixed crowd up there," he said, "Westerners, old country men and some from Ontario. The Ontario men like to kid the Englishmen. There's an Englishman in the gang who's always telling the others how they do things in London, and every time he mentioned that city one of the Ontario men would ask him if he meant London, Ontario, or London, England. This made him froth at the mouth, and at last I had to stop it. Well, not long ago I hired a new man, and the Englishman started in at once to tell him how to do it, and especially how it was done in London.

"Do you mean London, Ontario, or London, England?" the Canadian asked.

SOME OF ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.
Mr. John McLaren, Mayor of Hamilton.

"London, Ontario, be d—d!" shouted the Cockney. "London, 'ome, I means, where 'arf the world is."

A young bank manager from Saskatchewan told the next one.

"The head office sent me a young Englishman to 'go on the cash.' One day during the recent stormy weather I had to drive over to another town about eight miles away. The teller wanted to go too. I told him it was pretty cold.

"'Oh, no,' he said, 'I never feel the cold.'

"So I said he could come along and when we were ready to start he appeared with a light overcoat and a dice on.

"I told him that wasn't enough, but he said: 'Oh, quite sufficient, I never feel the cold, you know.'

"It was about twelve below, and when we had gone quarter of a mile I saw that both his ears were frozen white.

"Your ears are frozen," I told him.

SOME OF ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.
Captain H. H. Cole, Mayor of Almonte.

"'Oh, no,' he said, 'I assure you I don't feel the slightest sensation of pain.'

"Well, we got back at last and before he went in I told him that he had better thaw out his ears with snow.

"'Oh, thank you, no,' he said. 'I assure you I haven't felt the slightest sensation of cold since we first started.'

"The next day he came out with ears that looked like beets.

"'They are most tender,' he said. 'I believe they must have been frozen, after all, but do you know, old chap, I really thought you were spoofing me.'"

SOME OF ONTARIO'S NEW MAYORS.
Mr. F. W. Harrison, Mayor of Owen Sound.

A Successful Canadian Sculptor

LAST year at the exhibition given by the Canadian Art Club, one of the most interesting features of the display was a number of pieces of statuary by A. Phimister Proctor. This was for many people probably the beginning of their acquaintance with the work of a

A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR.
A recent photograph of the Canadian sculptor.

Canadian artist, who has found a very wide acceptance in the United States. It is rather unfortunate that there should be so much foundation for the statement one sometimes hears to the effect that Canadians do not know their own artists. But the case of Mr. Proctor would certainly seem to bear it out somewhat. He has now for a decade and more been turning out work which stands comparison with the very best products of American studios, as is evident from the prompt and generous recognition it has met with, and the important commissions he has been given. But how many Canadians know that he was born in Canada?

Mr. Proctor has had a very interesting career, and one which may be called instructive in a very vivid sense of that rather hackneyed term. It is a story of earnest effort and quiet and faithful work finally crowned with artistic success. He was born in Bozanquit in this province, but the family moved to Michigan in his childhood. From there they went by wagon to Des Moines, Iowa, and later on to Denver. People who lay great stress on the importance of early environment in the career of an artist, will see much to support their theories in this childhood of a man whose greatest success has been in the presentation of wild animals, especially those of the western plains and of the Rocky Mountains. But whether or not his genius received its bent during this time when he lived with his parents practically in the open air, certainly his boyhood was spent in scenes where his love for outdoor life was fostered in every possible way.

It is said that he began to draw almost as soon as he could hold a pencil. He was also very fond of hunting, and when he was old enough, he spent whole summers in the Rocky Mountains with sketch-book and pencil. It was then that he began to make those studies of wild life which have since brought him fame. Nor was his achievement as a hunter limited to the bagging of drawings. At the age of sixteen he killed a grizzly bear and a bull elk in one day—a feat which when told to the Indians of the western plains by a brother artist who was travelling with him not long ago, won for him the enthusiastic admiration of the redmen. And it might well do so. Nor has Mr. Proctor lost his early skill with the rifle or his fondness for the chase. In fact, it is only a few months ago that he went on a hunting and sketching trip in the Canadian west. During part of the time he travelled in company with Mr. Edmund Morris, who was then engaged in adding to his splendid collection of Indian portraits, a number of which were last year on exhibition in this city.

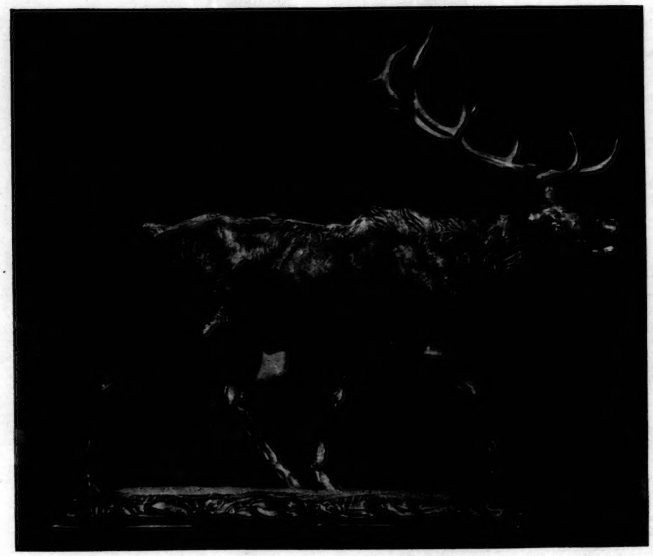
Mr. Proctor has always been fond of going off on hunting trips all alone, and in his early manhood used to spend months in this way in the mountains of Colorado. He would do his own cooking, and lived almost entirely on game. For weeks at a time he would not see a human being. This is about as severe a test as could be devised to try the reality of a man's fondness for nature and his sympathy with her varying moods. On these trips he used to sketch the animals he shot, and also the hunters and Indians with whom he might foregather.

With the practical spirit of a boy brought up under such circumstances, he tried prospecting for the purpose of earning enough money to go to New York to study art. But somehow or other the mining ventures did not pan out very well. But he had other resources, especially a farm at Grand Lake. He sold this property and went to New York on the proceeds. There he entered the National Academy of Design, and became a member of the School and Art Students' League. His summers were spent, sometimes on his uncle's farm in Ontario, where he put in his time making sketches of domestic animals, sometimes in Alberta and British Columbia or along the line of the Canadian Pacific, where he hunted and sketched.

All this, of course, was the very finest of training, and when the World's Columbian Exposition was being built at Chicago, the young artist was engaged to do wild animals for the bridges—moose, elk and mountain lions—and lions for the Art Building. He also produced two equestrian groups, "Indian Scout" and "Mounted Cowboy." This shows how much he had benefited from his long years of careful preparation and earnest study of the things he had selected as the material of his art.

After the Chicago Exposition, he went to Paris on the Rhinehart Paris Scholarship, and studied under Angelbert and Puech, two well known French masters. That he proved an apt pupil is evidenced by the fact that he won the yearly prize and the medal for sculpture at the Academy Julian. While in Paris he received a cable from no less a man than the late Augustus St. Gaudens, asking him to come to New York to do the first models for the horse in his Logan statue, now in Chicago. He spent a year working with that great master, and he regards this as one of the most valuable parts of his formative work.

In 1900 Mr. Proctor was selected to model the quadriga for the United States building at the Paris Exposition. He was also named a member of the jury of sculptors at that Exposition, where he received a gold medal in recognition of his artistic achievement. Another somewhat similar compliment to his judgment as a critic in his art was paid him at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, where he was also a member of the jury of selection and awards for sculpture. In this exposition he did a couple of groups and a quadriga for the Ethnological Building. Still, again, he was a member of the jury at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, where he received a gold medal for his model of "Indian Chief," a duplicate of which is now in the National Gallery at Ottawa. Another of his works at this Exposition was a model for an equestrian statue of Joliet.



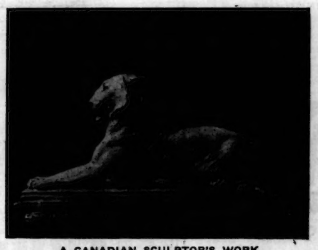
A CANADIAN SCULPTOR'S WORK.
"The Challenge," a splendid study of an elk.

The popularity of this sculptor's work is shown by the fact that he has statues in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; the Art Museum, St. Louis; in the public parks, New York; and also in the Art Museum at Ottawa, though he is not at all so well represented in Canada as should be the case. He has also modeled the lions for the Frick Building, Pittsburg, as well as the four colossal lions in marble for the McKinley Monument at Buffalo. He is a member of many organizations of artists, including the National Academy of Design and the Canadian Art Club. He was also a member of the Art Commission of New York from 1903 to 1906.

In conclusion, it may be said that this Canadian artist, who is just now coming into the full possession of his powers, and of whom even finer work may be expected, is practically unequalled in his own particular line in this country. He is a careful and conscientious workman, and he has also that finer something which is over and above all industry and faithfulness to detail and which makes of a man an artist. As the illustrations on this page show, he has a marvellously complete knowledge of the animals he portrays. And he is able to inspire his figures with the life and spirit of the wilderness. As an instance of his truth and his understanding of his subject, it would be difficult to get anything finer than his statue of the baby fawn. The little figure is an exquisite expression of the grace and the shrinking timidity of forest life. It contains all the tragedy of its race. There is no need to call attention in detail to the other pieces of work reproduced here. I will merely remind the reader that a number of pieces of Mr. Proctor's work, as well as pictures of all his finest statues, will be seen at the annual exhibition of the Canadian Art Club in this city. This exhibition is now in progress in the galleries of the Art Museum of Toronto in the Public Library Building at the corner of St. George and College streets.

A CANADIAN SCULPTOR'S WORK.
"Polar Bear," a typical instance of Proctor's artistic method.

A CANADIAN SCULPTOR'S WORK.
"Young Fawn," a bronze statuette showing Proctor's exquisite insight into forest life.



A CANADIAN SCULPTOR'S WORK.
A couched tiger of superb proportions.

A CANADIAN SCULPTOR'S WORK.
"Indian Chief," one of the best known pieces of Proctor's work, a duplicate of which is in the National Gallery, Ottawa.

Things Forbidden in the British House.

A WRITER in Blackwood's Magazine writes entertainingly concerning certain unwritten rules of the British House of Commons. He says:

When you rise up to speak you must be uncovered, but after a division is called, and you wish to raise a point of order, you must do it with your hat on your head, and this gives rise sometimes to amusing incidents. Those who saw it can never forget the occasion when Gladstone, who never wore a hat in the House, had to surmount his mighty cranium with a "topper" hastily snatched from the head of his neighbor Herschell. The forbidden things are numerous. It is a serious Parliamentary crime to pass between a speaker and the chair, and loud cries of order greatly confuse the neophyte who makes this mistake for the first time. A front bench man may loll on the small of his back and plant his boots on the table without remonstrance, but his humble satellites are sharply pulled up by the sergeant-at-arms if they venture to follow his example. You must not ostentatiously read a book or a newspaper—I once saw Mr. Chamberlain pulled up for quoting from a file of "The Times"—or open letters in the House, nor read your speech; and if you indulge in tedious repetition you may be admonished by the Speaker, if any common informer puts the law in motion.

Nor are you allowed to eat anything from your place on the green benches. I remember once, during one of the all-night sittings, the late A. M. Sullivan, toward the small hours of the morning, produced a paper bag and proceeded to feed himself with jam puffs, and when his attention was directed to this irregularity by the chairman he replied: "I thought, Mr. Playfair, that we were in Committee of Supply." I have never, however, seen any one pulled up for partaking of fluid refreshment in the House. Mr. Gladstone used to slobber up a glutinous looking mess out of a pomatum pot, composed, one of his sons told me, of egg, ether and sherry; Lord Palmerston sucked oranges; some front bench men have their glass of claret; and an amusing story is told of Sir M. Hicks-Beach, as he then was. During a budget speech he was indulging in some of the time honored jokes appropriate to the occasion, and said: "Who drinks rum nowadays?" But a modest quencher of port, brought him from the bar, happened to be of the tawny variety closely imitating in color the liquor whose disappearance from popular consumption he had announced, and when he raised it to his lips an immediate shout of laughter rippled over the green benches. The great Wilberforce is reported to have taken an opium pill before he spoke: and Lord Granville, in the "Life" so admirably written by my friend Lord Fitzmaurice, reproached himself with having once in the House of Lords risen before Lord Beaconsfield, who had primed himself up by drinking something, or inhaling something, to fire off at a particular hour. And it is hinted, with what truth I know not, that a young rising politician of the front bench rank, whose name wild horses or their equivalent would not drag from me, has recourse to oxygen before beginning one of his highly successful harangues.

A Janitor's Troubles.

JANITOR MOELLER of the European Court Hotel at Dresden is a sorrowful man to-day, for not only has he forfeited the world's sympathy but also $12,500 in good hard cash, and all through not heeding that silence is golden.

Some time ago he was, as the story went, severely maltreated by the Russian Prince Kotchubey, a cousin by marriage of the Czar. The Prince was staying at the hotel and asked for something to read. Moeller brought him a satirical German illustrated paper in which Russian customs were depicted in a manner hardly complimentary.

The infuriated Prince belabored Moeller unmercifully with his feet and fists. The story got into the papers and the Russian was condemned for his brutality. The Dresden courts fined him $250 for assault, and the janitor, alleging that by a kick from the Prince he had been internally injured and incapacitated for work, brought a civil action which resulted in a verdict of $12,500 in his favor.

Not satisfied with this, he further demanded an annuity. This action dragged on for a long time, and lately Moeller was overheard bragging to an acquaintance in a hotel bar that not only had he given the Prince the Russian lampoons on purpose to annoy him but that also when the Prince attacked him he had fallen down and pretended to be badly hurt.

This was brought to the notice of the Russian Consul, who secured the witnesses of the conversation and gave information to the police. The upshot of it all is that Janitor Moeller has not only lost every chance to the comfortable annuity but will never see anything of the $12,500 for which he had already obtained a verdict.

Dr. Jose Figueroa Alcorta, who succeeded to the presidency of the Republic of Argentine on the death of President Manuel Quintana in 1906, is a lawyer. He still has three years of President Quintana's unexpired term to serve. President Alcorta is a native of the Province of Cordua. He became a senator of his province, then governor, and was finally elected vice-president. Under the constitution no president can be re-elected, and when Alcorta's term expires on the twelfth of October, 1912, he must retire to private life. Argentine and President Alcorta are attracting attention throughout the world just now on account of the International Agricultural Exhibition which will be held at Buenos Aires in June and July of next year. This exhibition is intended to celebrate the first centennial of the independence of the Argentine Republic. There is no republic in South America which has a more stable and constitutional government.

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WEEK OF JAN. 17
THE COLLEGE GIRLS

The DRAMA

HAVE you ever seen a theatrical company going through that pleasant little performance known as "gagging" or "kidding?" It really is great fun for the company. Its chief merit consists in its absolute disregard for the audience. Without for a moment considering that the people who sit in the seats of the pit and galleries have for the greater part paid good money for the privilege of being let into the humor or the pathos or whatever it is that is going on on the stage, the members of the company engaged in "kidding" have a whole series of little private jokes from the meaning of which the public is rigorously excluded. The spectator can see that something is going on which is not intended for his amusement, little pieces of by-play which have no meaning for him. He may labor under the illusion that the people on the stage are supposed to play for his entertainment. It is, therefore, apt to be rather a grievance with him when he comes to realize that they are playing for one another, and that he is being treated as a rank outsider. This is one of the most annoying tricks of which stage-folk are sometimes guilty, and its effect is to simply ruin the scenes in which it is introduced.

All this is simply by way of introduction to a few remarks on "Marcelle," the Pixley and Luders musical comedy at the Royal Alexandra this week. The show is a good one, with a capable company, a good-looking and effective chorus, pretty scenery, some amusing situations, and a lot of catchy music—some of which is borrowed. Louise Gunning and Jess Danby are both favorably remembered from other appearances in this city. She is a very charming and capable prima donna in musical comedy roles, and he is an excellent comedian. And their supporting company is good. But in spite of all this which would seem to make their success assured, there were times when the performance positively dragged on account of the "kidding" which was going on on the stage. It seemed to be epidemic. Principals as well as chorus were affected. They ogled one another and played to one another, as though they were engaged in a little masquerade for their own amusement. The thing became annoying, and one was led to wonder what had become of the stage-manager that such a state of affairs should be permitted. Certainly it was a very serious blemish on an otherwise excellent performance.

* * *

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS is a very attractive stage-personality when she sings and dances her way through a musical comedy with a good chorus back of her. But Miss Hattie Williams in a straight comedy role, where she gets no opportunity to sit on a table and swing her feet and sing a lavender-tinted song, is rather out of her element. This is especially the case when the comedy in question happens to be a colorless, characterless, spineless production of the caliber of "Detective Sparkes." Miss Williams does not appear to be an actress of very striking ability, but even if she were a combination of Mrs. Pat Campbell and May Robson, it is doubtful if she could make much out of her present role. It is simply a case of a play being without merit in itself and without opportunity for those who act it. And so in spite of a really capable company, with few exceptions, and in spite of a thoroughly satisfactory stage-setting, the performance is a distinctly disappointing one.

CLYDE FITCH'S posthumous play "The City" has created a great sensation in American theatrical circles, and has been hailed as the greatest work of the dead dramatist. Acton Davies, the critic of The New York Sun, writes of the first performance:—

From his grave last night Clyde Fitch gave the lie for all time to those who have claimed that he could not create a manly stage character or write a play which was really big. In his posthumous play, "The City," he has achieved more for his lasting reputation as a dramatist of subtlety and power than he did in all the years of his hard work and constant effort. "The City" made a great sensation at the Lyric last night and in it incidentally Tully Marshall, after twenty-five years' hard work in subordinate roles, stood suddenly revealed as a great actor.

Since the night that Richard Mansfield scored his first huge hit as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance" no actor has awakened to find himself a celebrity with more just cause than Mr. Marshall does this morning. His splendid work two years ago in Walter's "Paid in Full" had persuaded Fitch to take the full measure of the man, so he wrote for him the role of the crazy, dope-dazed, blackmailing, bastard brother, the character about whom all the misery and bloodshed of "The City" revolves.

Even in its realism, appalling and ghastly in the manner in which it piles horror upon horror, this play grips you with the very Shadow of Death which lies over it all like a sullen pall. Seen in the light of recent events it seems like a prophecy, for if ever a playwright's hand was strengthened by the aftermath of The Reaper poor Fitch's was. His mannerisms of style and characterization have all fallen away from him in "The City"; he strikes out straight from the shoulder for once, brutally, even brazenly, if you will, but with unwavering tragic effect.

The second act of "The City" is so harrowing and so ghastly in its effect that it is a play which no weak hearted man or woman should be allowed to see. Here in view of the audience a sweet young girl is shot to death by a man, her own half-brother, who has married her but half an hour before. The murder came when the husband learns the truth from the lips of the girl's own brother, and it was in the scene which follows, in which the murderer struggles to get the pistol in order to take his own life, that Tully Marshall by his superb acting of a most intensely difficult role covered himself with glory.

His triumph was all the greater for the fact that his opposite player, Walter Hampden, failed utterly to rise to the demands of this scene. But Marshall threw himself into his work with such a mad press of passion that he carried all before him. The scene itself is a remarkable example of cumulative drama, and Marshall handled it as a genius. No actor in recent years has won a greater or more widely earned ovation. The pity and the irony of it all was that Fitch could not be there to hear and see!

* * *

AN English company headed by Miss Meta Illing have been playing "She Stoops to Conquer" in Berlin. The critics, it seems, do not think much of Goldsmith. One writes: "A naive comedy of the eighteenth century, which has now merely the value of a literary curiosity. There was no life in Goldsmith's stage figures, who speak a tedious, stilted dialogue, who disguise themselves, who speak in loud asides, and who for the most part conduct themselves like idiots. Our feeling of æsthetic indignation is mixed with astonishment that there ever could have been men and women who could enjoy such plays." Another says: "Yesterday's performance of this antiquated comedy was not happy, either in the choice of the piece or in the excellence of the play. Goldsmith, who, among his countrymen, enjoys unquestioned veneration as a dramatist, is with his extremely naive inventions and his use of burlesque, and even brutal jokes, merely interesting as a literary curiosity."

* * *

"WHEN Forbes-Robertson played 'Hamlet' in New York City his fellow-craftsmen playing in the city paid him a rather unusual tribute; the companies from eight theatres united in a "Round Robin," asking him to play it on an afternoon when there were no matinees, in order that they might attend," says the World's Work.

"In the play which he has brought to America this year, 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' by Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Forbes-Robertson plays a character so suspiciously like the Christ that the English censor came near stopping the performance. However, the Bishop of London liked it so well that he preached a sermon on it—and the play went on. And yet, it is not a religious play.

"Off the stage, as well as on, Mr. Forbes-Robertson is the same high-minded, half-tragic, scholarly man. All the moods are reflected in his striking face as he talks, but his features invariably compose into an expression that is half-melancholy and half retrospective. But there is no pose about it. Hamlet was merely the natural Forbes-Robertson speaking the words of Shakespeare. He does not try to be Hamlet in real life—he cannot help it."

* * *

CRITIC Metcalfe, of Life, says of the recent performance of "The School for Scandal" at the New Theatre, New York:—

Deep curtseys by the women and lace cuffs on the coats of the men are not enough to supply the eighteenth century atmosphere of "The School for Scandal," even when supplemented by stage settings well in the period and the best possible intentions on the part of an unusually intelligent company. Sheridan's satire was directed at the underlying falsity of a society whose highest and perhaps only virtue was its elegance. That elegance was lacking in the performance of the classic play at the New Theatre. What good of the deepest curtsey, what advantage in a man's flourish of a lace handkerchief as he wipes away superfluous grains of snuff, if neither is easily and gracefully done? There were exceptions, but as a rule the members of the New Theatre company seemed ill at ease in the costumes of the period and unable to carry themselves either naturally or with the assumed elegance that might have cloaked unconquerable awkwardness even then. The infrequent performance of costume plays on the American stage in late years may account for the defect and if that be the cause it shows that the New Theatre has come none too soon if we are not to lose entirely the training of stage people in things that used to be considered among the elementary essentials of their art.

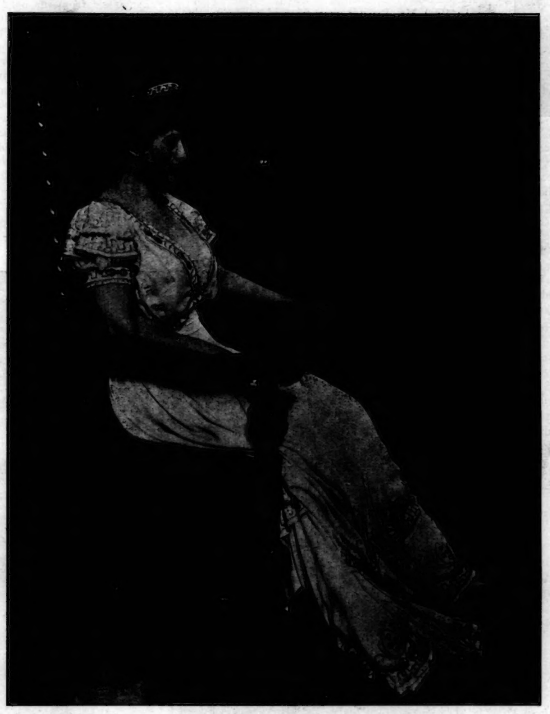
As a whole this performance of "The School for Scandal" is valuable as showing how far we have drifted away from the old standards. Neither Mr. Wallack nor Mr. Daly would have been satisfied with such a presentation of the play. Their people individually and collectively would have been drilled out of crudeness before the curtain was permitted to rise. We shall have to continue to make allowances for the New Theatre company for some time to come, but prudence should dictate to the management the wisdom of prolonged and most careful preparation before subjecting the company to ambitious accomplishments where comparisons are so easy as in this case.

The mechanical defects in the first performance of "The School for Scandal" were inexcusable. Accidents will happen in any theatre, but the handling of the stage on this occasion showed a lack of discipline which would not be tolerated in a commercial theatre. The aimless fooling with the electric lights, the striking of scenes before the calls had been taken, the careless handling of the tormentors, made the performance in this magnificent theatre appear as though it were being conducted by a band of inexperienced amateurs.

Regarding fitting the costumes to the period, in its production of "The School for Scandal," the New Theatre includes this sentence in an official announcement: "The motive of this is not archæology—a consideration which the New Theatre regards as of secondary importance to the drama—but the artistic effect of the play as a whole."

Every one, of course, regards archæological accuracy as of secondary importance in making a play effective, if either must be sacrificed. Why should the New Theatre suggest that in its own case such a sacrifice should ever be necessary? At the ordinary theatres we see it done so often that at the New Theatre, where perfection in every particular is the ultimate aim, it might naturally be hoped that we should be free from the anachronisms in costume, architecture and other accessories which elsewhere are the result of ignorance or stern necessity.

A fair inference from the statement is that if a cakewalk would add



MAXINE ELLIOTT,
In "Deborah of Tod's" and "The Inferior Sex," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA
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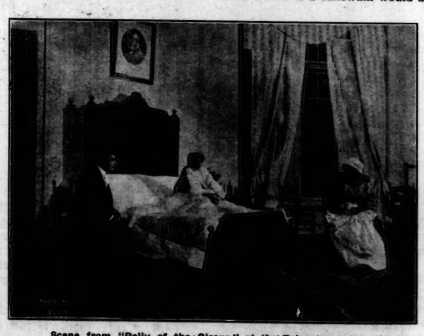
Return after a two years' absence
MAXINE ELLIOTT
in Two New Plays

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY
DEBORAH OF TOD'S

THURS., FRIDAY. SAT., and SAT. MAT.
First production on any stage of the 3 Act Comedy
THE INFERIOR SEX
By Frank Stayton



Scene from "Polly of the Circus," at the Princess next week.

THE DRAMA

tistic effecuv to the ball scene "Romeo and Juliet" it would be troduced. Or that the ghost of Hamlet's father would be edited out the tragedy as an inartistic appeal the supernatural to bolster up the t. Of course no such thing is ely or necessary to occur at the ew Theatre because that institution not supposed or expected to en- rse fads but to give us drama in highest possible state of perfec- n in every particular. For instance, to be supposed that the produc- s at the New Theatre must have good authority for the plain color of

GWENDOLYN PIERS,
In "Polly of the Circus," at the Princess next week.

the big pillars shown in Cleopatra's palace. Some hold that Lotus pillars of that period were always decorated with brilliant hieroglyphics and that the plain color of to-day comes from the destruction of the pigment by erosion and the action of the elements during centuries. If in this or any similar particulars the New Theatre is not authoritative it will fail of its mission and find itself among the faddists and managers of the Ben Greet school who have deficiencies to conceal by sacrifices to "as Shakespeare did it" or to "artistic effect."

* * *

A GREAT deal has been written in praise of Maeterlinck's latest production, "The Blue Bird," which has been given a magnificent presentation in London. Critics have gone into eloquent ecstacies over its poetic beauty and its depth of meaning, and many glowing tributes have been penned to the genius of the "Belgian Shakespeare." But Punch thinks differently, and Punch's dramatic judgments are always worth listening to. He says:—

To Mr. Joseph Harker who painted the scenery; to Messrs. Cayley Robinson and S. H. Sime who helped him in designing it; to Miss Ina Pelly who arranged the dances; to Mr. Lyall Swete who produced the play; and to Mr. Herbert Trench who had the courage to present it, I am greatly in debt for some extraordinarily beautiful spectacular effects in The Blue Bird. And there was M. Maeterlinck, too. I must not forget him, for, after all, it was he who provided the matter to work upon. But he would have fared indifferently without the assistance of these others. I do not complain that his work was a medley of pantomime, fairy-tale and allegory. New dramatic forms are always welcome if they lend themselves to presentation on the stage. My complaint is that this is not good pantomime nor right fairy-tale nor sound allegory. As pantomime it has not stuff enough in it to go round, and it has too little "relief" for what stuff there is. As fairy-tale it lacks cohesion and really provides no story, as Peter Pan does, to hold the imagination of children. As allegory, it is wanting in the logical consistency that is demanded of symbolic work.

The main idea, I am authoritatively informed, is the search of Mankind after Happiness. But this quest is conducted in the most unlikely quarters—now in a graveyard, and now among the cavernous haunts of the spirits of disease and war and death. And, when one has the Idea symbolised by two little innocent children in search of a Blue Bird, the unlikelihood of this course of inquiry almost touches the limits of the grotesque. The fact is that a few disconnected ideas have occurred to M. Maeterlinck, some of them drawn from the realm of poetic phantasy, others founded on hard fact: as that there are no dead; that those whom we call the dead are just asleep, and wake up to the old life whenever the living remember them—a very gentle thought; that Nature—both the animal and the vegetable world—is the enemy of man; that the dog is a beautiful exception; and so forth. A fairy poem might possibly have been built up round these ideas, with everything left to the imagination. But when you try to stage them; when you try, in the prosaic atmosphere of a theatre, to illustrate your fancy by concrete instances, you are forced into all kinds of inevitable crudities. This peril does not escape the intelligence of M. Maeterlinck, and so he attempts to disarm ridicule by a little merriment of his own, not always well-timed. Take the graveyard scene. He wishes to illustrate the poetic thought that there are no dead. So, after some incongruous frivolity on the part of the questing boy, midnight strikes, the lights are turned down, and when they are put up again the graves are seen covered with stiff rows of funereal flowers (the critic of The Times pauses in his rhapsody to give a catalogue of their Latin names). A poet, just using words without pictures plain or colored, and trusting a little to my imagination, might trace for me, in the flowers that spring from a grave, the symbol of immortality, and I should be content. But this stage-mechanism leaves me cold and sceptic.

I may add that the subsequent exhibition of a dancing skeleton in Act. V. did not help much to confirm M. Maeterlinck's statement that there are no dead.

Take again the pretty fancy of a region inhabited by unborn children waiting for their birth. Realized in concrete form, the scene invites to impious laughter. Two children, blue and unborn, are already in love with one another; a third informs the little human boy, Tyltyl, who is only half his size, that he hopes shortly to become his baby-brother. Father Time seeks to relieve the situation with some mild facetiousness; but it is really the splendor of the scenic background that saves it.

I know I shall be called profane and a Philistine. I know that, if I were a good critic like the others, I should approach a work by M. Maeterlinck with the awe due to a Master of Symbolism, and attribute any apparent failure on his part to my own want of poetic insight. Well, I must bear these reflections with what meekness I can command, and meanwhile invite the others to go and see Peter Pan once more, and recove their childhood.

The performance was excellent. Little Miss Olive Walter, as the boy Tyltyl, was the best child I have ever seen on the stage. She maintained an admirable interest and curiosity in the various wonderments which it was her business to investigate, and did not attempt to conceal her very natural indifference to the lectures of which she was from time to time the innocent victim. I cannot share the general enthusiasm for the dog and cat, not caring much for half-human hybrids. Give me the uncompromising actualities of Drury Lane.

Next to the extreme beauty of the scenery (and I wish, by the way, that more gauze had been used to give the right vagueness to things of the imagination), I cherish most the memory of Miss Ina Pelly as Water, a charming study in the manner of the nymphs of Mr. Waterhouse's pictures, and her exquisite dance in the Third Act. If only some of our "classical" performers had her youth and litheness and grace of limb.

As a great admirer of Mr. Herbert Trench's enterprise, I wish I could forecast a long success for his latest presentation. But, in spite of its many delightful fancies, I am afraid that the children will want a more enthralling tale, and one with less of death in it, and that their elders will feel that in this effort to realise abstract ideas the stage, not for the first time, has overstepped the limits proper to its art.

But I am grateful to M. Maeterlinck, for, until I had seen his Blue Bird, I never appreciated at its full worth the genius of Mr. Barrie.

* * *

A KINDLY London critic says of the recent performance of Bernard Shaw's "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet" by the Irish players of the Abbey Theatre Company: "It is one of Mr. Shaw's happiest, wittiest, and at the same time most human, inventions; and it is admirably acted by the Irish players from the Abbey Theatre. Mr. Fred O'Donovan, who plays Blanco, is a delightful comedian, never attempting to ennoble or sentimentalize his character beyond Shavian limits, evidently enjoying to the full the rollicking run of his part and evidently, also, not taking too seriously (any more than we are minded to take) Mr. Shaw's outburst of homiletics at the end. There is a delicious little dialogue on the subject of drink as a means of grace between Blanco and his sanctimonious brother Elder Daniels, which was brilliantly done by Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Arthur Sinclair. A capital thing, too, was the sheriff of Mr. Sydney Morgan, and the two women—the bereaved mother and the prostitute—were both played with wholehearted sincerity, the one by Miss Maire O'Neill and the other by Miss Sara Allgood."

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—Maxine Elliott.
Princess—"Polly of the Circus."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—The Columbia Burlesquers.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT comes to the Royal Alexandra theatre for a week beginning next Monday night in two new and attractive plays. During the first half of the week Miss Elliott will appear in the title role of "Deborah of Tod's" by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, being a dramatization by the author of the English novel of the same name. The play was produced for the first time on any stage at the Majestic Theatre in Boston on Monday, Dec. 6th, and won instant approval. The Boston newspaper reviewers were almost unanimous in the opinion that Miss Elliott made the hit of her career as Deborah, the Devonshire lass.

The story of the play follows that of the novel with more or less fidelity, telling of a beautiful, serious-minded country girl who had inherited vast estates in East Devonshire and who was content to live quietly and farm her broad acres. She meets an elderly London roue, whom she idolizes because he had been her father's benefactor years before, and marries him. He having the title and she having the necessary money, she is presented to smart London society, the requirements of which she cannot at all understand.

The role of Deborah is said to be the finest thing that Miss Elliott has ever done. Her beauty and her acting ability are both given full opportunity to score. Always a lavish producer, Miss Elliott has given "Deborah of Tod's" a scenic investiture which is nothing less than wonderful. The scenes are laid in a Devonshire farmyard and kitchen, a North Country castle, and a fashionable London drawing-room.

Thursday night will see the premier of a new play, when Miss Elliott will produce for the first time on any stage a three-act comedy by Frank Stayton, of London, entitled "The Inferior Sex," which will be her offering for the rest of the week. This play is expected to give Miss Elliott the comedy role of her career. The action of the entire three acts takes place on a yacht cruising in mid-ocean.

Mr. Arthur Byron, one of the best known leading men in America, will play opposite Miss Elliott in "The Inferior Sex." Others in her organization are Mr. O. B. Clarence, the English comedian, who has never before been seen on this side of the water; Miss Muriel Godfrey-Turner, Miss Rene Kelly, Miss Suzanne Perry, Mr. Arthur Whitby, Mr. Thomas Holding, and Mr. Frederic Meads.

* * *

With a company of nearly half a hundred people, headed by Gwendolyn Piers, one of the youngest leading women on the American stage, a production that requires two sixty-foot baggage cars to transport it around the country, and more than a dozen trained animals which appear in the sawdust ring scenes, "Polly of the Circus," Frederic Thompson's staging of Margaret Mayo's play, comes to the Princess Theatre, for a return engagement of one week.

The story of this play, which is of the "heart interest" type, seems to possess a very strong appeal for a large class of theatre-goers. The romance of the little bareback rider and the earnest young minister holds a perennial attraction for them. The production, too, is of a very elaborate kind, and the circus-act is one which may be regarded as a triumph of realistic stage-craft. The animals which travel with "Polly of the Circus" are sufficient in number to dignify many a one-ringed circus. In the third act, the feature of which is the reproduction of a tent-show performance, five ponies, four horses, two mules and six dogs are used. Transporting this animal aggregation is in itself no inconsiderable item of expense.

* * *

For next week at Shea's Theatre the headline honors will be shared by W. C. Fields and Potts Brothers and Company. W. C. Fields as "The Eccentric Juggler" is an immense favorite with Sheagoers and his welcome is always royal. Potts Brothers and Company will present their own "high-class cyclone" of fun entitled "Double Troubles." Other features included in next week's bill are: Lulu Beeson Trio, presenting "A Night in El Paso"; Hoey and Lee, the Hebrew comedians; The Rosson Midgets, tiny comedians; Hugh Lloyd, original bouncing rope act; and the Kinetograph.

* * *

The following promising announcement is made of next week's attraction at the Gayety:—"With all the evidences of money and expenditure in its scenic and costume equipment, its army of comedians, and its choice of chorus girls, 'The Columbia Burlesquers' comes to the Gayety theatre next week, and the assurance of the management is given that much that is now in travesty, olio, and musical numbers has been concentrated in this organization. The company is said to excel not only in talent, but in the staging of the two burlettas, 'Vacation Days' and 'The $10,000 Prize.' Tuneful melodies and gay colorings will characterize the burlettas. The chorus promises to give evidence of form and figure that are fresh and fair, and the musical numbers of novel conception will be furnished."

Miss Maxine Elliott and Mr. O. B. Clarence in "Deborah of Tod's."

* * *

JOHN DREW, who for a month past has been an invalid as the result of his horse falling in Central Park, was able to reappear with his company in "Inconstant George" at the Hollis Street Theatre in Boston the week following Christmas. Upon his first entrance on the stage he was accorded an ovation, which compelled him to interrupt the performance while he bowed his acknowledgments. Mr. Drew had a very close call indeed, and was considered fortunate to have escaped with nothing worse than a broken collar-bone and a bad shaking up. "I suppose I ought not to complain," he said, "but I wish that if I had to do this, it might have happened when I was playing 'De Lancey,' where the play requires me to break a collar-bone and carry my arm in a sling. Had the accident occurred that season I should have been back in the game with a loss of only ten days instead of about a month. FIRST-NIGHTER.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Statement of the Affairs of the Bank as at Dec. 31st, 1909

LIABILITIES.

Notes of Bank in circulation	$ 956,605 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	1,336,245 94	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	4,419,202 40	
		$6,712,053 34
Capital Stock paid-up	$1,000,000 00	
Reserve Fund	1,000,000 00	
Dividend No. 20, payable Jan. 3rd, 1910	20,000 00	
Previous Dividends unclaimed	34 00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	307,809 25	
		2,327,843 25
		$9,039,896 59

ASSETS.

Specie and Dominion Notes	$ 935,096 08	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	50,000 00	
Notes of and cheques on other Banks	464,622 58	
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	410,119 87	
Balances due from Agents in United Kingdom	24,902 78	
Balances due from Agents in Foreign Countries	177,641 39	
Provincial, Municipal, Railway and other Bonds and Securities	1,040,759 81	
Call Loans, secured by bonds, debentures and stocks	797,563 54	
		$3,900,706 05
Current Loans and Discounts (less rebate on bills not due)	$4,889,484 48	
Notes and Bills overdue (estimated loss provided for)	2,972 81	
Bank Premises, Safes and Office Furniture	241,671 91	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	5,061 34	
		5,139,190 54
		$9,039,896 59

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividends Nos. 17, 18, 19 and 20	$ 80,000 00	Dec. 31, 1908, balance at credit account	$277,404 49
Written off Bank Premises Account	20,000 00	Dec. 31, 1909, profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, rebate on unmatured bills, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	130,404 76
Balance carried forward	307,809 25		
	$407,809 25		$407,809 25

W. D. ROSS,
General Manager.

YOUR WINTER TRIP.

At this time of the year a great many people go west or south to enjoy the milder climate of California, Mexico or Florida.

Are you going? If so, bear in mind that the Grand Trunk and connecting lines offer excellent train service and equipment. Illustrated booklet, "Winter Tours," free on application to City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

A RELIGIOUS worker was visiting a Southern penitentiary, when one prisoner in some way took his fancy. This prisoner was a negro, who evinced a religious fervor as deep as it was gratifying to the caller.

"Of what were you accused?" the prisoner was asked.

"Dey says I took a watch," answered the negro. "I made a good fight. I had a dandy lawyer, an' he done prove an alibi wif ten witnesses. Den my lawyer he shore made a strong speech to de jury. But it wa'n't no use, sar; I gets ten years."

"I don't see why you were not acquitted," said the religious worker.

"Well, sah," explained the prisoner, "dere was shore one weak spot 'bout my defense—dey found de watch in my pocket."

In future it will probably be remarked that fools rush in where angels fear to fly.—Judge.

The Perfect Dress Tie

PATENTED JUNE 21, 1898 AND MAY 9, 1905

is another of the "Specialties for Men" which has made this the Shop for men who want the newest and most desirable in furnishings. THE PERFECT TIE is perfection in evening ties, made in black and white, for formal and informal occasions, in sizes to fit the various sizes of collars. It buttons on as shown in the illustration and the ends are just right for tying. When tied the bow "stays put." Made of special wash materials. Prices, 25 and 50 cents each.

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Our Knitted Silk Motor Wrap is best as muffler or shirt protector—in white and grey.

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Save Money on Your Underwear

DURING the month of January we intend to offer every week some special price inducement to clear broken lots of certain lines carried in stock.

Next week it will be underwear. And if your underclothing needs attention now is the time to take advantage of the special price savings we offer on lines that have a world-wide reputation for quality.

Wolsey, Britannia and other equally celebrated lines will be sold for

$1.25 per Garment

As the regular prices of these lines range from $1.00 to $2.50 and $3.00 per garment, it is not at all likely they will last long at this price. Come early for your size.

R. J. HUNTER & CO.
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...NECKWEAR...

Look for this label on the tie you buy

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Men's Wear

One of the very up-to-date plush hats which are now giving a touch of color to masculine clothes.

THERE has long been a tradition to the effect that London sets the style in men's clothes. It will therefore probably be of interest to Canadian men who give thought to what they wear, to know what Londoners are donning in these days of the wintry wind. According to Fairchild's, of London, the smart dressers of that city are seen in the evening in the two-button, double-breasted frock overcoats reaching to just a little below the knee. Around their necks they wear white knitted silk or wool mufflers. For ordinary street wear a great many blanket-overcoats are worn, in the single or double breasted style. These coats are cut very full in the back and have large and very conspicuous buttons. Some astonishing designs in color and pattern are seen. Popular favor seems to run towards a green ground with large stripe squares. Whatever may be said for the comfort of these coats, there is certainly little attractiveness in their appearance. The shoulders are narrow and without padding, and the back is cut very full, which gives them a rather ungraceful shape. They are apt to look badly tailored and badly cut.

The more carefully garbed men wear Chesterfields, mostly in gray mixtures. Few ulsters or coats with broad storm-collars are to be seen. For formal afternoon wear, the double-breasted frock overcoat is generally worn. Such fur coats as are seen have Persian lamb collars. A new coat mentioned for evening wear is a caped Inverness coat with a shawl collar faced with silk. This coat is lined throughout with satin. But these coats are seldom seen, their place being taken by the frock overcoat.

* * *

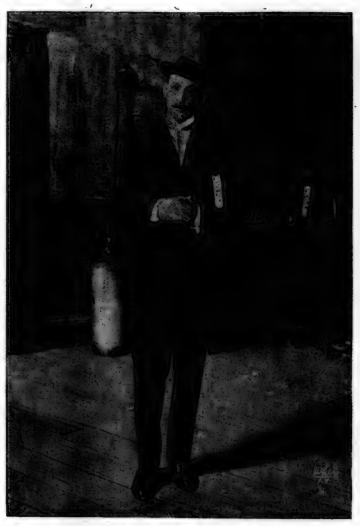
IN spite of the fact that it is in common use by all classes, the cutaway coat seems to hold the favor of the best dressed men in London. One of the latest models, the work of a leading London tailor, is of a very dark Oxford mixture, the waistcoat being of the same material. The lapels are wide and show a large expanse of waistcoat. There are two buttons to the coat, but only one of them, the top one, can be utilized, as the coat is cut away from that button. It would be impossible to button the lower button, even if the button-hole were not a false one. The coat is not braided, as that feature has been so commonly used, that the best tailors are now discontinuing it.

The silk hat which is worn in London with the morning coat has very little bell to it, and has a rather wide, flattish set brim. Of course, only black cloth bands are worn, silk bands having entirely gone out of fashion. These bands are usually about an inch and a half in width. With regard to collars, many of the best dressers are wearing wing collars, with small, close-set tabs. Others wear the low turn-over collar, with a four-in-hand tie pushed well up into the opening. Many, however, are using a bow-tie, with the knot drawn very tight and the ends spread very wide. Foulard silks are used very largely for these ties, with figured patterns or with stripes at the ends.

It would seem that in London considerable latitude is allowed in the style of shirt to be worn with a morning-coat. Apparently the smartest thing that the younger men are wearing is a plain, soft-bosomed flannel or wool shirt, with a white ground and thin vertical stripes set close together. A shirt with pink stripes is especially in vogue, having been started by King Edward, and having evidently found favor with the public. It sounds somewhat odd to speak of soft double-cuffs with formal clothes, but nevertheless many of London's smart dressers are wearing these cuffs with the morning-coat. Besides quite a number of fancy waistcoats are worn with the cutaway. The smartest glove for formal afternoon wear is the white buckskin, though the yellow chamois is also worn quite a little.

* * *

ACTORS, as a rule, are very careful dressers—for very obvious reasons. This is especially true of the "matinee idol" type of performer, such as John Drew was for years. His place nowadays, however, is being taken by some of the younger men, conspicuous among whom is his relative, John Barrymore, brother of the still better known Ethel. This young man, who has made a hit in New York in "The Fortune Hunter," has already become famous for his good taste in clothes, and his appearances now are regarded as sartorial events. This is very much the case with his present play, as it is little more than a sermon on the tonic effect of good clothes. With the rise of the curtain one is introduced to a failure, impersonated in the most lovable manner by Mr. Barrymore. This failure is without a job and quite down and out. He has, however, a rich friend in Wall street, who tells him that if he will accept his backing and follow his instructions he (the failure) can make a million dollars within twelve months. It is perfectly simple. He is to marry a girl with a million dollars. Now in order to do this he is to go to the "best tailor in New York," and provide himself with a complete outfit of suits, and he is also to get every possible kind of shirt, scarf, gloves and the rest and then go and live in a small country town "up State" where maidens are a drug on the market, where all the men worth their salt have long since left for the metropolis and the daughter of the richest man in the place will be an easy victim to his polish and gorgeousness. The conditions, however, require that our fortune hunter must be virtue personified, neither drinking nor smoking, and that he must attend the fashionable church with the utmost regularity. It is then guaranteed that Nat (Mr. Barrymore) will be a millionaire in less than no time. Nat accepts these conditions, provides himself with a wardrobe and starts off. How he meets with success, but in quite a different way from that which his friend had planned for him, is told as the plot unfolds. But throughout the play one feels the compelling charm of this very well-dressed personality and can well imagine the effect that such a being would have upon a community quite ignorant and innocent of all knowledge of what it means to be well dressed. In fact, the local tailor says that his suits seem to be made of good cloth but that they haven't a bit of style. It is all very well done indeed. Mr. Barrymore wears his clothes extraordinarily well and while they are sufficiently plain in design they have a certain something that the clothes of other men in the play lack entirely. For "Nat" looks always like "the real thing." The Wall street crowd are quite beyond criticism, so far as their clothes are concerned, from the conventional view point of neatness. Their clothes are trim. They fit well. They look exactly like the clothes one sees all about one. But they lack distinction. All of Mr. Barrymore's clothes, on the other hand, have a decided air of their own. Even the suit he wears at his first entrance, before he is "staked" to a wardrobe, when he is supposed to be travel-stained and most sad, is quite worth while, in its easy softness.



A WELL-DRESSED ACTOR.
John Barrymore, in "The Fortune Hunter," a dramatized sermon on clothes.

A certain softness of contour seems to be characteristic of Mr. Barrymore's clothes. They are conspicuous by their entire lack of stiffness. His sack-coats have soft and low-rolling lapels and also unusually wide collars. This wide collar and the perfectly flat "lie" of it are to be found in all the suits. The plaid suit is very dark brown, so dark that the plaid is not discernible at a little distance from the footlights. The coat is severely plain in cut, entirely devoid of padding and with very soft rolling lapels. The pockets are finished with a welt and slant upwards, slightly. The sleeves are plain except for the four buttons on the suggested cuff. The coat conforms slightly to the figure and is somewhat full, but not exaggeratedly so, in the skirts. The striped suit, which is of a lighter shade of brown, is made after the same model, except that the sleeves are embellished with a narrow cuff. Mr. Barrymore wears soft shirts and rather high wing collars with small round tabs. Altogether, on the stage, he is rather an object lesson.

A good model of knitted vest in tones of olive green and grey.

"SAVOY" An excellent example of how a close-fitting collar SHOULD fit.

Those who are most fastidious about the appearance of their linen are quick to recognize the superior style and wearing quality of collars. They combine extreme good taste and durability in a greater degree than any other collar made.

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THE waistcoat—when at least it is a "fancy vest"—is the last remaining vestige of the gorgeousness which was once displayed in men's dress; and on October 15, 1666, Pepys chronicles its first appearance on the person of Charles II. The novel garment was a "long cassock," as the diarist terms it, worn close to the body; it was of "black cloth, pinked with white silk under it."

Men will agree that the waistcoat is a convenient and commendable garment, the absence of which would deprive them, to speak of no other discomfort, of an invaluable set of pockets. It appears strange, therefore, that it should not have come into being at an earlier date.

Soon after the Restoration a sleeveless vest, which likewise left the waist open, was worn under the doublet; it was not a true waistcoat. This style of dress was brought from France by Charles II. From beneath the fulness of the shirt exposed by the open vest "the breeches displayed their expanded width," with bunches of ribbon at the waist and lace ruffles below the knees; the doublet worn over the vest was richly laced and embroidered. So costly was this mode of attire that the King resolved to give the lead toward a more economical and sober fashion, and in the fulfilment of this design he donned the new garment which Pepys hailed with pleasure.

Such were the circumstances which attended the introduction of the waistcoat. It came in the name of economy and reform, but ere long it developed into as expensive and decorative a garment as any which man has ever taken to himself. Gradually it was extended downward till it almost reached the knees; it was made of the richest materials, and the outer coat was shaped to hang well open to display its magnificence.

Extravagance and love of finery were simply transferred from one style to another, and on the waistcoat was lavished all the embellishment which previously had been bestowed on the breeches. Those flowered and embroidered waistcoats of sheeny satin, with laced flaps, may certainly have been less troublesome and fantastic than the preceding fashion, but whether they reduced the wearer's account with his tailor is highly doubtful.

The long flapped waistcoat remained in favor for many years. It was still worn by noblemen and gentlemen when George I. was king. In the following reign a somewhat shorter waistcoat was prevalent, and from this time the flap began to decrease in length. Instead of reaching almost to the knee it came only half way down the thigh; as men's dress became more simplified toward the close of the eighteenth century and puffing, lace and embroidery were abandoned, the flap disappeared.

* * *

AT this season of the year the question of fancy dress for gentlemen's wear frequently calls for attention, and, as many balls and dances are arranged for fancy dress, a brief description of some of the more popular styles may prove helpful.

For those who wish to combine economy with effectiveness, the Pierrot outfit may be recommended. It is made of calico and trimmed with contrasting pompoms, and may be worn over another suit if desired.

The full style of clown's dress possesses the same advantages, and for lay use the best pattern is cut in one piece from ankle to neck and is trimmed with some grotesque figure cut out from contrasting material and stitched on.

The more decidedly fancy styles find an excellent setting in the dress of the eighteenth century, when breeches and hose were the leg coverings, the waistcoats were of silk, cut very long, and richly embroidered. The coats were shapely at the waists and reached to the knees, and were well decorated with flaps and buttons. The sleeves had dress turn back cuffs decorated with three buttons, and a plentiful supply of lace on the bands.

A three-cornered hat and a wig was the proper head gear, whilst a sword was an appropriate accessory. Dress of this style will enable the wearer to pose as a David Garrick, a Charles Surface, and, slightly modified, as the Vicar of Wakefield or Sir Peter Teazle.

For those who are ready to display the outline of their nether limbs, the Lord Leicester or Sir Walter Raleigh style of dress is very beautiful, but of late years these have been reserved for stage performances.

* * *

Cork linings to garments would appear to be "the latest." The material is of French invention, and is called Tissu-Liege (cork cloth). By a certain process the cork is freed from its resinous matter, and it is claimed that the resultant material, in thin sheets, is a perfectly practicable thing for lining garments, being waterproof, very light, and so flexible that it can be folded with the same impunity as the textile which it may be used to line. The layer of cork, it is stated, may be used in conjunction with any textile fabric.

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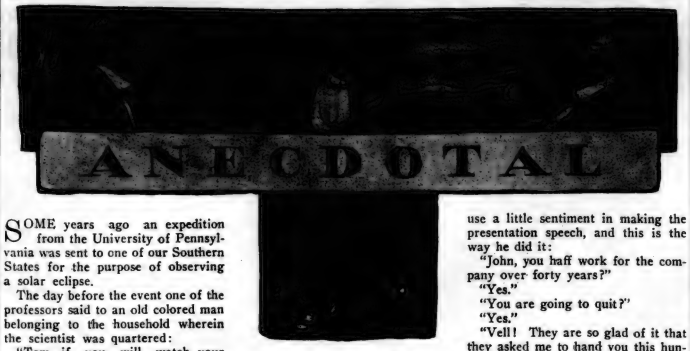


SOME years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our Southern States for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old colored man belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Tom, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at eleven o'clock."

Tom was, of course, skeptical; but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened and the chickens retired to roost. At this the man's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Perfessor," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," said the Professor, smilingly.

"Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was the man's comment. "Perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched."

* * *

"THE late Governor Johnson of Minnesota, was a witty as well as a wise man," said a resident of Minneapolis.

"Once at a dinner a New York millionaire said about his taxes:

"'I've got a little piece of property that brings me in a fair rental, and the tax gatherers haven't spotted it yet. I don't know whether I ought to tell them or not. What would you do, Governor Johnson?'

"The Governor's eyes twinkled.

"'It's the duty of every man,' he said, 'to live unspotted. Still, if I were you I'd pay up.'"

* * *

A KNIFE-THROWER who was performing in an English music-hall had a particularly attractive assistant, whose duty was to lean, with outstretched arms, against a soft pine board. This board was surrounded with electric lights which accentuated her beauty. The knife-thrower would then station himself a few feet distant and hurl knife after knife at the board. These knives would just graze the skin and plunge with a thud in the board and remain quivering. It was a thrilling act, and when the last knife was thrown the young woman would be so closely hemmed in by knives that they had to be drawn out before she could free herself.

JUST AS WELL, PERHAPS.
Jenkins (emphatically): "Of course, you quite understand, old man, I hold no brief for the House of Lords."—London Bystander.

One night the pretty assistant was taken ill, and the performer's wife was drafted for the work. She was far from pretty; in fact, she was distinctly homely. She walked out onto the stage and when she reclined against the board the pitiless lights threw into relief her crooked features, unshapely limbs and general unattractiveness. The knife-thrower took deliberate aim, and a knife flashed across the room and sank into the board by her head. Just as the knife struck, a small boy up in the gallery shouted with a wail:

"My Gawd, 'e missed 'er!"

* * *

SIR E. Chandos Leigh, the former counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a speech full of interesting literary reminiscences at the opening of a free library at Irchester, the other day, told a Thackeray story.

"I knew Thackeray pretty well," he said. "Thackeray perfectly abominated anything in the nature of flattery. I was with Thackeray one night when a man came up, and for five minutes administered to the great novelist the most fulsome flattery. When the man had gone I said to Thackeray, 'Who is that?'

"Thackeray replied, 'He calls himself an artist, but I think he paints as much in "butter" as he does in oils.'"

* * *

A SCOTTISH caddie's wife was much troubled by her husband's loose way of life. He could never have a good day on the links but he must end it with a wet night at the tavern. So, to cure him, the woman lay in wait on the road one evening dressed in a white sheet.

"Ah, Captain North, how few realize the hardships you explorers must undergo—insufficient clothing, the terrible exposure; it must be awful! awful!"—Harper's Weekly.

When her husband appeared she rose from behind a hedge, an awful white figure, with outspread arms.

"Wha the d'll are you?" asked the intemperate caddie.

"I'm Auld Nickie," said the figure, in a hollow voice.

"Gie's a shake o' yer haun', then," said the tipsy caddie. "I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waitin' for us up at the hoose, an' nae doot she'll mak' ye welcome."

* * *

"JOHNNY," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon."

"That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Sunday Post.

* * *

DURING the delivery of an after-dinner speech to a gathering of lawyers at Washington, Joseph H. Choate told of a unique sentence once imposed by a Scotch judge. When this sentence had been pronounced, his honor offered the following remarks:

"Ye did not only kill and murder the man, and thereby take away his valuable life, but ye did push, thrust, or impel the lethal weapon through the band of his regimental trousers, which were the property of his majesty."

* * *

JOHN SMITH had worked for the corporation for forty-odd years, and decided to quit. The company, in consideration of his long and faithful service, arranged to give him a monetary recognition. The superintendent of the works, a German and an extra good mechanic, was asked to present it. He was advised to use a little sentiment in making the presentation speech, and this is the way he did it:

"John, you haff work for the company over forty years?"

"Yes."

"You are going to quit?"

"Yes."

"Vell! They are so glad of it that they asked me to hand you this hundred dollars."

* * *

A MEMBER of a house party managed to shoot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. Next day he again had wretched luck though the wounded head keeper, without malice, had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang! went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed, too, that at each of his misses the under keepers smiled at one another oddly.

Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more.

"There ain't no more, sir," the man answered.

"No more! Nonsense! Why, you've got at least a thousand in that box."

The keeper flushed and stammered.

"Ah, but them ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em, sir."

* * *

THERE is something about the character of mules that makes their owners at times almost equally stubborn. This dialogue concerning one, if not two such animals:

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley, "I hates to give in. If I was to trade dat mule off he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' foh de las' six weeks to get rid o' me."

* * *

A VISITOR from an inland town arrived at Atlantic City one day and sat on the beach watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me?"

* * *

IN the private ward of a hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me this morning?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me."

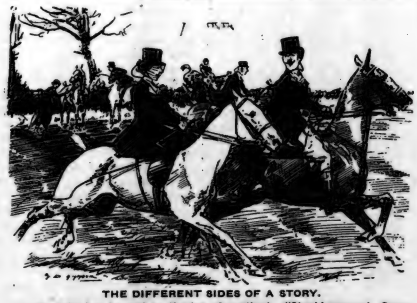
"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen it wouldn't trouble me either!"

* * *

A STORY is told of an Irishman named Mike Flannery who found a valuable package belonging to a certain capitalist. He took it around to the capitalist's house and was rewarded. As he left, he met a friend.

"What's the matter, Mike?" asked the friend. "Didn't he give you as much as you expected?"

"I thought he would give me more than I expected," replied Flannery sourly.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.
Lady (who has jumped on the top of another): "Stupid woman! Came down in front of me, and nearly gave me a bad fall."—Punch.

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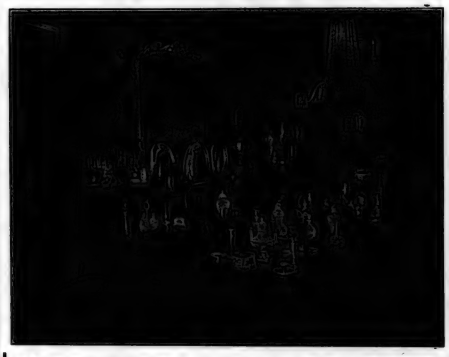

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MUSIC

THE establishment of the Ontario chapter of the American Guild of Organists of the United States and Canada was noted in these columns a few weeks ago. Within a day or two, the local chapter will issue a circular setting forth the objects and aims of the Guild, which should prove to be of much interest to Canadian organists.

For a long time our representative church musicians have felt that their calling would gain in status and power if its membership could be organized into a society of the right sort. The merits of various plans for carrying out this object have from time to time been weighed and considered. The different propositions were gradually sifted down until but three courses remained for serious consideration. It must be borne in mind that the proposed society, while *per se* a valuable force for the professional advancement of its membership, would find its chief activity as an examining body.

The three plans which presented themselves for judgment were, first, the formation of an independent Canadian Guild or College of Organists; second, a reciprocal arrangement with the Royal College of Organists of England; third, the formation of an international society in conjunction with the Guild of Organists in existence in the United States.

After mature deliberation the first proposition was rejected on account of its local character, the feeling prevailing that for purely Canadian purposes the very admirable work of our leading Canadian examining bodies already fully covered all the demands of the situation.

The attitude of the Royal College of Organists, as voiced by Sir Frederick Bridge in his visit to this country about eighteen months ago, was deemed by our Canadian brethren to be one which precluded the establishment of any fair and equitable arrangement between them. The avowed policy of the R. C. O. was found to be identical with the unfortunate one of the R. A. M. and R. C. M. in their local examination proposition of some years ago, and thus could not be seriously entertained by the musical profession in Canada.

Happily, a remaining choice was available, and one which presented a broad and dignified course of action, entailing neither the reproach of creating another competitive examining body along purely local lines, nor that of entering into a condition of subserviency to another organization. The project was, in a word, international.

This plan was made practicable through the actions of the powerful American Guild of Organists, which body, at the suggestion of a number of leading Canadian musicians, secured legislation to amend its charter so as to change its name to "The American Guild of Organists of the United States and Canada," and added to its by-laws provisions which gave the Canadian organization representation on the central executive body and examination board, and entire Canadian management of the local practical examinations.

It will thus be seen that this proposition, which was unanimously adopted at a large gathering of leading musicians, does not mean that the Canadian church musicians have affiliated with a "foreign" body, but that they have entered into an important international movement on a basis which is certain to prove of mutual advantage to the profession on both sides of the international boundary line.

The officers of the Canadian Chapter were mentioned in a former article, but it might be stated that the Secretary is Mr. T. J. Palmer, 623 Church St., Toronto, who will furnish information to those interested.

* * *

Taken all in all, the performance of the Messiah under Dr. Torrington's baton on Thursday of last week was a very enjoyable event. The only detriment to an otherwise excellent rendering was the work of the orchestra, which got out of tune in the Pastoral Symphony, out of time in the accompaniment to the air, "He Shall Feed His Flock," and occasionally played a little too loud for the soloists.

The chorus sang with enthusiasm tempered with judgment. The tone quality was very pleasing in all sections, the sopranos showing an admirable restraint in the places an unmusical tone might easily be produced. The richness of the altos, the sonority of the basses and the pure, although rather light, tone of the tenors deserve recognition. A slight unsteadiness was observable at times in the choruses "And He Shall Purify" and "All We Like Sheep," but these were minor faults amidst an abundance of excellent work. The "Hallelujah" chorus was admirably and brilliantly rendered. It comes at about the end of three-fourths of the programme, at the precise, psychological moment for stretching one's legs, and the audience did not fail to take advantage of the traditional opportunity. Other choruses were also especially well rendered, such as "For Unto Us a Child is Born," "Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs," and "He Trusted in God."

Each of the soloists deserves a meed of praise. Miss Eileen Millett was especially effective in the soprano air, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth"; Mrs. Carter-Merry's contralto tones were admired in "He Was Despised"; Mr. E. C. Towne, tenor, showed to advantage in the brilliant aria, "Thou Shalt Break Them," but was forced to divide some of the phrases for breath in "Every Valley." Mr. Frank Croxton, the bass, was very popular with the audience, and won a triumph in "Why Do the Nations."

Mr. Arthur Blakeley at the organ did valuable service in supporting the wind section of the orchestra. Miss Dolly Blair is a good pianist, but her work at the piano was rather lost in the ensemble. Dr. Torrington, the presiding genius of the occasion, conducted with a certainty and ease born of long experience.

* * *

A copy of the "Royal Sonata" by Byron C. Tapley has come to hand, and I find it to be a bright and melodious composition of moderately easy grade, and without qualities of striking originality. It should be a very useful work for teaching purposes in the junior grade, and as such I have much pleasure in recommending it.

The word "Sonata," from the Italian *suonare*, "to sound," was originally used to distinguish instrumental music from vocal, which was designated as "Cantata," from the Italian *cantare*, "to sing." Later, the word was applied to a composition of several movements. This form grew in popularity until all genteel composers, talented and otherwise, must perforce write sonatas.

Beethoven gave the form a dignity and nobility which raised it far above the commonplace; and, perhaps because his peerless works were the despair of his imitators, it has gradually declined as vehicle for the expression of the composer, although the works of the great classicists have remained undimmed in beauty and worth.

* * *

The Toronto String Quartette will give the second concert in their charming series on Saturday evening of next week in the Conservatory Music Hall. Miss Elizabeth Clark, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, will be the assisting artist. The subscription list closes next Monday at Room 8, 51 King St. West.

The Beethoven quartette in E flat, Op. 74, and two movements from G. W. Chadwick's quartette in E minor will be the principal numbers.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

When R. E. Johnston was in Europe recently he met Charpertier, the celebrated composer of the Opera "Louise."

"By the way," he said, "I have a singer in America (meaning Mme. Jomelli) who renders your Louise aria in a way that makes Mary Garden's sound like a kitchen canary bird."

After a few astonished ejaculations in French the meaning of the Yankee idiom was explained to him.

"Ah, ah, yes, American! So it does! Like a kitchen canary bird!"

He didn't specify specifically which singer he meant, but it is to be presumed he concurred.

Mme. Jomelli will be heard with Schubert Choir in Toronto in a few weeks. The fine impression which she made here last season will not be readily forgotten.

* * *

Frederick Delius, the English composer whose works are to be introduced in America this spring by the Beecham (London) Symphony Orchestra, passed a number of years in Florida when he was about twenty, on an orange plantation far from any railway station. It is said that it was here amid the silence, with no musical distractions but the songs of those (to Englishmen) unfamiliar birds that cry in the swamps of this region, and the melancholy music of the negroes, that he first conceived those wonderful tonal effects that are evident in his works.

Germany was the first country to take him up, and his opera, "The Village Romeo," has lately enjoyed a long and successful run in Berlin. "The Mass of Life," written for four solo voices, chorus and orchestra, is considered his best work. Mr. Beecham has secured the copyright and first performance in America of this composition, also "Sea Drift," "Appalache" and "Brigg Fair."

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

Bryce's Memories of Darwin

AMONG the famous men whose natal year was 1809, and whose centenaries have occasioned a pouring forth of anecdote and reminiscence, Mr. James Bryce notes "four men likely to be remembered among the English-speaking races as long as English is spoken—two statesmen, Abraham Lincoln and William E. Gladstone; one poet, Alfred Tennyson; and one man of science, Charles Darwin." The British Ambassador goes on to observe, in his article on Darwin in Harper's Magazine, that while "the last named of these was the one whose influence spread most widely over the whole of civilized mankind during his lifetime, and continues to be felt with undiminished force to-day," he was "the one among these four who was least known personally." Although his books and his theories were being discussed all over the world, his personality remained unfamiliar even to his own countrymen. His life was uneventful, or, as Mr. Bryce puts it, it had in it only one event, his voyage on the exploring ship Beagle. Pursuing the conventional classical education at Shrewsbury, his home town, and later at Edinburgh and Cambridge, intending to take orders in the Church of England, he began to manifest an interest in birds and insects, and became known to Professor Henslow, an accomplished botanist and geologist, and other scientific men in Cambridge. To continue from Mr. Bryce's narrative:

He had not quite dropped the notion of taking orders when Professor Henslow told him that Captain Fitzroy, who was to command the Beagle on the voyage already referred to, was looking out for a naturalist to accompany the expedition. Henslow remembered his young friend, then twenty-two years of age. Darwin jumped at the proposal. Captain Fitzroy accepted him, though at first deterred by the shape of Darwin's nose, which he thought indicated a want of force of character!

The voyage lasted from 1831 till 1836. It was Darwin's education, and furnished the basis for his famous theory. The book in which he recorded his observations, and which established his reputation as a scientific student, is a delightful book, which any one, however scanty his knowledge of science, may read with pleasure even to-day, when we know so much more about the places and the subjects of which it treats. Never did five years yield a richer harvest to any man than those years to Darwin and to the world. But while they gave knowledge and brought fame, they took away health. He had been a strong man when he embarked. But the almost constant seasickness from which he suffered when the little vessel was tossing on the waves so told upon him that when he landed his nervous system was permanently weakened, and he was never thereafter the same man physically, never capable of such continuous hard mental work. In 1839 he married Miss Wedgwood, and in 1842, being in fairly easy circumstances, he bought the small estate of Down, nearly twenty-miles from London, and settled himself there for the rest of his life, giving to his scientific observations and reflections all the time that his physical weakness permitted. He was tended with the most loving care by his wife and helped in his investigations by his sons, some of whom have themselves achieved high distinction in different branches of science.

It was there, at Down, that I saw him not long before his death. . . . .

He was nearly six feet high, but did not look his height, having in later years contracted a slight stoop. Every one has seen engravings or photographs of him. They give a very good idea of his face, for its features were well marked; and in elderly men the expression seems to become a part of the features.

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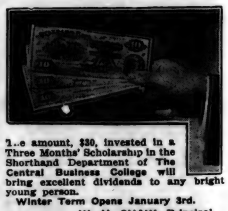
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Sister's Young Man (at the celebration of the engagement)—Now, Karl, wouldn't you like to taste some champagne? Karl.—Oh, I know what it's like. This isn't the first time she's got engaged.—Fliegende Blatter.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

History of the Union Jack," by Barlow Cumberland. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

THIS is the third edition of Mr. Cumberland's excellent book on Old Flag—a revised and extended edition dealing not only with the Union Jack itself but all the flags of the Empire, "their origin, proportions and meanings as tracing the constitutional development of the British Empire, and with references to other national ensigns." The volume is illustrated with line-cuts, half-tone engravings, and colored plates, and the description of each of our Canadian ensigns, pennants, etc., is exhaustive and exact. Moreover, the history of the great Jack is given not only with a wealth of detail but with patriotic enthusiasm which makes the inspiring story. Thus Mr. Cumberland's book is something more than a valuable work of reference. It is not only a guide on the etiquette of flag-flying, but it is a stimulant to interest in the significance of the bits of bunting which are signs and tokens of traditions, achievements, and glory of the race.

The story of the planting of the British flag wherever the sun shines on the earth is the world's greatest romance; it is too big a story ever to be completely recorded. Some of those who have carried the flag have blundered and muddled, but the "bloomin' old rag" has never ceased to move on, ever on, steadily pushing back the frontiers of civilization wherever there have been frontiers to explore. And it is well for young Canadians to be reminded occasionally that the flag still marches and muddles along. We hear considerable discussion these days as to whether Great Britain is beginning to decay. In England, social conditions are not what they ought to be; but the work of empire-making goes on. If the young folk of this generation who live under the British flag would read Mr. Cumberland's book and then read a number of volumes on the colonization marvels being achieved by Britain to-day—if they would compare what the flag has stood for with what it now stands for—they would find that it is still the emblem not only of progress but of heroism. Such reading would also help them to a better understanding of Imperial affairs.

* * *

"The Sheriff of Dyke Hill," by Ridgwell Cullum. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

One may easily guess, from the title of this story, that it is a yarn of

ALFRED NOYES,
The talented English poet whose works are being well received in Canada.

a western mining community; and, overlooking a lot of inconsistencies and rather rank improbabilities as well as a little poor or careless writing here and there, it is a very good yarn indeed. The sheriff himself is the sort of chap one admires at once with a whole heart, and who is most admirable when he is most terrible with his bold eye and his deadly gun. To make his acquaintance and to follow his exploits will prove a sure refreshment for any wearied brain.

* * *

"Bella Donna," by Robert Hichens. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; $1.25.

Bella Donna is the nickname given to a famous, beautiful English adventuress—a very distinguished courtesan. This woman, as the story opens, is almost at the end of her tether. Her beauty is beginning to fade and rich admirers no longer lavish fortunes upon her. Then there comes to London from Egypt Nigel Armine, a healthy, wholesome, out-of-doors sort of Englishman, fairly well-to-do and next heir to a peerage enjoyed by an elder brother as yet childless. Mrs. Chepstow—such is Bella Donna's statistical appellation—makes a dead set for Armine. The latter is warned of his danger by a close friend, Dr. Isaacson, a celebrated London physician of Jewish antecedents. But warnings are in vain, for the woman, with all the cleverness of her kind, makes Armine believe that she has certain

JOHN GALSWORTHY.
An Englishman who has won fame both as a novelist and a dramatist.

latent beauties of character which she longs to develop, and her victim, being an idealist, is won over. The two are married and go off to Egypt. Shortly after this twins arrive in the home of Armine's elder brother, and Mrs. Armine, disgusted at losing her prospects of wealth, title, and power, begins an intrigue with a rich and licentious Egyptian, and plots in a most devilish way to rid herself of her too-trusting husband. Isaacson gets wind of his friend's danger and goes to his assistance. He displays not only a rather too remarkable spirit of unselfishness, but piercing intuition and cleverness, and saves Armine from a horrible fate. And the woman comes at last to the end she deserves.

Isaacson is a most admirable character; but Armine, despite the protestations of the author that he is a splendid fellow, strikes the reader as being a pretty complete chump, withal a likeable one. The picture given of the heartless, cunning, handsome animal-woman is very cleverly drawn.

"Bella Donna" is really not a novel. Although it runs to nearly five hundred pages, it is in fact a protracted short story. It is interesting, but effusive. The worst fault to be found with it is the quite undramatic way in which some of its climaxes are approached. For instance when Dr. Isaacson arrives in Egypt, demands to see his friend, who is languishing with a mysterious illness, and the reader is hurrying towards the crisis he knows is impending, he is retarded by page after page of conversation, much of which he feels is unnecessary. "Bella Donna," it may be added, is a story only for mature readers.

* * *

The Canadian Almanac for 1910, edited by Arnold W. Thomas. Published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto; 50 cents.

1910 is the sixty-third year of publication of this indispensable directory. The Almanac is one of the institutions of the country. It is a sure reliance in practically every case of doubt as to a date, a name, a statistical fact of any sort. Indeed all that it seems to be necessary to say about this invaluable work is to announce that the Copp, Clark Company has issued it again promptly at the beginning of the year.

* * *

"Faces in the Mist," by John A. Steuart. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

In this story the ambitious wife of an American millionaire carries her family, including her husband, a son, and a beautiful daughter, off to Britain, fully resolved to achieve something remarkable in the way of social climbing. She fastens on a young lord, son and heir of a Scotch earl, as a means for mounting to eminence, and incidentally as a husband for her daughter. The nobleman in question is only too anxious to close a deal whereby his debts will be paid and he will receive an allowance with which to maintain his dignity. But the plan fails, for the simple reason that the

MARGARET E. SANGSTER,
Author of "From My Youth Up."

girl falls in love with another man—a traditional enemy of the lord, and a poor, untitled person to boot. The latter, after a misunderstanding with the girl, goes off to Egypt to take up his work as a railway engineer. Then, of course, the Americans and his lordship bring up in Egypt, too. There are some adventures. The impecunious untitled lover proves himself to be a man and a hero, while the impecunious titled adventurer is shown to be a dub and a cad. The designing mother, seeing she cannot go up into high circles, goes up in the air, so to speak, with a vengeance. The old man, however, does not interfere with the course of true love, and the tale closes leaving the happy young pair holding hands and all that sort of thing.

"Faces in the Mist" is not exactly a novel of distinction. As the dramatic critic says of the average comic opera, it is decidedly reminiscent in flavor. But while it makes no pretence at being a study in psychology or a "vital human document" or anything of that kind, it is a story which the average reader will thoroughly enjoy and unhesitatingly applaud.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The London Saturday Review, in speaking of Mr. L. Melville's new biography of Thackeray, indulges in some very interesting reflections on the great novelist's personality and habits. Among other things he says:

"Thackeray, the man, has always been something of an enigma. The reason seems to be that he was a shy man. He appears to have been one of those who keep within themselves a corner secluded from the world. However intimate the friendship, however seeming frank the good fellowship, there is always one last ring fence that few may break down. There is about Thackeray, through all his varying moods of surliness or loving kindness, through all his flashes of grim humor or pitiless insight, a suggestion of a still sanctuary kept inviolate. He seems to have been as jealous for the seclusion he needed for his inner self as he was often boisterous in his expression of the superficial mood that possessed him. The real Thackeray will never be known; for the inquirer with eyes to see behind the veil will not be the one to tear it aside for a spectacle. . . . The injunction left behind him by Thackeray that no one should write his biography was as typical of the man as it is typical of the world to disregard it. The world has, in the person of Mr. Melville, twice offended. It was ten years ago that Mr. Melville wrote the first biography; and here we are faced with a second. Mr. Melville in ten years has had time to improve. He should have had time to improve himself out of any intention to repeat his offence. He has not succeeded in doing this; but he has improved a little in other respects. His first biography was a collection of scraps which did credit to the industry of the collector. In the second the scraps are better edited. But the Thackeray we have imagined behind the fence of reserve, which the world will never succeed in breaking down, is still as safe as he was or ever Mr. Melville began to drag out literary lumber for our instruction."

* * *

At a recent sale Scott's "Tales of My Landlord," first series, first edition, a fine copy in the original boards brought $550.

* * *

It is announced that Gertrude Atherton has expressed herself on the woman's suffrage question. To guess her opinion is somehow easy, and one wonders why she has not given publicity to it in her own emphatic way long ere this. Mrs. Atherton believes that women ought to be allowed to vote, but she does not intend to do anything dramatic to help forward this great work of reform. Recently in San Francisco she said: "My life is devoted to the one idea, that of writing fiction. To this work I concentrate my whole life. I lived long enough in England to appreciate just what equal suffrage would mean to the women on the other side. They have greater grievances than the women in this country, although there are public questions here and evils which will never be solved nor remedied until women can vote."

Mrs. Atherton's next book will be published by the Macmillan Company. It will be a novel entitled "Tower of Ivory," in which she deals with the upper circles of the operatic and diplomatic worlds. HAL.

Sapleigh—The doctor says there's something the matter with my head. Sharp—You surely didn't pay a doctor to tell you that!

Remarks From Mr. Lang.

ANDREW LANG, writing in The Illustrated London News, has this to say about ancient relics and the ways of the bounder:

Pope Leo X. remarked that his was a good time to live in, so many interesting relics of classical life were being turned up. Our own days, though distressing to persons of elegant culture, are also rich in antiquarian discoveries. I wish it were possible to reproduce here the rock paintings from Lower Aragon which are given in "L'Anthropologie."

In 1903 M. Juan Cabre came across them casually in a shallow kind of cave or rock shelter, and "taken aback by this discovery, of which he had never seen or heard of the like," says the Abbe H. Breuil, "he kept on saying nothing." In 1906 he heard of analogous paintings of the Quaternary period, found in Northern Spain and Southern France, and then he shyly communicated his own discovery to M. Santigo Vidiella, who published it in 1907.

I do not pretend to give a date to the Quaternary period: it was many thousands of years ago, but its artists were quite on the level of the late John Leech in their sporting sketches, plain or colored. The grace, elegance and vivacity with which they drew stags and bulls and goats are quite equal to the best Cretan work of about 1600 A.D. . . . .

What became of this race which, in Northern Spain and Southern France, was so many thousand years in advance of its period? The people could dress, could draw, used alpha-

AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE,
Authors of "Diamonds Cut Paste."

betic signs, could paint in several colors; but it had no metals, no pottery—nothing but premature and unavailing artistic genius.

Need I add that the rural population of the twentieth century—the people of to-day—took to throwing stones at the pictures as soon as the art of countless millenniums of the past began to attract visitors? I need not say what everybody knows modern mankind must guess. Did not undergraduates of a college which need not be named toast Greek marbles into lime within my own memory? Did not the gay blades of a Scottish county throw stones at works of early Christian art in a cave upon the Scottish coast? Such is the nature of modern man, whether he be the son of a cotter or of "a hundred earls," in Tennyson's rather exaggerated reckoning. Therefore, these ancient works of art have been chopped out of the rocks and removed to places comparatively safe in museums. Perhaps modern modesty was outraged by the dancing ladies round a figure in the worst Athenian taste. But I rather incline to think that at any object of interest the contemporary "bounder" will throw stones if he can do so with impunity. The only pleasure which sculpture gives to the natural man is the pleasure of knocking the noses off the figures. The artist is a peculiar species of mankind, and the ancient people who dwelt in the French and Spanish caves were too artistic to survive.

EARNED OVER 13 PER CENT.

Annual Statement of the Metropolitan Bank Shows Steady Progress.

The annual statement of the Metropolitan Bank, published today, shows continued satisfactory progress. The net profits for the year, while slightly less than for 1908 amount to $130,404.76, being 13.04 per cent. on the capital. $80,000 has been paid in dividends during the year, $20,000 is written off bank premises, and the balance carried forward, making total undivided profits $307,809.25, so that the reserve fund and accumulated profits aggregate over 130 per cent. of the capital. Total assets have increased to $9,039,896.59, of which $2,062,382.70 is in cash and bank balances, and $3,900,706.05 of an immediately available nature. It is worthy of note that these figures amount to over 30 per cent and 57 per cent. respectively of liabilities to the public. The increase in total deposits to $5,755,448.34, a gain of more than 22 per cent. during the year, is another feature which must be gratifying to the management and shareholders.

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The Latest Paris Duel.

AN account of the comic duels which have taken place recently in Paris would not be complete without some mention of an affair of honor which occurred a week or so ago in the Parc des Princes, the parties being a M. Landau and a M. Maurras.

The latter is stone deaf but he refused all appeals to dissuade him from facing his adversary. As a preliminary the director of the combat read over to M. Landau the conditions, which M. Maurras could not hear, and then gave the paper to M. Maurras to read. The weapons were swords. Instead of the "Allez, messieurs!" a white handkerchief was dropped.

There were five bouts, (says a London correspondent), each signalled by the handkerchief, while the "Stop!" was signified by the brandishing of a walking stick. Twice the points of the swords had to be sharpened after blunting themselves on the guards, and finally the deaf man was slightly wounded in the forearm, which ended the combat.

Great secrecy was observed concerning the duel for fear of the onlookers not being able to restrain their mirth, and the few personal friends of the parties who were present had considerable difficulty in doing so. A cinematograph man had concealed himself in the park and the result is that Paris music hall audiences are convulsed with laughter at the weird antics of the deaf man's seconds.

THE young man who said he'd never eaten any, to somebody who asked him if he liked Trollope, was outdone the other day in a certain book store. A girl of 17 came in and asked the clerk for "Prometheus," by a man named Kelley or Sheets, or something like that.

"Oh," said the clerk, "Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound'?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "that's it. But if you please, I'd rather have it bound. It's so easy to lose the pages, you know, if it isn't."

A WELL-KNOWN citizen has a little daughter who hasn't been well recently. The other day a physician was called in to see her. He examined the child with the aid of a stethoscope. When her father came home that evening he asked what the doctor had said.

"Nothin'," replied the little girl.

"What did he do?" asked the citizen.

"He just telephoned me all over," was the child's reply.

TWO wealthy Americans were talking the other day about political conditions in England.

"What do you think of that notion of abolishing the House of Lords?" asked one.

"It's an outrage," answered the other. "It's worse than bankruptcy. It's repudiation. We American millionaires who have made big matrimonial investments will never stand for it."

Mrs. Youngwife—"I'd like a hat for my husband, please." Clerk—"What size, madam?" Mrs. Y—"Dear me, I've forgotten the size, but he wears a 15 collar, so he would take a 20 or 22 hat, wouldn't he?"—Boston Transcript.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one.—Christian Register.

The Theft of the Hanging Judge

(*Continued from page 5.*)

drawn swords now, and looked to see that their pistols were ready primed. Even Judge Tatham lost somewhat of his unconcern, and fidgeted on his seat, until at last he, too, looked out of the window again, as his junior was doing.

"Oh! a murrain on us, lads! Cannot we sing in a soberer key, lest his Lordship should be shocked?" came a great, ringing voice from the ridge-top. The chanting stopped on the sudden, and the same voice danced down the wind—"Ratcliffe! A Ratcliffe!"

"Armstrong, Armstrong!" roared a dozen answering voices.

"The Scots are here, Lord Tatham," said the junior judge, as he turned from the first sight of the advancing band.

But the judge was past all repartee; he squeezed his body into the corner of the coach, and stammered wild appeals for mercy, and mopped his august brow with the hem of his robe of office. The junior judge seemed almost pleased at the encounter, so droll a smile lurked at either corner of his mouth. Swift as the wind the Scots rode down upon the judges' guard of honour. Pistols cracked; the Scotsmen's heavy spears ripped out a shrill-voiced music from the useless sword-blows of the English. And then my lord's guard fled helter-skelter, and Long Ratcliffe's laugh, Long Ratcliffe's sudden call, "Let them fly! No bloodshed, curse you!" struck cruelly on the sensitive ear-drums of his Majesty's Judge of Assize.

The coach-door was opened, and Justice Tatham, when at last he uncovered his eyes, saw a merry giant of a man, with close-cropped hair and a head like a bull's for splendour, standing quiet in the bleak sunshine of the road.

"One Willie Armstrong has sent me to take charge of Justice Tatham," said Ratcliffe the Long very soberly.

"I—I know naught of Willie Armstrong. What would you, sir? If 'tis money———" stammered Judge Tatham.

"There! How little courtesy these judges have! Hanging, methinks, is a blunt trade, and one that dulls good gentlemen's manners. The Scots are sadly restive nowadays, and your Lordship's guard seemed over slender—as in truth it has proved itself—and kind Willie Armstrong bade me give you safe conduct. Be pleased to come down from your coach; 'twill be of little use through the safe byways of the moor."

The judge's sixteen stone and a quarter fell all a-trembling, like an aspen-wood in a wind; and when Long Ratcliffe repeated his command in a less courteous tone, Judge Tatham got up from his seat and waddled to the door, and fell, rather than stepped, on to the high-road. He looked about him and saw twelve dour men sitting motionless on twelve solemn-faced horses; he glanced fearfully to the waste land on his right, and the gallows-tree, with its flock returning corbie crows, no longer seemed a pleasant sight.

Long Ratcliffe put his head into the coach and surprised a broad grin on the younger judge's face. "There is no danger on the road to the junior judge," he said, with quiet significance. "The coachman. I grieve to say, has fled along with the guard; but if the judge knows how to drive, he has a clear road to Carlisle."

The younger judge strove hard to look concerned as he, too, scrambled to the ground. Yet his heart was tranquil, and he saw only the droll side of all this; for there was a very kindly feeling between himself and the clan of Armstrong, and a curious man might have seen the faces of the twelve dour Scots relax a little as they watched this member of the Bench clamber up by the fore-wheel of the coach and grasp the reins.

"Hast handled a team before today," said Ratcliffe the Long. "Well, a good journey to you, and my loving regards to the fair city of Carlisle. Dickie, hast the led horse ready?" he went on, as the coach lumbered up the last bit of hill and swung at a quickened pace along the level.

Dickie Armstrong was tying up his left arm with a kerchief borrowed from Judge Tatham.

"A pest on those pistol-bullets!" he muttered, as he finished tying the bandage, and led a big, lean-barrelled bay to the judge's side.

The judge, bewildered and sore afraid, stammered out a score of childish questions, as to what their purpose was, and why they had brought a led horse with them.

"We brought a horse," laughed Ratcliffe, "because we learned that Judge Tatham was as heavy as his sentences, and a pony, we thought, would break altogether under so august a weight. Come, your Lordship! It must be off and away now, before your guard returns; they might look churlishly on this great regard we have toward your safety."

With that he got his brawny arms about the judge's middle, and two of the Armstrongs came up on either side to help him with his load. Thrice they tried to lift Judge Tatham, and at the third attempt they swung him with a splash into the saddle. Then Ratcliffe tore a strip of cloth from the judge's robe and clipped it tight about the eyes; and after that he took a pair of stout leathern thongs from under his own nag's saddle-flap and bound Tatham's stately legs firm to the belly of the great bay horse.

"*Miserere mei!*" yelled Dickie Armstrong blithely.

"I cannot see—I—— What means this mummery? Is it a jest—a foolish jest? Then leave me free to laugh at it," stammered Haning Tatham.

"Nay, my good Lord Judge, 'tis no jest on the one face of it. Do ye know naught of the law, that the neck-verse sounds so unfamiliar? We ride to save a true man's neck, my lord, and the *Miserere*, coupled with a long ride through the heather, may secure benefit of clergy to our friend. Now, lads, see us safe to the foot of the gallows, and stay to watch how his Lordship likes the look of them, and then ye can leave us to it."

They led the Justice up the road; they unfastened his bandage and made him look full at the naked bones of the wretch who dangled from the cross-beam; they all but killed him with the soft insinuation that a more fleshy and proper man might claim a right of forfeiture to the goodly gallows-beam. Yet Judge Tatham had doubted the wit of these Northern gentlemen, and credited them with unmimble fancy.

"'Twas here that we tickled the neck of Lord Scrope with the chain," said Ratcliffe the Long, after a silence. "Well, there are things a man likes to recall, even when time presses. Just such another as you he was, this same Lord Scrope, ever eager for hanging. But the chain cooled his ardour, I warrant; and we taught him that there is an honest way of hanging, as there is an honest way of raiding. Even my Lord Tatham should chasten his zeal a little, and not count all fish that comes to his net."

Judge Tatham answered him naught but shuddered and moaned in time with the creak of the chain.

"Well, then," cried Ratcliffe on the sudden, "bind up his Lordship's eyes again and see that his leg-girths are knotted tight. The judge seems ill at ease, and we have far to go before the dawn."

He touched the lean-barreled bay with his spear-point, and his own nag with the spur, and the Armstrongs raised a storm of plaudits as Ratcliffe and the hanging judge swung off together for the south. A bee-line they took for Marshcotes, and neither bite nor sup would Ratcliffe give his captive, nor yet a halt to ease his aching sixteen stone of flesh. Through Marshcotes village they went, and out across the moor, and on until they gained a square-built house, set snugly in the hollow of a deepish cleft.

Long Ratcliffe thundered at the gate, and presently a black-browed, hulking man-servant opened the little wicket at the side.

"What! must I batter on my own gate as if 'twere a foeman's peel?" cried Ratcliffe. "Undo the bolts man, and let us through! Dost know I bring a noble guest with me?"

The man, growling and muttering, swung back the gates, and Ratcliffe led Fat Tatham's horse into the yard. He eased him from his horse then, and unbandaged his eyes, and took him to an upstair chamber, where he left him for the night, locked in with a loaf of bread and a wine-jug for company.

"Faith! I've earned a night's hard sleep—and Willie Armstrong will be free come noon to-morrow," muttered Ratcliffe, as he got to bed.

He was up betimes on the morrow and crossed to the judge's chamber.

"Wake, my lord, wake!" he cried, shaking the sixteen stone and a quarter.

"Eh? eh? Love of Mary! what have I gone through in my dreams?" muttered the judge. "Gallows and dangling chains, and a tall brute threatening me. What! is't no dream, then?" he cried, rubbing his eyes and staring in terror at Long Ratcliffe.

"Nay, look not so scared about it," said Ratcliffe smoothly. "I came out to ask two things of you, and when you've promised them you shall be free to go your ways."

"What would you?" stammered Tatham.

"First, your pledged word that our day on Gallows-Tree Rigg shall be forgotten. Next, that you give me your bond for twelve-score double ryals, to be paid with the month."

"Twelve-score double ryals?" gasped the judge. "You are past your wits, good sir; I am a poor man——"

"Then beggars cannot be choosers," said Ratcliffe, turning about, "and there you stay for the rest of your days, my lord, with never another chance to hang good men and true."

The judge called him back, "Make it six-score," he cried.

"Nay; I am no huckster, to chaffer and split differences. Give me a bond for your ransom, or leave it. I care not either way."

"Make it eight-score—nine-score——"

"I said twelve-score, my lord, and I have scant time to waste on such poor hanging folk as you. Your answer?"

"I—I will give you my bond," said Justice Tatham, and stifled a miser's groan.

Long Ratcliffe, after he had folded the bond and put it in his pouch, called his black-browed serving-man. "I ride for the north," he said. "Keep my lord close within doors till noon; then bandage his eyes again and lead him to any spot thou lik'st, so it be ten good miles from here."

The man nodded, and Ratcliffe, bidding a light farewell to his guest, set off again for Carlisle city. He was sure that Willie Armstrong would be tried that morning and acquitted by the younger justice, who was as sporting and fair-judging a man as ever donned the legal robes. And the event warranted his surety; for as he was riding slowly through the northward gate, doubtful whether Willie had not already got the start of him, he spied a lean figure sauntering up the road, a score of leather-suited fellows with him.

"Hi! Willie Armstrong!" called Long Ratcliffe.

"Hi to thee, whoever thou art!" cried Willie, drawing in rein. "Why 'its Ratcliffe the Long. Thou seem'st very fain of Carlisle, lad, nowadays."

"So the junior judge did all that was needful for you?" laughed Ratcliffe, riding up beside him.

"Aye, by the Rood! We wondered what had come to sour-faced Tatham when we were brought to trial, and sorrowed a little for his absence. 'Tis rumored that Fat Tatham was waylaid on the Newcastle road."

"He was—by one Ratcliffe of Marshcotes and a dozen of your kin."

Willie Armstrong pondered awhile, then sent out a hand across his horse's mane. "Thou'rt staunch, lad. I never guessed thou hadst a hand in it. Ask me the half of all I own, and I'll give it thee."

"Nay, no halves! I want your daughter, and naught else will content me."

The old man scowled and fidgeted with his bridle. "Well, I gave thee my word," he muttered. "Yet such marriages go so against the grain——"

"I've something more than love to bring her," put in Long Ratcliffe softly, for he knew his man. "Judge Tatham has feathered Nell's nest for her with twelve-score double ryals."

"What! Thou'st held old Tatham in ransom, as well as keeping him out of Carlisle city? Wast born a Scot, methinks, and—twelve-score, thou saidst?—come north to Kirkbrae Peel, my lad, and see what Nell can find to say to thee."

That is the tale of Long Ratcliffe's wooing, as the Marshcotes' gossips have it. And they say that none ever dared thereafter name Gallows-Tree Rigg in the presence of Judge Tatham of the Northern Circuit.

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. Michael McLaughlin and Dr. Andrew Smith.

Mrs. Adams: "Accused you of stealin' a bob when she dropped her purse, didn't she?"
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Veronica Ann: "No, dad; if I can't vivisect Pussy and Fido, and develop my womanhood at home—I go!"

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Saturday Night.

WOMEN'S SECTION

VOL. 23, No. 13. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 8, 1910. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1153

THE OTHER PAGE

AN unusual sort of tragedy has taken place in Toledo, —not the place where the steel comes from, but the Ohio city of the same name. There, a young man having taken unto himself that prerogative of the Jane Austen type of young woman, an overwhelming tendency to blush on every occasion, has done away with himself because of his bashfulness. So great was his diffidence, and so keenly did he suffer from it, that he found dying less of an ordeal than mingling with his kind. In this day of practical common sense such a condition of mind appears almost impossible, yet the facts seem correct, and the life of a young man of twenty-two has been sacrificed because to him every question was an ordeal to be faced as a soldier faces the enemy's fire, every answer an effort that tried his endurance to the uttermost. Such shyness [illegible] to an obsession, but to the victim it is very real, and his tragic passing out of a young man because of it, is one more to the many interesting psychological cases suggested by the apparently rapidly increasing fad of dying when life becomes too heavy a burden.

Prof. J. G. Hume, of the University of Toronto, in a paper read before the American Philosophical Association at Yale recently, recommended the probing of every suicide to determine its underlying cause, and there is no doubt this course, if carefully followed, might result in much interesting data. It seems, however, to the lay mind that the determining cause of suicide is not a sudden resolution arrived at under the stress of a crisis, but rather the result of a long mental process which, could it be successfully followed to its source, would be found to owe its existence to temperament and environment. Suicide nowadays seems to be looked upon with less horror than formerly, when a stake and burial at the cross roads was the after fate of one who claimed the privilege of passing out when he wished instead of waiting for disease or accident to remove him.

The idea of suicide, squarely faced, has undoubtedly helped many a man over a rough place in his journey. Men have been known to face their troubles cheerfully because they knew that the possibility of release was always at hand. To feel that a thing is not final gives one the nerve to face it, and in a morass of difficulties it is a distinct comfort, at least from one point of view, to feel that escape is always possible. The general idea is that suicide is the act of a coward, and undoubtedly it is when merely resorted to in order to shuffle off responsibilities, which are thus shifted to other and weaker shoulders.

To me, at least, there seems to be something wonderfully brave in the action of a man who can dispassionately, deliberately, and of his own volition penetrate the veil that hangs between here and the hereafter, knowing that if his step proves a false one, there is no escape from its penalty. To some people the committing of suicide is the act of a lunatic, and one which can only be condoned under the belief that it is the result of insanity. To others it is a deliberate act carried out with a full knowledge of the consequences. The matter is one upon which opinions will always differ, the theologian arguing one way, the materialist another, and both probably being right from their own point of view. In a case of a woman, suicide is far more likely to be the result of a sudden impulse, than with man, and her choice of a means is usually such that it substantiates the belief that she is unbalanced when she uses it.

⁂

AS if the marriageable wearers of certain coronets across the sea, hadn't enough trouble on their own hands just now, there's a proposition on foot in "U.S., A." to tax the dowries of Uncle Sam's daughters when their figure—the dowries' not the daughters'—exceeds a certain generous amount, fixed for the moment at $100,000. This tax, in the case of export, will be larger than when the bride just marries a plain "Amurrican" and stays at home. It is proposed to set this idea before Congress in the shape of a carefully prepared Bill. Really, there is nothing very new in the proposition although it has never been taken seriously in the past. Should the Bill become law it would be a sure way of raising a considerable amount, because even the most parsimonious heiress wouldn't want to cheat the revenue by staying single. The measure would probably be most unpopular in some circles, but it would be likely to gain the hearty support of the man who has no "dot" to give his daughter.

⁂

SOMEONE, who signs herself "Suffragist," has written to ask me to whom I think the author of "Ann Veronica" referred when he described Kitty Brett. To any one who has met Miss Christabel Pankhurst, and I have had that pleasure on several occasions, and on many more have heard her address big meetings, I would say, off hand, that Mr. Wells, in drawing his Kitty Brett, fashioned her on Mrs. Pankhurst's eldest daughter. The description of the two girls is much alike—and he speaks of Kitty as "a trained being—trained by an implacable mother to one end." The account, too, of Kitty's dress makes one think of that affected by the "general of the militant forces," as Miss Pankhurst is often called, but I hesitate to think that Mr. Wells intended a complete portrait when he described Kitty as being "about as capable of intelligent argument as a runaway steam roller." It is typical of her, however, to dismiss all side issues as Kitty does in her interview with Ann Veronica and keep strictly to the one point upon which her mind is set. One feels that with Miss Pankhurst, as with Kitty Brett, "the vote is the symbol of everything."

Ann Veronica, on her visit to the offices of "The Women's Bond of Freedom," certainly fared better than I did when I first went to the quarters of "The Woman's Social and Political Union," to which the Pankhursts belong, to obtain some of their campaign literature. Ann Veronica only had to read the names on the signs in order to find her way to headquarters. I had to ask the elevator man, and I will never forget the pitying smile with which he directed me, and the eloquence of his look which seemed to say "Are you one of them, too?"

Only once did I have a more unpleasant experience in the same line and that was one afternoon after attending a Caxton Hall meeting of suffragists, when, in the neighborhood of Victoria street, I saw a lot of women arrested for trying to carry a petition to Mr. Asquith. I was looking on and admiring the determination and courage of the suffragists when a very little old woman sidled up to me from her "pitch" near by, and evidently mistaking me for one of the militants, pulled at the lace on my sleeve and murmured in a motherly tone, "Oh, you silly, silly lidy, why don't you go home and mind the biby." I couldn't oblige her, because I, like most of the suffragettes, had no "biby" at home to mind. But somehow she made me feel as if it were very remiss on my part not to be supplied with the article in question, even if I had to borrow it from one of my neighbors.

MRS. OLIVER,
Wife of Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior.

⁂

IT certainly takes a thoroughly trained legal mind to arrive at a definite conclusion on an important matter. This was proved the other day in a suit for separation tried in New York State when the learned Judge gave a really illuminating pronouncement upon connubial bliss, and what is, and what is not, possible, if the domestic atmosphere is to remain serene. The defendant in the suit was accused, among other little trifles, of hitting his wife, and indulging in cruel and inhuman treatment. The Judge in granting the injured lady alimony, said:—

"There is nothing that excuses a man for striking a woman. This man should go back and make peace with his wife if he loves her. Experience shows you cannot strike your wife and make love to her at the same time."

⁂

A BLIND girl, Miss Theodora Franksen, has just won high honor at the University of Chicago, being elected into the Phi Beta Kappa Society for high scholastic average. Not only is she the first blind girl to receive such distinction at the University, but is one of the very few students to be so rewarded at the close of three years' work.

Although women in full possession of all their faculties are often believed to be less capable than men in any field in which both sexes labor side by side, it has never been denied that when women are handicapped they often "make good" much better than men who are similarly afflicted. For instance there is no record of a man equalling the wonderful progress made by Helen Keller whose training was largely due to the patience of a woman. Men have accomplished big things when unfettered but they seem to lack the patience that enables women to go on mastering detail day after day, and week after week, until they have accomplished, by months of toil, what one more happily situated might have learned in a small fraction of the time.

Many blind men have done wonderful things, and have proved a boom to humanity, Sir Francis Campbell, of the Normal College for the Blind, at Upper Norwood, London, being a shining example. But he married while young and I have heard him say that his proudest distinction was "being the husband of Lady Campbell." He readily admits that to her he owes much that he has accomplished, and there seems little doubt that her kindly, capable American methods have done much to assist in placing Sir Francis in the position he now occupies as a blind educationalist.

Miss Franksen admits that most of her success is owing to her mother who has been her constant companion and has given up many hours of a busy life to helping her to the attainment of that knowledge which has made her present standing possible at the University. Miss Keller has written much of her debt to the kindly teacher who spent so long a time bringing her groping mind from darkness into light. Sir Francis Campbell readily admits the assistance his wife has been to him, and these are but a few instances of similar acts of devotion which might he mentioned. Women are at the bottom of most things, and the time-honored advice to "cherchez la femme" holds in good results as well as bad.

⁂

EMMA GOLDMAN, a person with views so decided and far reaching that even her suffragette sisters, cannot follow her, has been appearing in a new role, that of dispenser of tea at an afternoon function. People are so accustomed to think of this rebel among women as a person who constantly preaches anarchy and always waves a red flag, that the announcement that she ever did anything as peaceful as preside at a samovar and pass cakes has caused some incredulity. To be sure the guests were anarchists and their friends, and the meeting place an East Side hall in New York, but the fact that sugar-coated cakes were served instead of bombs made the tea party of sufficient importance to have an account of it telegraphed from one end of the country to the other.

Emma at a samovar with Alexander Berkman handing tea cups does seem somewhat out of the picture. And yet, Emma, when one meets her face to face, is anything but the ranting, raving, specimen of humanity one might expect. She is far more quiet than some of her suffragette sisters, although her point of view is much more complicated. Indeed she is anything but the ferocious looking person her beliefs would lead one to expect.

It's nearly two years now since I spent the greater part of one long, interesting, winter morning listening to this apostle of anarchy voice her opinions; then in person, voice, and manner, she recalled Byron's:

. . . . . "Mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

She was gentleness personified, and she discussed the cutting off of the great ones of the earth with much the same absence of personal feeling that you or I might adopt were the providing of false hair for the South Sea Islanders under discussion.

In appearance Miss Goldman is a small woman, plump, and exceedingly short, with golden brown hair, intensely blue eyes shaded by glasses, and a wide determined mouth with teeth set far apart. Her Russian ancestry is plainly shown in her face. Her looks are entirely at variance with her views and until she began to talk, it seemed somewhat absurd that one such little woman could upset the arrangements of Governments, and play her own game well in spite of efforts to stop her. In appearance Miss Goldman would certainly grace one end of a tea table, but I wouldn't want to be her enemy while she toyed with the samovar, for I remember full well the intensity with which she said "I am an anarchist and as such I am opposed to the taking of human life, even to the killing of animals, but when one meets a lion or a tiger in one's path and it is dangerous it becomes necessary to remove it." Just then Emma was referring to important people like Kings and Queens, and more particularly to the late King and Crown Prince of Portugal, but one felt she could get down to smaller fry if necessary, even to the harmless and domestic kitten. In fact Emma seemed to be swayed by inexplicable likes and dislikes, and one felt it would be wiser not to come under either heading but just to fade out quietly from her memory.

⁂

THE new woman is certainly getting a little too new—at least in some instances—and one young person in Pennsylvania has been making a novel bit of history for her sex. The person in question—Mrs. Ella Miner, of Great Bend, has been arrested on the charge of donning, not bifurcated skirts, but real masculine trousers, as well as other garments usually served as an accompaniment to them, and while in this garb assisting in the robbery of a post office. This enterprising young woman, who acted as assistant to one Walter Wilmot, was detected through the confession of her accomplice. Certainly it looks in these days of equality of the sexes as if men were forgetting their manners and losing their long boasted ability to "lie like gentlemen" where a woman is concerned. Guess, instead, they're going back to first principles and quoting Father Adam to the effect that "the woman tempted me."

⁂

BERLIN has made a New Year's resolution, and now the land of the Kaiser—or at least a large part of the inhabitants thereof—is wondering whether it will go the way of similar resolves or be successfully kept. Strange enough, this resolution hasn't anything to do with such ordinary matters as the invasion of England, or the building of more additions to the navy of the Fatherland, but merely concerns itself with the question of clothes. There have been times when the unkind foreigner has been known to comment unfavorably upon evening togs as worn in Germany—this being one of the few pastimes not regulated by law, or discriminated against in some way or other in that land of much-that-is-forbidden. The reproof has been taken to heart and an earnest effort is now being made to have the women of Berlin attend the theatres and the restaurants in evening dress, while the men are being entreated to wear dress clothes at evening parties, and something else at important daylight functions such as funerals. Tradition, however, dies hard in the Fatherland, and one awaits the outcome with interest.

⁂

ONE by one our cherished beliefs are being undermined until the time may soon arrive when someone with half of the alphabet after his name will seek to destroy our last remnant of faith in our ideals. It may even come to pass in some ill-fated day that we will learn to believe that the world is flat, and that ale ought to be; that money is an encumbrance and children never are; that honesty is a poor policy, and all "policy" honest. There's no telling to what parlous state we may come for very few shreds of faith are left us, and now, to make matters worse, along comes a lady biologist from Boston who laughs to utter scorn the idea that drafts are dangerous. Of course, one agrees that they are pleasant things when in our favor, but when she proceeds to jeer at the gentle-zephyr-kind which, since time immemorial, has been credited with bearing sneezes upon its wings, one just naturally stands up and rebels. Of course she may be right, these scientific people have an uncomfortable trick of sometimes ultimately proving their point, but that doesn't make it any the more pleasant to have our cherished traditions smashed to smithereens. Fresh air we can stand, in fact we invite it, but drafts, whether atmospheric or financial, many, in spite of the biologist from Boston, will refuse to have made upon them.

Madame

TORONTO SOCIETY

THE Toronto Cricket Club, with an excellent committee, are giving a dance in the King Edward on January 25.

Fired by the determination to equal or excel the young bachelors, I hear the debutants of 1909 are arranging to give a dance in the Metropolitan on January 28. While more dignity than is expected at Christmas will probably characterize this event, it is sure to be successful and jolly. I hear about twenty-five of the young ladies have the matter in hand, and probably have 'ere now got the arrangements well *en train*.

The dance given by Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis on Tuesday night at McConkey's, for her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, was a remarkably successful event, even in this season of perfect entertaining. An indulgent mother, giving *carte blanche* to a clever and tactful daughter, resulted in an evening planned so beautifully that it went joyously from start to finish, and Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Muriel received many sincere compliments from their happy guests. There were more men than girls, for unfortunate and sad bereavements kept the Misses Braithwaite, the Misses Plummer, and several other popular belles from being present. Mrs. Jarvis received at the entrance to the ballroom, which was decorated with holiday garlands of green and Christmas bells, and presented the young folks to Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, who looked very attractive in white satin. Mrs. Jarvis wore black jetted net and lace over electric blue with touches of electric blue velvet, and Miss Muriel was in pink satin with a black paradise plume in her fair hair. The floor was splendid and the music most inspiring. Supper was served at eleven in the Palm room and the upper part of the cafe, where the Hungarians played and the young folks sang the choruses of their popular selections, and had a glorious hour. Mrs. Jarvis took the head of a special supper table, her pretty daughter-in-law *vis-a-vis*, and Mr. and Mrs. Bogert of the Bank of Montreal, Mrs. Denison, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, and Mr. Norman Jarvis were of the hostess's party. Gay little quartettes were all about the Palm room, and the supper was tempting and dainty. A few of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis, the latter in white satin; the Messrs. Jarvis of Major street, the Misses Mary and Bertha Jarvis, the Misses Gibson, Mr. Hope Gibson, Captain Douglas Young, the Misses Miles, the Misses Haney, Dr. Spohn, Mr. and Miss Greening, the Misses Adams, the Misses Dixon, Mr. Harold Brooke, Miss Emily Brooke, Miss Sinclair, Miss Marjory Brouse, Miss Aileen Robertson, Miss Hilda Cayley, Miss Frou LeMesurier, Miss Edna Reid, Miss Jessie Johnstone, Miss Phyllis Moffatt, Miss Maud Weir, Miss May Boyd, Miss Phippen, Miss Helen Blake, Miss Elaine Machray, Miss Clare Corson, Miss Adele Austin, Mr. Austin, Mr. Jack Somerville, Miss Francis, the Misses Cross, Miss Hilda Burton, Mr. and Miss Fellowes, Mr. Gordon Glass, Mr. Bob Sinclair, Miss Charlotte Gooderham, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Mr. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, Dr. Burson, Major Carpenter, Mayor-elect Geary, Captain Boddy, Mr. Howard Harris, Mr. Edwin Bell, Mr. Stuart Greer, Miss Garrow, Miss Florence Crawford, Messrs. Law, Miss Handyside of Montreal, Miss Cameron of New York, Miss Harriette Ireland, Mr. Kenneth Macdougall, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Gertrude Warren, Miss Norah Warren, Mr. Warren, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Ruth Rathbun, Miss Ottilie Walker, the Misses Crowther, Miss Dorothy Skill, Miss Jessie Webber, Miss Violet Heward, Miss Miriam Sweeny, Mr. Rex Northcote, Messrs. Percy and Ford Robertson, Mr. Boyd, Miss Marguerite Baines, Mr. Patterson, Miss Walker of Chicago, Mr. Smith of May street, Miss Murphy and Miss Coutlee of Ottawa, the Misses Cosby, Miss Murton, Miss and Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, and hosts of other young folks.

MADAME DANDURAND.

One of the most distinguished French-Canadian women in the Province of Quebec, Mme. Dandurand, wife of Senator Dandurand of Montreal, has played an important part in many matters of interest to women. In 1900 she went to the Paris Exposition in the capacity of Commissioner from the Government of Canada. For some years she edited a woman's magazine called "Le Coin du Feu," and has in turn been vice-president of the National Council of Women and vice-president of the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal. Mme. Dandurand enjoys the distinction of being an officier d'Academie, a distinction conferred upon her some time ago by the French Government.

I hear that Mrs. Robins is arranging a dance for her daughter's friends in the King Edward this month. Miss Marguerite Robins is a very popular debutante this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McQueen have come to Toronto to reside, and have taken a flat in Gerrard street, north of the Normal School. Mr. McQueen has succeeded Mr. Bruce Macdonald (who has been promoted) in a post at the Parliament Buildings. He is Mrs. R. A. Pyne's brother.

Mrs. Will Pellatt will hold her post-nuptial reception next Thursday afternoon, January 13, at her residence, 7 Wells street.

Mrs. and Miss Eva Glass welcomed a few friends at tea on New Year's Eve (to meet the Glass-Kerr wedding guests) in their pretty flat in the Alexandra. The out-of-town guests included Mr. and Mrs. Chester Glass, Dr. Harry Hyland Kerr, Miss Glass, Mrs. Monell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carling, Mrs. Kerr, Mr. Gordon Glass, Mrs. and Miss Bell, and several others. On New Year's Day Miss Dorothy Glass and Dr. Kerr were married in the presence of a group of old friends, mostly ex-Londoners (the former home of the bride's father) in the salon of the house rented for a month by Mr. and Mrs. Glass. Sir William Meredith proposed the bride's health. Both the bride and groom are young people of rare attractions, and have the heartiest wishes of their Toronto friends for a long, happy and prosperous life together.

Mr. George Bruenech is leaving next week for a visit to Guernsey, Channel Islands, and hopes to spend next summer in Norway, where he has done so much work.

Miss Sydney Tully, who has been visiting Mrs. Hayter Reed at the Place Viger Hotel, Montreal, returned to Toronto this week.

An event which will long be recalled by hundreds of smart people in Toronto, both on account of its beauty and because of the popularity of the bonnie bride, was the marriage on Wednesday, in St. Andrew's church, of Miss Helen Gordon Davidson, second daughter of Colonel J. F. I. Davidson, and Major Walter Home, of the Carbiniers. The church is ideally arranged for a ceremony of this interesting nature, the deep, wide chancel softly lighted and the elevation being just enough to make the bridal group visible from any part of the sacred edifice. When the organist began the familiar Lohengrin bridal music, the church and galleries were filled, the guests in their smartest attire, the ushers, two in uniform, Captain Home, brother of the groom, in Grenadier scarlet, and Captain Cole in the dark blue of the Carbiniers, and Messrs. Eric Armour, Charles Fellowes, Marvin Rathbun and Stewart Saunders, in civilian attire, and wearing the bride's gifts, sapphire and pearl pins, the stalwart bridegroom and his best man, Captain Moncrieff, in full dress uniforms, facing the congregation and watching for the bride, the pastor, tall and dignified in black gown and crimson hood, the ranks of the gowned choir, the huge silver urn of pink roses and tall vases of Easter lilies standing amid beautiful hedges of palms and ferns, all made a picture only needing the presence of graceful girls and a sweet happy looking bride to complete its charm. The maid of honor and six bridesmaids were Miss Constance Turnbull, of Hamilton, cousin of the bride; Miss Edith Kay, also a cousin; Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Jean Alexander, Miss Susie Cassels of Ottawa, Miss Winnifred Heron, and Miss Julia Cayley. Their gowns were of soft clinging palest pink *Ninon de soie*, slightly trained, over which they wore the most graceful transparent coats of pale cloud-grey, hemmed with satin and embroidered in roses where the halves of the modist little garments met between the shoulders and on the breast. The hats were of silver tissue with wide brims finished with broad edge of grey, soft grey puffed crowns of panne velvet and very smart grey plumes on the side. Each was in the same shape and shade, but tilted at the most becoming angle to the fair face beneath. Large fluffy muffs of pale pink covered with shirred grey chiffon, and adorned with bouquets of pink blooms finished these ideally pretty and original costumes. Each maid wore pearl and peridot earrings, Major Home's present. Two fascinating baby girls, Mary and Helen Bickford, nieces of the bride, in Greenaway frocks of soft white satin, large bonnets of satin wreathed and rosetted with tiny pink roses, and carrying little bouquets of pink sweet peas and ferns tied with pink ribbons, lent an added grace to the bride's procession. Last of all, Colonel Davidson brought in his daughter, exquisitely gowned in chiffon satin, brocaded in white velvet flowers and enriched with baroque pearl embroideries and rare lace. A bandeau of orange blossoms in classic style was arranged on her pretty brown hair and a very handsome lace veil fell far on her gown and framed her sweet face. An immense shower of lily of the valley and white heather was carried, and she wore a spray of diamonds, the groom's present. Service leaflets in white and silver gave the hymns, processional and recessional, and the canticle sung by the choir, and the service was simple and impressive. Among the guests were Mrs. and the Misses Gibson, Major Macdonald and Mr. Hope Gibson, Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark and the Misses Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough of Galt, General and Mrs. Cotton and Miss Cotton, Judge and Mrs. Teetzel, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. and Miss Denison of Heydon Villa, Colonel Septimus Denison, Captain and Mrs. Bertram Denison, Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Ince, Mr. George Ince, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Dr. and Mrs. James Thorburn, Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. and Miss Florence Spragge, Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. James, Mrs. Herbert Greene, Mrs. Bertie Cassels, Mrs. and Miss Waldie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davidson, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Arnoldi, Mrs. and Miss Johnston, Mrs. and the Misses Reid, Mrs. Douglas Warren, Mrs. C. D. Warren, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Miller Lash, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Dignum, Mrs. and Miss Charlotte Gooderham, Mr., Mrs. and Mr. George Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. John Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gordon, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Hal Osler, Miss Helen Leys, Miss Parsons, Mr. Gerald Larkin, Mr. Howard Harris, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. D'Arcy MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Dr. and Mrs. Lang, Principal and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, President Falconer, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. Rene Gamble, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Dr. and Mrs. Temple. After the ceremony, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson held a reception at their residence, the host and hostess and bridal party receiving in the drawing room, most of the other rooms downstairs being filled with the sumptuous array of wedding presents, which were simply bewildering in beauty and numbers. The *dejeuner* was served in an immense marquee, where Mr. E. B. Osler proposed the health of the bride, which was drunk with cheers and singing. Then, having cut the cake with her husband's sword, Mrs. Home changed her dress and left for the honeymoon with her husband by the 5.20 train for the States. The bridal attendants saw the happy pair off and said *au revoir*, as Major and Mrs. Home will be back for a short time before returning to Africa, where Major Home is now stationed. The gay doings which have ushered in this very fine wedding have given many an opportunity of meeting the three brother officers of the bridegroom, who have been much of their time enjoying the winter pastime of skating, and taken their bumps in the process. The dashing Grenadier, Captain Home, is voted a delightful man by everybody, and receives their compliments with an amused twinkle in his eye that looks more Irish than Scotch. Mrs. Harold Bickford, whose wedding five or six years ago robbed Toronto of one of her best loved girls, looked as young and even prettier at her sister's bridal than at her own. A few of the guests invaded the cosy quarters of her three bonnie little ones after the reception, and admired again the small bridesmaids and the son and heir, who are certainly most beautiful children.

PRISCILLA, COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

Lady Annesley is the widow of the fifth Earl of Annesley, who died in 1908, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Armitage Moore. Her stepson, the present Earl, was recently married. The Dowager Lady Annesley was very popular in Ireland and when she recently left Castlewellan to reside permanently in London a handsome presentation was made to her in recognition of the interest she has taken in the philanthropic movements in the district.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Walker have returned from Hamilton, where they spent Christmas and New Year.

Mrs. John S. Barber, 159 Admiral road, has sent out cards for a tea on January 21.

Mrs. Cruso gave a charming tea on Thursday for her niece, Mrs. Bertram Denison.

Mrs. Geo. Ross and Miss Ross, 36 Adelaide street east, will receive on Monday.

The dance given by Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Wornum on Thursday (30th) at their home in Penetang was a most enjoyable affair. Friends from Toronto, Montreal and Midland enjoyed the bright holiday festivity, and one of the guests, Miss Kennedy, of Mexico, a very pretty girl, has since been much admired here at Mrs. Jarvis's dance on Tuesday and at the Haney-Spohn wedding on Thursday, and is a niece of Dr. Spohn. The house was decorated with evergreens and red geraniums, and the two glass verandahs arranged for sitting out. All the lights were under red shades, and the effect was splendid. Dancing was in the spacious drawing room, and a substantial supper served at midnight, after which the guests danced until three. Miss Wornum is now visiting Mrs. Bassett in Barrie, and assisted her hostess, who was receiving the guests at the Aquatic Club dance last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Burns, formerly of Brampton, are now settled in Toronto, at 486 Jarvis street, where Mrs. Burns will receive (assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Macdonald, a bride of last spring) on next Monday and Tuesday. Mrs. Burns (*nee* Crossen, of Cobourg) is a sister of Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mrs. C. C. James.

Miss Elsie Thorold is in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Mabee, Scarth road.

The twenty young bachelors covered themselves with glory last week, by their successful "Yule-tide revels," in the shape of a Domino dance in the Metropolitan parlors. Most of the bachelors are young military men, and the turn-out of their patronesses and superior officers was complete except in one case where illness prevented. General and Mrs. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. Myles Cotton, and the Misses Cotton, all answered the roll call, so did Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Colonel and Mrs. Chadwick, Major and Mrs. Peuchen, and Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne. As for the young folks, and the young married couples, not on the patronage list, they all declared they never had such fun at a dance. The committee kept them all guessing what would happen next, and something new happened every half hour! After the mystery of the masks had been dispersed, the fun began by the rearing of a huge paper screen between the men and maids, through which the men daintily put a hand for inspection and choice by the fastidious fair. Needless to say, when the lady clasped her preference and was pulled through the screen, she always found she had the wrong partner. Then the lights suddenly went out in the midst of a two-step, and a brilliant colored spot light flashed upon the merry laughing dancers, changing its color, and making charming effects, during that dance. Then there was a fake quarrel in the orchestra, resulting in a strike against one non-union player, and so well was the humbug carried out, that everyone was distressed, until a weird organ grinder and hurdy gurdy appeared and played until the orchestra resumed business. The *chef d'ouvre* of fun-making was the arrival of a wondrous bride and groom in full regalia, who marched around the *salle-des-danse* with great dignity, while the company went into gales of mirth. Gerald Muntz was the blushing bride and Squire Sanderson the gallant groom. This information may convey to their friends some idea of their imposing "form" when they danced a two-step together. The festivities were bi-sected by an excellent supper, and there were no dull moments at the Yule-tide revels of 1909.

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For general use by all members of the family it is customary to have the correspondence paper embossed with either a crest, house name or street address die.

For personal use it should be stamped with a monogram. There are several new styles of lettering to choose from.

RYRIE BROS., Limited
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The scarf is playing as important a part as ever in the evening costume, and while the heavy embroidered Oriental ones have been discarded to a certain extent, owing to the fact that they have been done to death, the designers are turning out some lovely effects in chiffons and tulles or crepes, beautifully embroidered in silk, or studded with crystal and bugles. The painted scarfs also still manage to hold their own, but the woman with a handsome fur stole that will show up her gown, seems to give it the preference both for day and theatre wear.

Mrs. Kady C. Brownell, who is the only regularly enlisted woman in the United States, joined the Rifle Guards of Providence, R.I., by a special permit from Governor Sprague, and with her husband went to the front in 1861. Both husband and wife were in the battle of Bull Run, and Mrs. Brownell was wounded. She is now the color-sergeant of the U.S.A. Veterans of the Civil War, and her sixty-ninth birthday was celebrated last week.

KING LEOPOLD II. OF BELGIUM.

This photograph of the late King was probably the last taken during his lifetime.

The new brocaded evening gowns need soft lace to make them becoming. As the material is so rich these gowns are made quite simply, the lace appearing on the sleeves and decolletage.

The new shade of dark blue—known as bleu corbeau—is being used for both day and evening wear, and is equally effective in silk, velvet or woollen material.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, JAN. 6, 1910.

PROMINENT among the social gatherings of young people just before the New Year, was the dance given on Wednesday night at the Windsor Hotel, by Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshield's for her daughter, Miss Margaret Greenshields. The debutante's father is a well-known Montreal K.C.; her mother was a Miss Gooderham of Toronto. Since the beginning of the season, Miss Greenshields has been invited out a good deal and has been at one or two big dances, but this was her very own ball, and one much enjoyed by the two hundred and fifty young people present. The Ladies' Ordinary where dancing went on, presented a festive appearance with its decorations of bright red and green. Palms and poinsettia were placed in the windows, and trails of laurel clung to the lace curtains and were brought in airy festoons to the lighting fixtures in the centre and caught there with a pendant cluster of many scarlet bells. The musicians' corner was marked off with tall palms and knots of scarlet. Palms filled the corners of the reception room, and branches of laurel, poinsettia, and red-berried plants decked the mantel over the fireplace. Mrs. Greenshields was gowned in palest pink satin, and carried red roses, and Miss Greenshields, who received with her mother, was in yellow satin embroidered in white and gold, and had a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Supper was served in the old rose dining-room, where pink roses and white hyacinths and narcissi on the tables harmonized with the setting.

An interesting "At Home" was given on Thursday, Dec. 30, by Mr. James Crathern, at his residence on Macgregor street, for his grand-daughter, Miss Gertrude Crathern. His daughter, Mrs. Alex. McArthur, was hostess. Mr. Crathern is one of the representative men of Montreal; he is an ex-president of the Board of Trade, and has been on the administrative board of various commercial corporations. An institution to which Mr. Crathern devotes time and thought is the Montreal General Hospital, of which he is president. The announcement of the debut of a grand-daughter of Mr. Crathern's was, therefore, of more than ordinary interest. Miss Crathern (who, by the way "finished" at Havergal College, Toronto), received with her grand-father and aunt, wearing a dainty light gown. Mrs. George E. Drummond and Mrs. George Caverhill poured the tea and coffee, at a table beautified with American Beauty roses. Miss Esther Kerry, Miss Marion Ives, Miss Elsie Ives, Miss Marjorie Caverhill, Miss Marjorie Binks, and two or three other girls served the guests in the dining-room.

The house dance which Mrs. Herbert S. Holt gave on Thursday night was one of the jolly little affairs of holiday week. It was for the debutantes, the occasion being taken while Cadet Holt was home from college.

Mrs. Hayter Reed and her son, Gordon, have left for Vancouver, and will go on to Pasadena, California, for the rest of the winter. Mrs. Reed has won a name for herself in a profession in which as yet there are few women, although it is one for which women should be especially fitted, that of interior decoration.

Mrs. Leslie Gault gave a New Year's Eve dance at her residence on McTavish street, when about two hundred guests enjoyed her delightful hospitality. The rooms looked very attractive in the Yuletide decorations of vivid red and green, supplemented by vases of cut flowers. The dance was given especially for Mrs. Gault's three nieces, Miss Vera Ibbotson, daughter of Col. and Mrs. E. B. Ibbotson; Miss Jean Allan, a debutante, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Allan; and Miss Dorothy Blackader, also a debutante whose mother, the late Mrs. C. H. Blackader, was a sister of Mr. Gault's. Mrs. Gault, who is a charming hostess, was gowned in primrose chiffon velvet. Miss Dorothy Blackader received with her, wearing a pretty white satin gown with crystal trimming, and corsage spray of white heather.

The Rev. Dr. Symonds, Vicar of Christ Church Cathedral, and Mrs. Symonds have had their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Whitton, of Hamilton, with them for a part of the holiday season. On New Year's afternoon, Mrs. Symonds held a reception for her daughter. It was in the nature of a post nuptial reception, as the wedding, which took place during the summer vacation, was a very quiet one. There were many guests, as Mrs. Whitton, who was Miss Greta Symonds, has been much liked since the family moved here a few years ago from Port Hope. Mrs. Symonds wore for the occasion a light blue and white gown, and Mrs. Whitton had on her wedding dress of white satin with garniture of duchess lace. Lady Tait, Mrs. Clarence Lyman, Mrs. J. S. Allan, and Mrs. Turpin did the honors of the tea-room, assisted by Miss Baldwin (a daughter of the late Bishop Baldwin), Miss Esther Kerry, Miss Mabel Molson, Miss Carrie Adams, Miss Field, and Miss Jean Allan.

Another former Montreal girl who received her old friends while in town over the New Year was Mrs. John McCulloch, (Miss Olive Gurd) who was up from New York for a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gurd, McGill College avenue. The afternoon Mrs. McCulloch received with her mother she wore her white satin wedding gown. Her sister, Mrs. F. J. Day (wife of the pastor of Zion Congregational Church), poured the tea, at a table prettily decorated with red roses.

The Rev. Hugh Pedley, of Emmanuel Congregational Church, and Mrs. Pedley were "at home" on New Year's Day at 177 Drummond street, when many friends called to greet the popular pastor and his wife. Miss Nora Pedley, the daughter of the house, gave the callers tea, being assisted by Miss Lister.

Miss Juliette LeBlanc is a feted guest in French Canadian society, on the occasion of her approaching marriage. Mrs. Rodolphe Forget, wife of the M.P. for Charlevoix, entertained at dinner for Miss LeBlanc and her fiance, Mr. (or Senor, I understand, it should be) Carlos Costa. Miss Raymond gave a musicale in their honor. Senor Costa is said to have large ranching interests in the Argentine Republic.

A VERY SUPERIOR PERSON.
Lord Curzon of Kedleston, famed for his love of aristocracy and pomp. Lord Curzon states that the only people in England who have ever done anything worth while are members of the aristocracy, and therefore they are the only people worth considering.

Colonel G. S. Cantlie and officers of the Fifth Royal Highlanders entertained at an informal dance in the Armory on New Year's Eve. The affair, at which there were about two hundred and fifty people, went off very successfully, the floor of the big Armory allowing plenty of space for dancing without chances of getting in some one else's way. Numerous flags draped the walls, and the uniforms worn by most of the men present, added to the brightness of the picture. Mrs. Cantlie wearing an artistic gown with garniture of embroidery in silks and metallic threads received with Colonel Cantlie.

The Rev. Dr. Pidgeon and Mrs. Pidgeon and family, of Vancouver, have been spending the New Year holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Jones, at their home on the St. Catherine Road, Outremont. Mrs. Pidgeon received with Mrs. Jones on Thursday afternoon of this week. Mr. John B. Norton, of Akron, Ohio, (Dean of the American Guild of organists in that state), and his wife, have been guests of his father, the Archdeacon of Montreal and Mrs. Norton, at the Cathedral rectory. Dr. D. R. Shewan came home from British Columbia to spend the Yuletide with Mr. and Mrs. Shewan in Westmount.

Mrs. Alex. Allan, of Brockville, always a welcome visitor, came down to spend part of the Christmas season with her son, Mr. Travers Allan, and was the guest of Lady Clouston. Lady Edgar was in town from Toronto for a week with Miss Edgar, at her school, on Guy street, formerly the residence of the late Mr. Samuel Carsley.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Angus opened their beautiful residence on the Senneville road, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and entertained a house party, a New Year's eve dance being one of the festivities. Mrs. L. J. Forget also had a week-end house party at Senneville.

A marriage in which the bride and groom have the good wishes of many friends was that of Miss Jessie Newman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Newman, and Dr. Fraser Gurd, son of Dr. and Mrs. D. F. Gurd, which took place at the bride's home, 8 Weredale Park, on Tuesday evening, January 4. The wedding was a quiet one. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Barclay and the Rev. Hugh Pedley in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends. The drawing room was embowered in greenery, interspersed with pink and white flowers, the bridal party standing in the bay window beneath a canopy of southern smilax, asparagus fern, and flowers, against a background of palms and trails of smilax. The bride wore a lovely gown of white duchess satin, with embroidered princess panels, and Venetian lace outlining the tulle yoke. She wore a veil and orange blossoms, and a diamond pendant, the groom's gift, and carried lilies of the valley and white orchids. The bridesmaid, Miss Gertrude Gilbert, of St. Thomas, was gowned in pale pink crepe charmeuse, and carried pink roses, and the two little flower maidens, Miss Francis Newman, the bride's niece, and Miss Jean Wilson, were very winsome in white frocks and carrying baskets of small pink roses and forget-me-nots. To her attendants the bride gave souvenir brooches, those to the little girls being of enamelled forget-me-nots. Dr. Frank Patch was best man. The bride's mother wore a handsome gown of mauve satin, in tunic effect, embroidered in a darker shade, and had a bouquet of mauve orchids. After the wedding Dr. and Mrs. Gurd left for Chicago on their way to New Orleans, where they will reside. Dr. Fraser Gurd is one of the rising men among the younger physicians. He is doing research work in the south, and lectures in Tulane University, Louisiana; also having a hospital connection. Mrs. Gurd will be missed from St. Paul's congregation, and from the Committee of the Diet Dispensary, of which she has been secretary.

In Douglas Methodist Church, on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 5th, there was a pretty wedding, when Miss Helena Swan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Swan, was united in marriage to Mr. Harry Vila, of Hamilton, Ont. The bride wore a draped gown of white Liberty satin, a long tulle veil, and a pearl necklace, the groom's gift. Her bouquet was of white orchids and lilies. Her sister, Miss Vinie Swan, who was maid of honor, was gowned in cream satin with touches of gold; Miss Mabel Graham, in pale blue satin, and Miss Ivy Watkin, of Belleville, in pale mauve satin, were bridesmaids, all three wore black picture hats and carried sprays of roses. Mr. S. Vila was his brother's groomsman, and the ushers were Messrs. W. Kelly, C. Bale, W. Jackson of Hamilton, and Alec. Ross. After a reception at the bride's home, Mr. and Mrs. Vila left for Hamilton, where they will reside.

The big event of the week in a social way was the Charity Ball on Wednesday night, of which "more anon." The ball is an annual one, on the proceeds of which the Maternity Hospital depends for a considerable part of its revenue. This year the attendance was larger even than usual, the presence of Their Excellencies not only gracing the occasion, but also thus helping indirectly to increase the funds of the hospital. Lord Lanesborough, the new Military Secretary, and Lady Lanesborough were with the vice-regal party, this being their first visit to Montreal.

B. E.

THESE FRENCHMEN!
Host (explaining the meaning of his golden wedding celebrations to French guest): "Yes, we have lived together now for fifty years."
Guest: "Ah, charmant! Admirable! And now you marry her, eh?"—The Bystander.

To the New Year and the Old Friends.

THE moon wanes pale in the sky,
And the stars all blink for morn;
The old year is to die,
And the new year to be born.
We have passed through the vale of tears,
We have trod the journey long,
We have shared our hopes and fears,
We have shared our grief and song;
And we've shared them all with our old friends,
Our true friends, our few friends,
And we'll drain anew to our old friends,
The friends that are always true.

—Henry Christopher Christie, in The Smart Set.

In Contempt of Culture.

A POPULAR magazine was recently called to answer the question of an irate reader asking why its writers "keep on making allusions to things that I have not read, allusions, consequently, which I do not understand?" Growing bolder, the questioner added: "Why do you quote with admiration similar allusions? You profess to be a magazine for the people, of, and by the people. Why keep shooting over the heads of the people and giving them just grievances against you?" Scribner's Magazine comments on this "funny complaint" by reporting first that the editor so rebuked did not tell its subscriber to "go and acquire some elementary knowledge before resorting to criticism," but it virtually promised not to offend again. Such a promise Scribner's thinks quite impossible of fulfilment, saying:

"For it is in effect a requisition that the instructor shall make it his business to 'harden ignorance in contempt.' One who knows anything beyond the alphabet and the current slang must systematically and successfully forget it in order to write down to his assumed audience. And that is quite out of the question. The only way to secure the result is to secure writers as ignorant as the most ignorant of the readers.

"As a matter of fact, it is not the ignorant who desire instruction who resent allusions to what they do not understand. It is only the ignorant who resist instruction. To recur to our Johnson, 'ignorance' must be 'hardened in contempt.' The simple man who has not been spoiled by conceit is flattered by being assumed to know what he does not in fact know. Rufus Choate, it is traditionally related, used to tell a common jury, 'Of course, gentlemen, you remember that line of Homer's,' and thereupon rap it out to them in the original Greek, whereupon they all sat up and looked knowing and pleased."

A FUTURE KING.
Prince Olaf, son of the King and Queen of Norway, and grandson of King Edward, is a handsome, sturdy boy who has won the hearts of his adopted countrymen and is said to have had much to do with the great popularity of his parents in their new Kingdom.

Lady Butler.

Taking high rank among women painters of the day, Lady Butler, who is the daughter of the late Mr. T. J. Thompson, was born at Lausanne, Switzerland, and married Lieut. Gen. Sir William Francis Butler. Lady Butler has recently published her reminiscences illustrated by herself, and called "From Sketch Book and Diary."

One of the most striking examples of the results of planting waste lands is furnished by the reforestation of the "Karst" in Austria. The Karst was a stretch of barren limestone lands, comprising some 600,000 acres in the hilly country along the Austrian shores of the Adriatic Sea. For centuries it had furnished the ship timber and other wood supplies of Venice, but excessive cutting, together with burning and pasturing, had left it a waste almost beyond recovery. In 1865, the government began to offer help to landowners who would undertake forest-planting there. Taxes were remitted for periods of years, technical advice was given, and plant material as well as money was supplied. At present, over 400,000 acres, or two-thirds, of the Karst are under forest, partly as a result of planting, at a cost of eight or ten dollars an acre, and partly as a result of protection which made natural recuperation possible. In 1884 Austria also passed a reforestation law to control periodic floods. This law carries an annual appropriation of $100,000, and extensive planting work has been successfully carried out under it.

For careless generosity, Daudet, the great French writer, could not be outclassed by any man of his time. At one time he used to place on the mantelpiece of his study, at the time when he held his weekly receptions, a bowl which was filled with silver coins. It was understood that if any one of the bohemians of letters who came to see him needed a little financial assistance he could go to the bowl and help himself. The experiment naturally failed. There were those who came to the receptions only for the sake of the bowl; there were those who put too liberal an interpretation on the mute invitation extended to them. "I used to see fellows pocketing the coins by handfuls," said Daudet, "and in the end I had to abandon the practice."

A TORONTO LANDMARK SOON TO BE REMOVED.
This old house on the northwest corner of Bay and Adelaide streets is one of the queer, historic old places which still remain in downtown streets. It was occupied by the late John Doel and was a famous gathering place of politicians in 1837. The Metropolitan Bank has purchased the corner for about $240,000, or $2,300 a foot.

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ASK YOUR GROCER.

The New Coiffures.

MORE than usual attention is being paid to the arrangement of the hair and several new ways of wearing it have been introduced, the most startling innovation undoubtedly being the revival of the straight fringe, which apparently is to make a strong bid for popularity. In Paris it seems to have already been adopted to a certain extent, and in London it is also to be seen, though more seldom. As worn at present it is strongly reminiscent of the "bangs" which we all used to wear, or that our elder sisters wore, some years ago. The effect, if not artistic, has quaint charm to

THE RETURN OF THE FRINGE.
A new style of coiffure, showing the fringe which promises to become popular in Paris and London.

recommend it, and will probably grow in favor, though it is not likely that "fringe" will ever be as general as when it was first introduced.

It seems as if anything would be an improvement on the "mob cap" coiffure, which is really little better than a bird's nest when arranged by unskilled fingers. At the best it is a rather pronounced style, and is really only becoming to very youthful and attractive faces. When properly done by a skilled hair dresser it has at least the charm of the unique, but this will not last now that the girl with a few minutes to spend in front of the glass has taken to trying to achieve the same effect. Of all coiffures it is one of the most difficult to arrange if one's own hair is used, and the adoption of a transformation cannot be recommended save in cases where the natural growth is so thin and poor that some outside aid must be called upon if any sort of an effect is to be achieved. The constant use of the transformation is usually bad for the hair, but its convenience leads to its being widely employed even by those with plenty of hair of their own.

The braid is used a good deal in fashionable hair arrangement, and naturally its effect is equally good whether it be home grown or purchased. The wearing of the coronal on the top of the head adds to the appearance of height, and gives an air of dignity that is always pleasing. Judiciously selected hair ornaments for evening wear also carry out this idea of giving increased height, and that is why anything in the form of a tiara is usually so becoming. In spite of this, however, the general tendency in Paris is to wear the hair quite low, especially for the street, this change having been largely brought about by the low, fur toques now so much in fashion, and which cover almost the entire head. The present mode of parting the hair in the middle and puffing it out slightly at the sides and winding a plait of hair quite low down on the head so that it almost touches the ears, is said to be copied from the style worn in the thirteenth century.

With the flat style of coiffure the wearing of the "rat" has been discontinued, although its banishment has not down away with false tresses, as many of the long braids and twists worn around the head come from the hair dresser. One charm of the more simple style of coiffure is that it leaves the outline of the head unmarred by excresences such as one saw at every turn when puffs and curls were on every head. The woman with plenty of hair is really at a disadvantage nowadays

AN EVENING COIFFURE.
One of the latest fashions in hair-dressing, which shows the use of the braid. The attractive and becoming band is of gold tissue embroidered in pearls.

as the desired effect can seldom be properly obtained when the tresses are too luxuriant. One thing is undoubted, that the ingenuity of the hair dresers has been put to a strong test in supplying the means of making every sort of head look well dressed. They have evolved many aids to assist in the general scheme, including, of course, the entire head covering intended for the fashionable "mob" coiffure. For the use of women who object to having their own hair ruined by wearing heavy transformations, they have evolved a sort of cap the exact shape of the head which resembles a cocoa nut cut in half and is pinned to the back of the head. With the hair combed over it, this looks like the usual frame. In the new style of coiffure anything more than a suspicion of a wave is unfashionable.

Some Hints from Paris.

THE vagaries of fashion are so many and unexpected that the announcement from Paris that perfectly plain tailor made suits are to succeed the more ornate variety so long in favor, cannot really waken any surprise, although it may bring dismay to the woman who has provided herself with a wardrobe full of much trimmed costumes.

According to the fashion authorities the designers have decided that the new tailor suit is to be absolutely untrimmed save for a line of stitching around the edge of skirt and coat, and outlining the cuffless sleeve. All this in spite of the fact that many of the models most recently brought over are trimmed with a wealth of

IN VELVET AND FUR.
This charming costume is of black velvet, the coat made in a decidedly novel fashion, the material being gathered into two graduated rows of cording. The long roll collar is of chinchilla and fastens at the side, and well below the waist line, with bands of the velvet embroidered in jet. The skirt is quite simple and rather clinging. To accompany this costume is a hat of chinchilla finished with large wings, and stole and pillow muff of the same fur.

embroidery and braiding. In the new suits the pleated skirt is still a first favorite, and its vogue will probably last some time longer. Another innovation is the renewed popularity of the square coat-tails, the rounded ones being doomed for a time to oblivion.

In Paris and to a great extent in London, black velvet is worn whenever possible, and quite simple walking suits are contrived from this beautiful material, as well as the most elaborate visiting and evening gowns. In colors the favorite ones for the time being are various shades of brown and the inevitable dark blue, although black, and black and white still hold their own.

Many extremes are seen in the combination of gossamer fabrics with heavy materials, and chiffons and laces are used with becoming effect when combined with fur. This idea of employing widely differing materials is seen not only in dresses of all sorts, but also in cloaks and scarves.

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White Nainsook Skirts, lengths 36 to 42, lawn frilled, hemstitched tucks, $2.00.

Lawn Frills, handsomely trimmed with lace, $3.00 to $30.00.

Embroidery trimmed, $4.50 to $18.00.

Fine Nainsook Drawers, lawn frill tucked, finished with Valenciennes lace, 95c.

Fine Nainsook Lawn Frill, with Valenciennes lace and insertion, tucking in drawers, $1.00.

Fine Nainsook Drawers, tucked frill 5 inches deep, made entirely of rows of Valenciennes lace, $1.25 and $1.75.

Finest Nainsook Drawers, with fine tucking and embroidery beading, 6-inch circular frill made entirely of Valenciennes lace, $2.50.

Finest Nainsook Drawers, handsomely trimmed in fancy designs of Valenciennes lace and Valenciennes insertion, or Valenciennes and embroidery combined with pretty lace and embroidery medallions, all ribbon finished, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50 and $5.00.

Drawers, embroidery trimmed, made of fine nainsook and finished with a cluster of tucks and embroidery frill, several patterns to choose from, $1.00.

A Fancy Nainsook Drawer, circular leg, finished with embroidery beading, embroidery frill, $1.35.

Deep Embroidery Frill, finished with broad band of embroidery insertion, $1.50 and $2.00.

Very handsome Drawers, with frills of embroidery and insertion, plain or fancy designs, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, and $5.00.

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A French Heroine.

WHEN Mlle. Juliette Dodu died not long ago, France lost one of its most famous heroines. The death of this remarkable woman took place at Clarens and was sincerely regretted even by many who knew her only by name. Her history is one of which her sex may be proud for she received at the same time the Cross of the Legion of Honour and the medal for distinguished military service, and was the only woman who ever bore these two decorations. In 1870 she and her mother had the management of a telegraph office. She was just about to give information to Orleans of the arrival of the Prussians when her office was entered by the German soldiers, who obliged the two women to go into their bedroom and locked them in. Mlle. Dodu was in despair at the knowledge that her office was in the possession of the enemy and was being used by them for their own ends. Suddenly the idea occurred to her that she might intercept the messages on the wires, which passed before her bedroom window, and so gain possession of the enemy's secrets. With the help of a servant who was in the plot she threw two conducting wires over the main wires passing before her window, and during seventeen nights she transcribed, though not understanding German, fragments of the messages, which she forwarded to the French headquarters. Thanks to her ingenuity General d'Aurelle de Paladines was warned of the plans of Prince Frederic Charles and blew up the bridge of Gien, thus preventing the passage of the enemy. Mlle. Dodu was found out and arrested. Her sole defence was, "I am a Frenchwoman and my mother also." She was about to be shot when Prince Frederic Charles, struck by her spirit, pardoned her and complimented her on her bravery. The Baron Larrey, who had been instrumental in procuring her the Order of the Legion of Honour, bequeathed her a small property at Bievres, where she passed the rest of her days, until a few months ago, when her health began to fail and the doctors ordered her to go to Switzerland, where she died.

Lina Morgenstern's Life-Work.

FRAU LINA MORGENSTERN, author and reformer, and one of the best known women in Germany, died recently in Berlin in her eightieth year. Not only was she one of the most noted of social reformers in Germany, but she took a keen interest in all sorts of philanthropic work, having a wide grasp of conditions in her own and other lands. She was a popular writer of children's stories, her literary work in this direction being the outcome of her success as a teller of fascinating tales to her own youthful family. She was also the author of several books connected with her various philanthropic interests.

Frau Morgenstern distinguished herself through a long life of activity, chiefly by the practical character of all her efforts. She was born in Breslau on November 25, 1830, and was the daughter of Albert Bauer, a merchant. After a course at the common school in the Silesian capital and study at home, she became the wife of Theodor Morgenstern, a physician.

The domestic distress that followed the war of 1866 led her to found the Berlin Public Kitchens, which proved to be the most notable of her economic achievements. These kitchens, which aimed to provide food for the poor, were immediately patronized by thousands. They are still in existence, and have been adopted in every large German city. She remained for three years in charge of these kitchens and then transferred her sympathies to the foundation of a society and hospital for the protection and care of illegitimate children.

The academy for the instruction of young women who wanted to learn useful arts, the Berlin Workingwoman's Union, and the Berlin Housekeepers' Union also came into existence through her activity. The great rise in the price of food after the Franco-German war caused the foundation of this last society, which is still active, and issues a magazine devoted to its interests. Warehouses in which necessities were sold to the poor at less than market prices were organized on the co-operative plan, and they were the models of the stores existing now for the benefit of government employes and others.

The Peril of the Dry Shampoo.

THE dangers lurking in the dry shampoo have been emphasized of late by several deaths which have taken place in hair dressing shops patronized by women. It seems that it has become the custom to employ a chemical known as carbon tetrachlorid, although no one seems to know exactly what this is supposed to do to the hair. What it does, or what it may do, to the owner of the hair is evident enough when it is understood that carbon tetrachlorid is nearly the same as chloroform, that its vapor is heavier than air and therefore envelops the head upon which it is used, and that its inhalation is likely to cause unconsciousness and even death in cases where the heart is weak.

These warnings will not have much effect upon the woman who believes that the carbon tetrachlorid will improve the appearance of her hair. She is so used to look death in the face when in pursuit of beauty that a few noxious fumes more or less will be cheerfully included in the day's work. Of course there is a medical clamor for the legal prohibition of carbon tetrachlorid, upon the now well-established principle that the law must forbid us to do anything that may injure us, including an exposure to draughts or going out without an umbrella. But in the meantime it is as well to understand that the use of carbon tetrachlorid is exceedingly dangerous.

A Queen's Kindness.

THE Madrid papers are telling a pretty story about Queen Amelia of Portugal. A short time ago, while motoring in a country district, the chauffeur mistook the road, and the party did not know which way to turn. One of the gentlemen in attendance asked a peasant the way. The man looked at the magnificent car, then at the company, and thought they were making fun of him.

"As if you did not know," he said.

The Queen laughed, and assured him they were lost. Not until then did the peasant condescend to point out the way.

"Give him this for his trouble," said the Queen to one of her escort, handing him a gold piece.

"Here, my man," said the latter, "is a little present from the Queen."

The following day the peasant presented himself at the Palace, and asked to see Queen Amelia.

"I know her," he said mysteriously; "I saw her yesterday, and I want to see her again."

The attendant would have turned him away for a madman, had it not happened that one of the ladies-in-waiting recognized him.

Presently he was ushered into her Majesty's presence.

MISS NINA ABERCROMBY.

Elder daughter of the Countess of Northbrook, Miss Abercromby, who is a pretty and clever girl, is shortly to be married to Lieutenant Horace L. Kemble, M.V.O., Scots Guards. Her father was the late Sir Robert Abercromby, and the marriage of her mother, Lady Abercromby, to the second Earl of Northbrook, took place in 1859.

"Yes, 'tis thou," he said, with great satisfaction. "I did not tell thee yesterday; I have two little ones without a mother. Wilt thou be their mother?"

With womanly tenderness Queen Amelia accepted the trust, and had the little ones placed in a special institution under her patronage.

If Love is Blind.

IF Love is blind, why is it that he spies
So many wonders hid from other eyes—
Strange new delights in earth and sky and sea,
That lend the grayest day his sorcery?
If Love is deaf, why is it that he hears
Sweet harmonies unheard of other ears,
The softest whisper, and the faintest breath,
And, aye, the lightest word a woman saith?
If Love is dull, why is it that he knows
The very secrets of the bird and rose,
The word that shall awake a sleeping heart:
The honeyed poison needful for each dart?
If Love can neither see, nor hear, nor know
The wiser paths down which his subjects go—
If none may understand his mystery,
How is it that he holds the world in fee?

—Charlotte Becker.

London's Lady Mayoress.

LADY KNILL, London's new lady Mayoress, has just had a great distinction conferred upon her. this being the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, sent her by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. This Order is only held by two other women, one of whom lives in Sicily and one in Rome. It was conferred upon Lady Knill in recognition of her charitable work in the Roman Catholic diocese of Southwark, London.

Lady Knill, who is one of the most interesting of the women who have resided at the Mansion House, in addition to being queen of the city, is also known throughout the diocese, which stretches from London to Canterbury, as "queen of the poor." She is president of the Catholic Needlework Society covering this enormous district, and superintends every year the collecting, making, and distribution of over ten thousand garments for the poor, irrespective of creed.

The Order of the Holy Sepulchre is a very old one. Tradition assigns its origin to the first century of the Christian era, and there is definite knowledge of its existence in the eleventh century.

In Porto Rico the government telegraph service extends to every town, either directly or by telephone, and in addition many of the large barrios and important sugar mills are connected with the main line. The government receives messages over the 'phones and transmits them by telegraph at low rates. So profitable an investment has the whole system been from the start that recently Uncle Sam reduced the price of telegrams.

Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, was recently called to give information before the legislative committee in New York. He said that putting the wires under ground was one of the greatest difficulties, and the purpose is to get all the wires beneath the surface. One-half of all the wires between New York and Philadelphia, he said, were underground.

More than ten times the sum paid over to the Indians for about 22,000 acres, according to the original estimate, has since been paid for a single square foot of New York soil. Probably there is no other sale on record where the advance in value has been so great.

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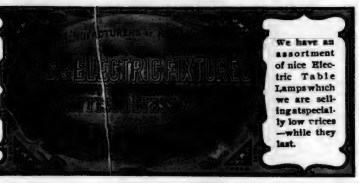

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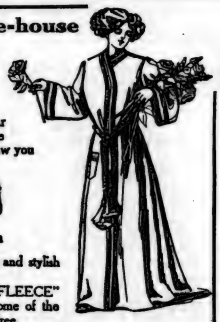

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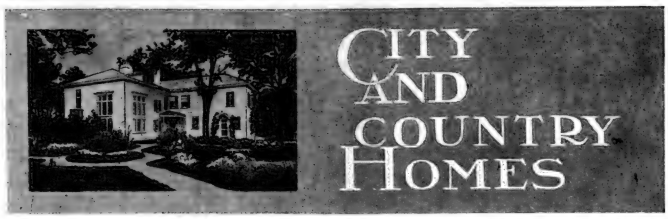

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

Four Toronto Homes Contrasted.

PEOPLE in this country are beginning to discover that home-building is not a mere matter of expenditure. Time was when a man when he decided to build a house for himself simply made an appropriation for its construction, gave his architect or builder an idea of how many rooms he wanted and told him to go ahead and put up as fine and gorgeous a place as the limit of expenditure would allow. Nowadays, however, the home-builder, if intelligent, seeks to make his residence an expression of his own tastes. The four Toronto houses here illustrated show how tastes differ. A good many people prefer the plain, simple, solid, dignified house. Dr. W. C. Trotter's residence on Avenue Road Hill is an example of this type. Others favor the style of home having features which make it absolutely distinctive—such a home, for example, as that of Mr. J. McLenehan, of Lamport Avenue. The possession of a house that is elaborate in detail and impressive in appearance without being gaudy is the aim of not a few, but one difficult to realize. Evidently this was the aim of Mr. George Gouinlock in building his Walmer Road residence, and being himself an architect of skill, he was able to achieve it. The thoroughly practical house, substantial, roomy, modern and conventional, like that of Mr. S. Lorie, of Clarendon Avenue, is still a favorite.

Dr. Trotter's house on Dunvegan Road has a fine, sterling quality about it. It is a modern adaptation of the Georgian style, designed by Messrs. Sproatt and Rolph. The brick is red, the woodwork white, and the shutters green. The windows give character to the place. No mistake seems to have been made in building the residence. It has the spacious grounds required too. The lower floor is taken up by the large living room, library, dining room, and kitchen—the latter being directly behind the dining room and connected with it by a servery. The upstairs provides for six bed rooms—grouped about a central hall—and a large bath room.

A most interesting house is "Altmover," the residence of Mr. J. McLenehan, on Lamport Avenue. It was designed by Architects Wickson and Gregg, and is one of the most charming homes in Rosedale. It is built of red brick, the upper portion having a rough-plastered surface. The roof, with its six-windowed dormer and its peculiar, graceful sweep, is excellent. All the exterior woodwork is painted white. One noteworthy feature of this house is the location of the kitchen and entire service department at the front of the house. A glance at the accompanying illustration will show that this portion of the residence is at the right hand side, where the roof breaks and runs down very low. This new plan is growing in popularity, especially with houses so situated that a fine view is to be had at the rear. Mr. McLenehan's home at the rear overlooks a deep ravine to the north, with a delightful vista of picturesque country stretching beyond. Both the library and the dining room are at the rear, the former room opening on a large verandah, so that the most is made of a beautiful home site. The parlor is at the front, but it connects with the library. On the second floor there are three bedrooms, a sitting room, wardrobes, and two bathrooms.

Architect Gouinlock's residence is a rather large one, on Walmer Road, in a district where there are many fine dwellings. It is dignified in its exterior lines, but more interesting in the general arrangement of the various rooms and the choice character of its interior appointments. The house itself is practically three storeys high, with dark red brick walls, limestone trimmings, slate roof, and a half-timbered effect beyond a point of the brick work on the sides. At the front, projecting from the living-room, is a large bay window with a rough-faced stone base, to the left of which is the entrance porch with a semi-circular hood supported by two columns flanking the steps. Beyond the line of the eaves, the brick work forms a sort of pointed parapet, with the line of angle broken on either side by two steps; this effect also being carried out on a similar scale, at the roof line over the entrance. To the right of the bay window, at the side of the house, is a large verandah, the upper portion forming a balcony at the second floor. Inside the entrance vestibule is the hall with beamed ceiling and panelled walls of dark finished oak. To the front of the hall is the drawing-room, while immediately at the side are the library and dining-room. The library has a Roman brick fireplace, with a tapestry hung above

RESIDENCE OF MR. S. LORIE, CLARENDON AVENUE.
A house of the conventional sort, modern and without individual character, but very roomy inside.

RECEPTION HALL, RESIDENCE OF MR. S. LORIE, TORONTO.
An interior view which shows this house to be more attractive inside than out. This room, octagonal in shape, is more roomy than is often found in houses with cunning exterior features.

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A TEACHER was giving a "Lesson on the Cow." She was trying to impress on their young minds the various uses of milk. Butter, cheese, etc., had been disposed of, and she wanted some bright child to tell how the farmer gave the surplus milk to the pigs. Leading up to this, she asked this question:—

"Now, children, after the farmer has made all the butter and cheese he needs, and uses what milk he wants for his family, what does he do with the milk that still remains?"

Dead silence followed for a moment, and then one little hand waved frantically.

The teacher smiled and said, "Well, Tommy?"

"He pours it back into the cow," piped Tommy.

THE teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family.

"Now, name some things," said she, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"Automobiles!" replied little Jennie Jones, promptly.

PAT was a recent arrival from the old country, who had just engaged himself as valet to a city gentleman. Among his first duties he was despatched to a certain room for a pair of shoes, being cautioned to get mates, as there were two pairs together in the closet. Pat returned with two boots, but odd ones.

"Why, don't you see that these are not mates?" impatiently demanded his employer. "One is a high shoe and the other a low one!"

"Faith, your Honor," apologized Pat, "and it's true for yez, but thin the ither pair was jist so too!"

The annual New Year's Eve At Home given at Mrs. Meyer's admirable dancing parlors at Sunnyside, proved quite a success this year, and 1910 came dancing in to splendid music and was welcomed heartily by the popular young folks who attended. The spirit of the season seemed to pervade the great ball-room and every one agreed that they had never before welcomed the New Year with such pleasure and anticipation. A delightful luncheon was served and dancing continued far into the "wee sma' hours" of the New Year.

Stubb.—Whats the trouble, old chap? You look angry enough to fight. Penn.—Oh, I'm sizzling. It took me an hour to button my wife's waist in the back, and then I told her a joke and she laughed so much the buttons all flew open. What's the use in telling a woman a joke, anyhow?—Chicago News.

"Helen," said her mother, "if you are naughty you can't go to heaven." "Well," said Helen, "I can't expect to go everywhere. I went to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' once, and to the circus twice."—The Housekeeper.

"Here's a picture that my aunt painted," said Mrs. Keephouse, showing a visitor through the flat. "It's a pretty frame, though."—Newark News.

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE GOUINLOCK, WALMER ROAD, TORONTO.
This high, comparatively narrow house affords an interesting comparison with the long, low plan now so much in favor.

the mantel, and finely designed book-cases on either side. The walls and ceiling tones are in harmony, and the hangings and furniture are consistent with the general scheme. A remarkable feature is the dining-room, which is oval in shape, the ceiling having an effective border conforming with the contour of the walls. The wainscotting and doors have a mahogany finish, the carpet was made to especially fit the room, and the furniture is of appropriate design. The sideboard is set in a recess directly opposite the windows, and at the rear are two doors, one leading into the conservatory and the other to the kitchen.

The residence of Mr. S. Lorie on Clarendon Avenue was designed by Architect Henry Simpson, now of the firm of Simpson and Young. As has been said, it is an example of the modern, conventional type. None of your stained-shingle roofs here. The roof is a slate one. The walls are of red brick, the woodwork white. The interior is roomy, no ornate kinks and corners and odd-shaped gables breaking into the space or head-room. Inside the vestibule is a spacious reception hall, with a large open staircase and ideal appointments, giving direct access to all parts of the house. All the woodwork is oak with a dull dark wax finish. The ceiling beams form an octagon which is supported by eight columns, having Corinthian caps, and placed at the points of angle. Opposite the drawing-room door is an open hearth with a built-in seat on either side, above which are leaded opaque glass windows of a slightly mottled tint, through which the outside light filters, giving the interior a subdued and restful effect. The other rooms are quite in keeping with the character of the reception-hall. The drawing and the dining-room are connected by a square-arched opening with sliding door. Both rooms have fireplaces, and the latter adjoins the kitchen, and also opens onto a large rear verandah. The second floor provides four bed rooms with built-in closets, two bathrooms, and a good sized hall.

Wall Decorations.

WALL decorations occupy the attention of the housekeeper much more at the present time than in former days. Then it was the custom for people of moderate means to invest all the money that could possibly be spared for the decoration of the home in heavy, solid pieces of furniture, which were meant to last not only during the lifetime of their purchasers but for several generations, says an exchange.

In those days the decoration of the walls was a minor consideration and was left entirely to the paper-hanger, who studied no one's taste, not even his own. A dark paper was invariably chosen, because it was serviceable, and the pictures, generally one or two heavy, cumbersome oil paintings, in gorgeous gold frames, and a few cheap engravings, were placed wherever they would fit, without regard to surroundings. To-day the mistress of the house is as much, if not more, concerned over the decoration of her walls than the choice of her furniture; and cabinets, bookshelves, and pictures vie with one another in giving those finishing touches to the furnishing of a home without which one feels there is something lacking, for dark, bare walls and ugly family portraits of by-gone ancestors no longer appeal to the cultured taste which is now general among all classes.

A writer in The House Beautiful makes these suggestions:—Do not decorate your walls with china plaques. If you have some choice ones of real value, place them in a wall cabinet, or have a set of hanging shelves in your dining-room and arrange on them the plaques and the odd bits of rare china you may possess. Bas-reliefs are sometimes very decorative. Many plaster reliefs are excellent copies from classic works and though not costly, are often worthy of a place in richly-furnished houses. They can be had finished in an antique ivory shade which looks well with almost any background. There are long and short panels of these reliefs, medallions, squares which may be used to advantage in a narrow wall space between windows, or in corners, but they should be chosen for their merit and their fitness with the general surroundings, and not simply because there is a space that needs to be filled with something.

Color Harmony in the Home.

THE right order of importance in the house (says Fred H. Daniels, in Suburban Life) runs something like this—the human beings, the furniture, the pictures, the rugs and portieres, the small fixtures and ornaments, and lastly, a background for everything else, comes the wall covering. It is very, very seldom that we find things in the home actually conceived in their right order of importance. This comes from two causes—we want everything in the house to be "pretty," and we do not consider the relation of each article to all the others, and to the effect of the entire room.

No good painter would for a moment consider the introduction of any element whatsoever into his picture which was not harmonious; more than that, he would introduce no element which was not absolutely needed at the place where it appears. There is no difference in principle between the composing of a picture and the creating of a harmonious room; only the elements with which we work vary. Old-fashioned rooms are generally very charming, simply because of the fact that time has softened any aggressiveness which their furnishings may have had in the heyday of their youth.

Furthermore, we ought to realize that it is not an abstract theory but a positive fact, that the human race, through being accustomed for thousands of years to seeing certain colors, has become habituated to these colors, and that they are not disturbing or irritating to the eye.

RESIDENCE OF DR. W. C. TROTTER, NEAR UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO.
This is an excellent example of the fine, dignified effect obtained by building a house on plain, simple lines.

key and playing the same aria. (Pictures having large, white mats belong in rooms where the whole color scheme is light; brown photographs framed closely in dark frames should appear against walls of similar character.) With this thought in mind, it is not easy to go wrong.

The halls and the dining-room, where we desire to arouse life and to extend a cordial welcome, may properly have red or orange in the color scheme. The orange-red is always more pleasing and cheerful than the violet-red, in which the blue in the violet tends to render the red cold and disagreeable.

Inasmuch as immaculate cleanliness is the essential of the bedroom, it may be finished in light and delicate colorings, which suggest, from their association with white, a cleanliness, a daintiness, and a freshness, which is always very charming.

Never do anything in house decorating because it is just deep enough to hold the roots, is dug, and the plants are set in close together, after which the soil is thrown in on the roots and tramped into place. The sole object of this is to keep the roots from drying-out until they can be planted.

Many amateurs use this temporary method with profit, for in many cases the ground is not ready when the plants arrive. When heeled-in, they will come to no harm, whereas, if they were left in the packing-cases, they would dry out, and irreparable damage would be done.

The ground around heeled-in plants usually thaws out quicker in the spring than the surrounding soil, because is is higher and therefore better drained. Nurserymen take advantage of this fact by heeling-in, in the fall, much of the stock which they expect to ship early the following spring. Here, again, the amateur can gain time in spring planting if he is unprepared for fall planting. If he buys the trees and shrubs in the fall, heels them in on his own place, and plants them as soon as the ground opens in the spring, the spring rush is avoided. Of course, trees like peaches, that will not transplant well in the fall, should not be handled in this way. If you get caught in a tight squeeze, you will find that the heeling-in of plants will be exceedingly useful.

"ALTMOVER," HOME OF MR. J. McLENEHAN, LAMPORT AVENUE, TORONTO.
A house with variety and charm, the result of the careful planning of a number of attractive features. The kitchen is at the front—a scheme which is growing quite popular.

We ought to know that other colors challenge, arouse, and even irritate certain people, just as they irritate animals, though human beings may show it less openly. Probably the grayed greens and browns, for reasons given above, are the most restful of colors, and their use is highly advisable for the woodwork and walls of the much-frequented living-room, study, sewing-room and nursery. The home is an institution built for the complete rest and enjoyment of the inmates—let us make it a haven of peace instead of a riotous museum of form and color.

When the general color scheme of a room is decided upon, every object which enters into its furnishing should be related in color to this scheme—the floors, walls, woodwork, rugs, portieres, pictures, furniture, and the small ornaments, should be harmonious, pitched in the same style. Style may be, and oftentimes is, absolutely divorced from art and common sense. Art is always but a species of refined common sense, it is "the real, well seen." The most elaborate, the most beautiful thing, is inartistic if not in an appropriate setting. Harmony is the key-note in the making of a house.

Heeling-in Trees and Shrubs.

HEELING-IN trees and shrubs is an expedient used by nurserymen, gardeners and others who handle large quantities, and who are unable to put them in their permanent place immediately upon their receipt from the nursery, says H. H. Henry, in Suburban Life. It is nothing more than a temporary planting. A shallow trench.

The Small Things of a Room.

IN buying new things, get plain ones. Good carving and ornamentation is expensive, and the cheaper variety often hides bad lines, artistically, and bad workmanship. A thing is not necessarily ugly because it is serviceable; in fact, other things being equal, it is usually the more beautiful on that account.

There is a wave, almost a craze, for things plain of line and simple in design just at present, says The Bulletin. The various handicrafts' work, arts and crafts workers, as they are called, have helped to educate the public taste in this direction, so that now even the wholesale furniture dealers are forced to regard it, and the hideous, over-decorated, over-trimmed efforts of a few years ago are fast disappearing.

Save the money that you might put into extra bric-a-brac and expensive lace curtains and spend it on flowers. A growing plant, a fern, or several of one sort or another, will add astonishingly to the charm of a room. Cut flowers are usually a luxury, in late autumn and winter, but a bouquet bought in the markets once or twice a week is not an impossibility, and gives variety.

The relation between the different parts of a room—floor, wall, ceiling and furnishings—is worthy of close study.

As a general rule, the floor should be the darkest tone of the room, the walls less dark, and the ceiling the lightest of all. If this rule is too daringly disregarded, the effect is top-heavy.

Solid, massive furniture has no place in a small room, with slight trim and "trifling" wall paper.

George Bernard Shaw recently said: "Compare the old Dutch masters—like Van Eyck—with the modern Royal Academician. You see at once that the Academician is simply an amateur. He cannot paint. He can please you with a vague thing that he calls, say, Juliet; but it is only a portrait of Miss Wilkins, or whatever the model's name was, with Miss Wilkins left out and some "Julietty stuff" thrown in, and, perhaps, a Shakespeare quotation at the foot.

LIBRARY, RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE GOUINLOCK, TORONTO.
Note the consistency and harmony of the general scheme. A notable feature is the built-in bookcase on each side of the fireplace.

DINING ROOM, RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE GOUINLOCK, TORONTO.
A dignified and interesting treatment in oval design, with appropriate furniture and decorations. This odd shape was contrived without sacrifice of any floor space.

The Words of the Widow

Never love a sentimental woman; she's as irritating as a burr and clings just as closely.

* * *

An autobiography is something a man writes to defend himself from posterity.

* * *

Examined carefully, most facts show themselves to be fiction.

* * *

The chief difference between the just and the unjust is that the latter get all the rewards.

* * *

The follies of youth are the foundation of the wisdom of old age.

* * *

Many a man who works hard for a living only succeeds in gaining an incompetence.

* * *

According to some men's philosophy, the day's worth worrying through for the sake of the dinner.

* * *

Fashion is something specially designed to keep envy alive in women.

* * *

One can be "nutty" and yet not get one's "dessert."

* * *

Hope is something that lures us on, for all the world, like a bunch of thistles held just beyond a donkey's nose.

* * *

Man, knowing he is "born to evil," accepts his fate with splendid resignation.

* * *

Conventionality is a sort of mental creeping paralysis from which the victim seldom recovers.

C. C. M.

THE KING'S HOSTESS.

The Duchess of Westminster, who was Miss Cornwallis West, and a sister of Princess Henry of Pless, was married to the second Duke of Westminster in 1901. Grosvenor House, the Duke's London residence, is a magnificent house, but his country home, Eaton Hall, Chester, where the King has been staying, is one of the show places of the north of England.

[Lallie Charles

Servant Question in New Zealand

IN New Zealand the domestic servant problem has apparently reached an even more acute stage than in Canada, and a knowledge of conditions existing in that ideal woman's land where both sexes have the right to vote, cannot fail to awaken a certain interest. During the last year meetings of ladies have been held all over New Zealand, and members of Parliament have been interviewed with a view to solving the domestic servant problem. A petition to Parliament has been drawn up, setting forth the necessity of "immediate steps being taken by the Government to establish a system of free immigration from the United Kingdom for single young women of good health and character suitable for and willing to follow the calling of domestic service."

It is undoubtedly true that ladies whose homes are outside the city radius find it almost impossible to attract servants. If the house is not on a tram line, and either in town or within easy distance of it, that house is shunned by the average domestic, no matter what other advantages it might have to offer. This does not, of course, apply to the homes of the very rich, but to those of the merely comfortable and well-to-do says "The Queen."

Where the mistress happens to be a mother with young children, naturally she must try to secure help somehow; but, speaking for well-to-do homes where the mistress and daughters are grown up; even though the income would in England be considered ample on which to keep three women servants, most likely in New Zealand none will be kept at all. Such a state of things is not uncommon in families whose income is £1,000 a year or more. And hundreds of people of independent means all over the country, in fact the majority, after putting up a house replete with every labor-saving convenience, think they can do excellently without a servant girl at all, as they consider they have sunk the sum of money which would be equivalent to her cost in the extra convenience with which the home is so amply provided. For instance, all the good homes in New Zealand cities and suburbs are supplied with gas and high pressure hot and cold water services, and these two things alone do the work of a good domestic, at half the expense and trouble. Of course, in the country the gas would be lacking, acetylene lighting plants often being used to avoid the trouble of kerosene lamps. In addition to this every labor-saving contrivance will be found in the kitchens—mincers, knife cleaners, gas stoves, grillers, gas irons, etc.; and in the washhouse, hot and cold water taps, wringers, and a washing machine. And the house will be replete with carpet sweepers, mops, brooms, brushes, and wall and ceiling brooms, linoleum polishers (long-handled), and numberless other contrivances; while outside there will be a hose for window cleaning, which will be done by the gardener.

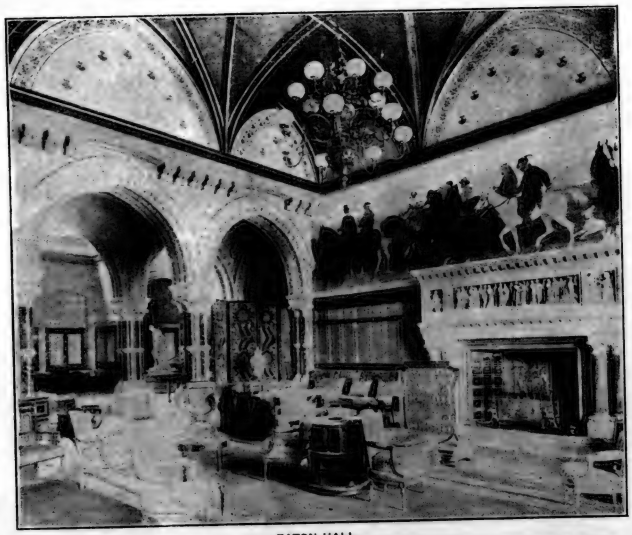
A gardener or handy man is employed nearly everywhere, either by the day or week, usually for one or two days a week, for an eight-hour day at 1s. an hour, for which sum an industrious and willing handy man can generally be found. This man will keep any ordinary half-acre garden in order, and in addition attends to all outside work—fence painting, lawn mowing, window cleaning, etc., besides beating carpets, door mats, etc., and doing any odd carpentering about the place. Such a man, either daily or weekly, most people find quite sufficient as the ladies of a New Zealand household enjoy doing their own work, and prefer it, wherever health and circumstances permit, and many object strongly to the constant presence of a servant in the house, with the need of giving her a bedroom—often a consideration. If female help is needed, the gardener's wife is generally glad to come at 5s. ($1.25), a day, many preferring to come for the afternoon, after the work required for their own families is over. In the towns, whether a servant is kept or not, most people put out the starched washing to the steam laundries, many of which do family washing at 2s. per dozen, exclusive of shirts and dresses.

The need for domestics is chiefly as set forth in the petition, for servants willing to enter homes where there are young families, and it is always doubtful whether girls can be got willing to do this, as it is precisely in such homes that the work is most arduous, and often worst paid. No girl who has been persuaded to emigrate, and who has been employed in the home of a lady of title in England, where many servants are kept, each having her allotted task, would dream of becoming a general servant in an average home in New Zealand; she would simply seek other employment after getting here. The mere fact of the Government having paid her passage money could never compel her to remain a domestic servant, especially as there is no domestic service in the country of the class to which she has been accustomed at home in England.

In the spring of this year the various passenger ships to New Zealand were reported as carrying a certain proportion, say some two or three dozen, of domestic servants, but somehow or other they do not seem to be heard of as domestic servants after arriving in New Zealand, and apparently no mistresses seem to secure these rare treasures. No, it is all very well to quote Spencer, and talk about the dignity of labor at the various ladies' meetings; it is only too apparent that both the would-be employers of labor and the girls themselves (both native born and imported) are equally anxious to be rid of that particular species of dignity.

The imported girl will naturally be an enterprising one, or she would not have left England at all, and she will go to New Zealand determined to be the equal of her sisters in the new land. It was mentioned in the petition that there are 61,000 more males than females, and a woman's position as a domestic in New Zealand would not militate against her securing a good match—on the contrary, women who were once servants are married to some of the richest men in the colony. The new-comer might, however, think it would injure her matrimonial chances here to begin in New Zealand as a domestic; and this impression would be considerably strengthened by the senseless habit that so many women indulge in of disparaging their servants, both past and present. This sort of ungrateful, ill-bred folly has been largely responsible for creating the present servant difficulty all over the world.

The imported girl would not stay to consider that a man marries the woman of his choice as a rule, whether she be a mistress or a servant, as the majority of men have no time for such feminine considerations as those of caste. The girl, however, being herself a woman, would soon gather from the scraps of conversation heard during waiting at the afternoon tea table whether her calling as a domestic in New Zealand was a desirable one from her point of view, and it rests with the ladies themselves to make that calling in their particular service as desirable as it undoubtedly should be—so desirable, in fact, that the girl herself would be genuinely sorry to leave it.



EATON HALL.

A view of one of the magnificent rooms for which Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's place near Chester, is famous.

Not Long Ago

What Detained Her.

SHE was rich and she was good natured, two things to recommend her, but when she first bought a big house in Toronto's most fashionable street, one can truthfully say that socially she hadn't "arrived."

However, she was quite ready to play the social game if she could find any partners, but members of the more exclusive set held off until her drawing room on her "At Home" day was as lonesome as a freshly laid out cemetery in which there had been no interments.

Finally one kindly disposed person decided to call, and did so. The maid, however, explained that her mistress "was not at home." The caller, who thought calls were what were wanted, was somewhat perplexed at this new aspect of the case, and asked "But isn't this her day?"

The maid admitted that it was, and moreover, explained that her mistress was in the house. Finally, she said, "Well, if you'll come in, I'll go and find out if she'll see you."

The caller waited in the big drawing room while the clock ticked away the minutes until at least twenty had passed, and then suddenly the door was opened and in walked a figure simply laden with ornaments which, at first glance, seemed to include everything usually found in a jeweler's window from divers tiaras to chains and necklets and brooches and pins all apparently of great value. Her fingers were a mass of rings, but to be perfectly candid, her hands seemed to indicate the immediate need of a vigorous application of soap and water.

"Now this I call kind of you, right down kind," voiced the walking diamond mine as she plumped down in an easy chair beside her guest. "You see I was up in the attic scrubbing it out when you arrived, and I just had time to throw on a few jewels before I came down."

What She Thought.

A LADY who is engaged in immigration work for the Dominion Government tells a story of a woman who called on her in Glasgow, seeking an opportunity to come to Canada.

The woman was old and toothless, with the exception of one prominent molar, which was much in evidence. She seated herself beside the immigration agent and said, "I hear you are taking women to America?"

"Yes," replied the agent, "I am here for that purpose."

"Well, will I do?" she asked.

"No, I scarcely think so," replied the agent. "I am looking for young girls to do housework on the farms of western Canada, and it is heavy work."

"I can do house work, and I am good and strong," replied the woman. Then she added, "Buffalo is in America, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the agent, "it is in America."

"Then that would suit me fine," said the woman. "I have a brother in Buffalo, and I could go over for my afternoon off. Yes, I think I would like to go to America."

"I am afraid you are too old," replied the agent as kindly as she could.

"Too old?" said the woman in astonishment. "Now, you don't think so do you? Why I don't know how old I am."

"I don't think the life would suit you," replied the agent, and continued her writing.

The woman sat silent, pondering, and then she said, "There are lots of men in America, aren't there?"

"Quite a few," admitted the agent.

"I hear you're no sooner landed than your lifted," said the woman.

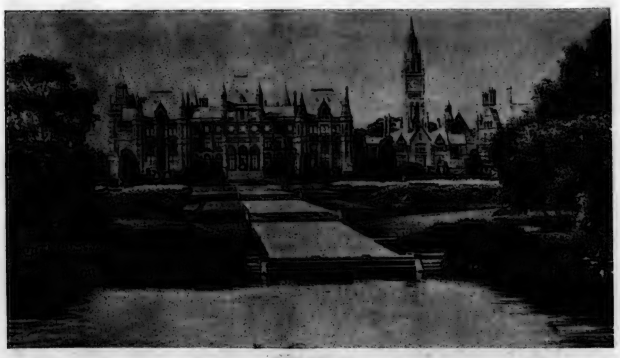
"No," said the agent, "Men are not as hard up as that."

"Well, well, I thought they were. And you really can't take me?"

"No, I am afraid not."

"Well, that's too bad," said the woman shaking her head as she went out. "They told me you were no sooner landed in America than you were lifted, and I did so want to go."

Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria, who was formerly a Princess of Reuss, is devoted to nursing and the care of the unfortunate. Through her instrumentality there has already been established in Sofia a home for the blind and another for the deaf and dumb.



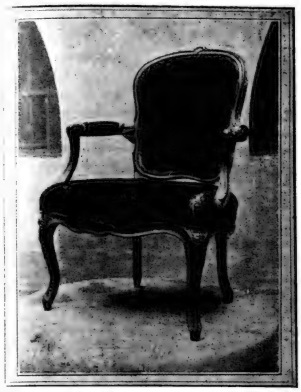
EATON HALL.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster recently entertained a large party at Eaton Hall, Chester, when His Majesty, the King, paid them a visit. In the party were Prince and Princess Henry of Pless, the Earl and Countess of Essex, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Lord Milner, the Marquis of Soveral, Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel, and Lord Colebrooke. The Queen and Princess Victoria were to have accompanied the King, but were prevented by the death of the Princess Waldemar of Denmark.

Marie Antoinette and The Conciergerie

IS is a city of museums, but one more, and that e full of personal memories and associations may d to the existing number. It has been suggested cell which Marie Antoinette occupied in the rgerie should be converted into a museum and with relics associated with the unhappy Queen's nths on earth.

st people who have visited Paris have, at some other, secured the permit necessary to enable

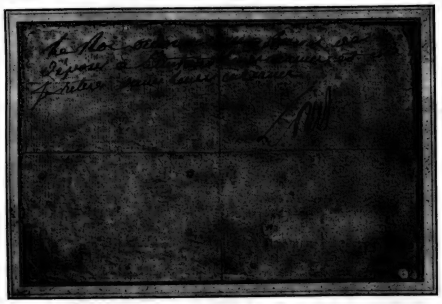


A chair from Marie Antoinette's cell in the Conciergerie.

them to visit that dark and lonely and forbidding cell where France's lovely Queen lived in misery unspeakable until the guillotine released her from an existence that was infinitely worse than death. Those who have found themselves in that dreary room may have reconstructed for themselves the daily life of the execrated Austrian. In imagination they have seen her shadowy presence pass between them and the wall; and have, in fancy, beheld her as she prepared herself on that last morning for the cold embrace of the steel that was to free her for all time, and place her among the heroic figures of "la belle France."

A sufficient number of relics associated with the ill-fated Queen's stay in the Conciergerie have been preserved to make such a museum as the one proposed, of more than usual interest. Among the things most closely associated with her is the chair which she used during her imprisonment. This has been kept in his office by M. Pourret, the Director of the Conciergerie, in order to preserve it from the vandalism of the relic hunters who weekly visit her cell.

Other museums in Paris have interesting relics of the time of Louis XVI. and his Queen. In the Carnavalet Museum, one of the most interesting documents is the last Royal Act of the King being his order to the troops at the Tuileries to cease fire during the attack of the Paris mob in 1792. It was not immediately obeyed, but when it was, and the troops retired, the palace fell and with it the French monarchy.



The last Royal Act of Louis XVI.

Another most interesting relic among the many remaining at Versailles and the little Trianon is a musical clock which belonged to Marie Antoinette. It was designed to play airs from Gluck and other composers but for over a century it did not go. Quite recently it was repaired, but as the works are very fragile it is only set going for monarchs and other important visitors, the first to hear it, after its restoration, being the young King of Portugal who was in Paris recently.

Marie Antoinette's musical clock, now in the Palace at Versailles.

Landladies One Meets

THE woman who is looking for lodgings is nearly always in turn looked upon with suspicion by the son best fitted to fill her wants. Mine hostess of boarding-house seems naturally to look askance upon young person in search of a home, and even after cepting an applicant and permitting her to become e of her household she invariably regards her paying guest as a poor sort of creature who must prove herself worthy of the honor extended to her.

Women must live, and it is usually the misfortune, instead of the fault of most of them, that they are so alone in the world that they must substitute "rooms and board" for a real home. To the average landlady the world over, however, it seems that an unattached female is something to be classed with the utterly undesirable, and to be avoided like the plague. Before finally condescending to accept a boarder and her money and make the best of both, the professional home-provider puts the home-seeker through a rigid course of cross-questioning that is quite as severe as that undergone by a suspicious looking immigrant at Quarantine. There's this much, however, to be said for the landlady, she often does get "stung," but she suffers more as a rule from men who try to "do" her than from women.

Almost everywhere, save in the opinion of the landlady, woman's right to be free is now admitted without question. She alone remains early-Victorian and unconvinced, and a true bill on this count can be found against most of the "reduced" ladies who let rooms the world over. Suspicion becomes a habit with them, and they go through life expecting to be "done." In Toronto only the other day, a visitor to the city—so respectable-looking that she could have palmed off a gold brick on a receiver of stolen goods without awakening his suspicions—applied for rooms at a house where the usual little card, such as attracted the "Third Floor Back" in the play of that name, was stuck in the doorway. In response to her query as to whether there was a room that might suit her the visitor to town was asked "For you and your husband?" Blushingly she admitted that it was for herself alone, whereupon, without more ado, the door was slammed in her face as she was told that the landlady "didn't approve" of single women. Neither did the applicant for the room by the way, but that didn't in the least assist her to solve the problem of finding a home. She applied to various places in turn, to be met in several instances with the remark that "no ladies need apply," or its equivalent. Finally, after submitting to a third-degree examination which would have made a hardened criminal admit he had committed a crime of which he had never previously heard, she had a moment of inspiration, and explained that the reason she wanted a room was in order to be near friends who couldn't accommodate her in their own home, whereupon the landlady relented and another one of Toronto's visitors found a place to send her luggage.

Personally, I have hunted for a home in many big cities both in America and Europe and there is little of the usual procedure in which I could not pass an examination. There aren't many of the drawbacks of the "pension" as it exists in various lands that I have not encountered. On all such places I look back with mixed emotions, save one, and that was a delightful abode in Venice where the boats—red and orange sailed—passed to and fro before the windows. It was a little paradise on earth where a sallow old Italian evolved wonderful dishes to tempt the appetite, a place where the odor of the breakfast coffee and the scent of the flowers in the court rivalled in their appeal. In retrospection, it seems perfect, but, as all travellers in Italy will admit, there are certainly lively disadvantages in that country which, at the time, seriously affect one's comfort.

Perhaps the most amusing landlady who ever took me to her home and heart at "so much per," was a queer little person in London who assured me that she had been "chief in a gentleman's family," but fortunately her distortion of French proved, on closer acquaintance, not to extend to French dishes. We became excellent friends and she confided her history to me as have all the landladies with whom I have ever come in contact. This little woman, in the days of her prosperity, had been the wife of a tailor and I remember her telling me with all sincerity that people were crazy who objected to the habit which seems to have prevailed at various times of supplying soldiers bound for the front, with shoddy outfits. And she reasoned it this way. "Now, you see, there was me and my 'usband a-trying to make a living. 'Ad we put the best cloth an' the best buttons into the clothes we made for them soldiers that went to the Crimea it would 'ave been sheer waste for they were as good as dead men before they left. Now, I asks you, what was the use of putting good clothes on men that was soon to be in their graves?" And even after that I forgave the old pirate all her misdeeds on account of the excellence of her cooking.

One experience I remember, and look back upon with amusement, though at the time it wasn't as funny as it looks, seen from this distance. I was looking for rooms in a poor district in London flattering myself that a few weeks of such life would offer me a chance to investigate certain social conditions in which I was interested. In my search I came to a little red brick cottage in the middle of a row of twenty-five or so, all as like as peas in a pod, and all built on the plan of Noah's ark as reproduced for the delectation of the children in the nursery. I knocked, I applied, and I was received into a household that included one raven, two dogs, a parrot and a cat and not last or least, a husband of the landlady. I say "a" husband advisedly, for the little old lady had been married once before and to the late departed she aways referred as "My husband," while "No. 2" was simply "Johnston," described by his spouse in moments of expansiveness as "an ornamental bricklayer."

For a day or two all went well. Then came Christmas, and with it a pronounced celebration for both my landlady and her ornamental half in which my existence was forgotten in their joyous drinking of "square face." It was one of those dreadfully foggy days when London is absolutely lost to view, and through the thick pea soup atmosphere one could hardly see across the room. I had ordered chicken for dinner, and dinner at two o'clock. Did I get it? I sat in my room and shivered, and finally when starvation got the better of discretion, and the merriment below waxed less and less, I stole softly down stairs and foraged until I found some suspicious looking bread and cheese, and that, added to a plum cake fresh from Canada helped to eke out an indigestible meal. That was an occasion on which I wanted help, the circumstances being such as to render me utterly powerless.

One more picture from my gallery of landladies, and I have done. This one, looking back upon her through the haze of years, was entirely unique. She, too, was little and rather wizened and she rejoiced in the wonderful name of Precious. "You see," she said to me one morning as she stood watching me pour my coffee, "you see, ma'am, I haven't been married, but it sounds more respectable-like to be called 'Mrs.' instead of 'Miss,' and so all the ladies kindly so addresses me." The best hearted of all the landladies I have met, she was certainly the most original. One day she touched upon the subject of death and she waxed as mournfully happy over the topic as is usual with her class. "I expect I'll be took off sudden," she remarked, "you see it comes natural in our family, for my poor, dear brother died of a diseased heart which he inhaled from my father." On another occasion I presented her with two matinee tickets and she came home delighted—"Why," she said in rapture, "when I saw the ladies putting their sixpences into them little shallots and a pulling out opera glasses, I says to myself, I shouldn't have believed it unless I had seen it."

"'Shallots'? Mrs. Precious," I queried, for I never thought of "slots."

"Why, yes, ma'am, them little slits in the boxes on the backs of the chairs,—that's what I heard a lady call 'em, 'shallots.'"

And so it goes if the professional wanderer begins to dip into the past. The years are full of half forgotten experiences and half forgotten faces, but one reminiscence gives rise to another until the gallery of landladies resolves itself into a vast portrait collection, all unlike, and yet each with some suggestion of the rest apart from the fundamental distrust of their own sex, which characterizes them all.

A Famous Frenchwoman.

THE Dowager Duchesse d' Uzes, one of the most famous of modern Frenchwomen, though a very great lady indeed, has such wide and varied interests in life that she reminds one of another of her country women, Sarah Bernhardt.

While most of the Duchesse's sympathies are assumed to be with the exiled family of Orleans, she makes the best of present political conditions in France and instead of remaining shut up in a chateau in the country spends much of her time in Paris, where she is a very important person. Left a widow while still quite a young woman, she has led a life full of interest and as society leader, politician, sculptor, and sportswoman has always held her own. She has always worn mourning since the death of her husband and her black clad figure is looked for whenever anything of importance is taking place. In appearance, this remarkably versatile woman is a picture of health. She is about the medium height, and her sympathetic face is wonderfully full of expression. To see her, full of life and energy, either hunting with her own pack, or working hours at a time in her studio, no one would believe it possible that she was several times a grandmother.

As a sculptor, the Duchesse is very well known, indeed, and some of her most successful work includes her statue of Emile Augier at Valence, and her Jeanne d' Arc at Point-a-Mousson. Of "la Pucelle" the Duchesse has made many studies, and she is very fond of the quaint old town of Domremy where Jeanne dreamed her wonderful dreams. Sculpture has always exerted a great fascination for the Duchesse and when a child she spent as much time as possible in modelling although it was a forbidden delight. She still has among her treasures a lion which she modelled when a child, and which so pleased her father that he had it cast in bronze. Her mature work has fulfilled the promise of her childhood, and she still spends many hours a day in her studio.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.
The Dowager Duchesse d'Uzes in hunting costume.

As a sportswoman the Duchesse d' Uzes enjoys a splendid reputation and during the autumn she hunts at least twice a week. Her favorite residence is the Chateau de Bonnelles near the forest of Rambouillet and a meet there is a most picturesque sight. The Duchesse preserves every time-honored custom of the sport, and herself always leads the hunt, hers being the only black clad figure. The Duchesse was, at one time, vice-president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals but was asked to resign on the grounds that being a huntswoman she was encouraging cruelty. The Duchesse, however, claims that hunting has always existed and that the stags would have to be killed even if they were not hunted.

The pack owned by the Duchesse is said to be one of the finest in the world. The hounds, eighty in number, are kept at the old manor of La Celle, not very far from Bonnelles, a residence which was given to the Sire of Palaiseau by Francis I, passing into the possession of the Duke d' Uzes in 1868. The hounds are provided with fine kennels, and have a wood of two acres in extent in which to exercise.

In Paris, one of the favorite haunts of the Duchesse is the Lyceum Club, and there she spends a good deal of time, meeting the women who are prominent in arts and letters. The members and their friends regard it as a distinction to have an opportunity to chat with the Duchesse, who is the president of the Club, and her society is much sought. The ready interest of the Duchesse in the Club is ascribed to the fact that, in its establishment, she saw a chance for French women to associate with their English sisters, and enjoy and acquire that independence and self-reliance which she herself practices, and so much admires in others.

The Duchesse d' Uzes, while many sided and noted in the world of sport, art and letters, as well as society, probably never created as much interest as by her subscription of three million francs to the Boulanger fund. It is said that she had no admiration for Boulanger himself and, in fact, rather despised the man, but she thought him a good instrument in ultimately securing some other regime, the Orleans for preference, in France. She accepted her mistake like a true sportswoman, but has never made a second attempt. In the France of to-day, she is said to find a bourgeois sordidness mixed with a third-rate Bohemianism out of which she believes no greatness can emerge, and to regret the mediocrity which she thinks is shaping the destiny of a great nation.

Old Friends and New

Tennyson's "The Death of the Old Year" is republished at the request of P.B.:—

FULL knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low.
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die:
You came to us so readily.
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

A Thought.

ONCE, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun—
A land of broad, green meadows, through which poured
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea—
Thus as I looked, I know not how nor whence,
Was born into my unexpected soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man,
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

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TORONTO SOCIETY

THE Hon. President of the Canadian Art Club, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, is giving a large dinner this evening to the members and friends of the club, at the new up-town club house of the York Club, corner Bloor and St. George streets. The opening of the New Year Exhibit of the Canadian Art Club took place in the Library Art Gallery, College and St. George streets, yesterday evening and was a very smart affair. This Art Gallery, though far from an ideal place for the display of large pictures, is so much more central and attractive than the former location of the club in Adelaide street, that many more admirers of the club's work will find their way into the exhibition than before. As usual, it is well worth more than one visit.

The climax of a busy and brilliant holiday week was the "Good Wishes" dance at Chudleigh, which was easily the most delightful party of the season, and where an unusually large number of The Master's friends saw the Old Year out and the New Year in. It was the "initiation" of the new ball room also, which was barely finished in time, and was a splendid addition to the possibility of a royal time at Chudleigh. The ball room is large and lofty with oaken beams below the cream ceiling and a huge hearth with a cosy little nook along side and large southern windows, richly curtained. A *bijou* little palm room down a short flight of steps at the west end, leads to a stairway to the billiard room below the ballroom. Such a big addition to the house makes a ball both more enjoyable to everyone and less of an upheaval to the *menage*, the beautiful drawing rooms being undisturbed and most attractive sitting out places. Mr. Beardmore, who, like all the members of the Hunt, wore the dashing "pink," with black satin breeches and buckled shoes, received in the drawing room, Mrs. Fisk (*nee* Beardmore), of Montreal, acting as hostess, and looking, as she always does, a picture of grace and gentle kindliness. Her gown was of soft cream satin, and chiffon with violets on the corsage, and her jewels were diamonds. Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, another sister of the host, was in a very handsome grey gown embroidered in silver, her snowy coiffure suiting the elegant gown to perfection. Mrs. Campbell Reaves and Miss Pearl Macdonald, her daughters, were in primrose satin and sparkling jetted gowns respectively. Everyone missed beautiful Mrs. Frederick Beardmore, *nee* Gzowski, and her husband, who did not come up from Montreal as usual. Mrs. Gavin Ogilvie, (Mary Gzwoski), in a pale blue gown, was greeted by her old Toronto friends, and has been with her husband, at Clovelly for the holidays. The Misses Gibson, with Mr. Hope Gibson and Captain Douglas Young came from Government House; the Misses Mortimer Clark were very welcome guests; the Davidson-Home wedding party and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, and her young people, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, and Miss Ina Matthews, the Kerr-Glass wedding party, Mr. and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer and Captain and Mrs. Bertram Denison, Col. and Mrs. Denison, of Heydon Villa and their pretty daughter, Miss Clare; Major and Mrs. Layborn, Major and Mrs. Lang, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Colonel Victor Williams, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean and Mr. Bruce, of Aberdeen; Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis and their young people, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Smith, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Featherston Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hammond, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Grace Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Warren, Miss Arnoldi, Mrs. John Cawthra, a picture in white satin and rare old lace; Mr. and Mrs. George Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Barwick, Mr. Holland, Mr. Allen Case, Mr. Alec Gibson, Mr. Stanley Kerr, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Tom Law, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. Allen Taylor, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. Torrance Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Williams Beardmore, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mrs. Lapham, of New York, and her brother, Captain Boddy; Mr. Galt Kingsmill, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. Eric Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Colonel Lessard, Major J. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. M. Rathbun, Colonel and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Dyment, Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Miss Dorothy Skill, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mr. B. Osler, with a bevy of young beauties, including Miss Julia Pringle, in a black velvet gown, looking a picture; Miss Mollie Maclean, in turquoise satin; Miss Delia Davies, in white satin and lace; Miss Evelyn Taylor, in white satin; Miss Lois Duggan, in orchid satin; Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, in smoke grey; the Misses Norah and Georgie Sankey, in pink and blue satin respectively; Miss Kemp, in pale pink satin; Miss Julia Cayley, in pink satin; Miss Violet Lee, in white satin; Miss Adele Boulton, in pale blue, and Miss Vivien Boulton, in pink; Miss Gypsey Grasett, in white; Miss Fellowes, in pale blue; Miss Rosamond Boultbee, in a painted chiffon gown; Miss Elsie Cotton, in white satin; Miss Gladys Murton, in blue satin; Miss Flora Macdonald, in white satin; Miss Violet Heward and Miss Violet Edwards, in their white coming-out frock; Miss Elaine Mackray, in white with holly berries; Miss Mabel Lennox, in pale green; Miss Frou Le Mesurier, in pale blue satin; Miss Morrison, in white satin; Miss Loraine Handyside, of Montreal, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, of Hamilton, Miss Patti Warren, in white and silver; Miss Hilda Burton, in pale blue; Miss Phyllis Moffatt, in pink chiffon; Miss Amy Saunders, in white satin; Dr. Howitt, of Guelph; Miss Campbell Renton, in turquoise; Mr. Finacane, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Gooderham, Mr. Gordon Glass, Colonel Simson, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Francis, Mr. Jack Somerville, Mr. A. Houston. Supper was served shortly before twelve o'clock, the family party and intimate friends gathering about a large round table, and quartette tables being arranged, (appearing mysteriously from nowhere in the magic of modern catering), in the ballroom, palmroom and billiard room below. When the immense crowd was seated, and the host passed through the ballroom with a kindly look about to be sure everyone was happy, a huntsman rose and called for his health, which was drunk with rousing cheers and singing. The turn of the year was heralded by the music of "Auld Lang Syne," sung by the hundreds of guests with crossed hands clasped and great gusto and mirth. "Good wishes" were heartily exchanged, and after supper the dance went gaily on until good nights were regretfully said at last.

A PROMINENT ENGLISHWOMAN.

Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, is the daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, who has had the distinction of marrying two Dukes. The Duchess of Hamilton's daughter, now Lady Graham, will also become a Duchess when her husband succeeds to the Dukedom of Montrose. Formerly Lady Mary Montagu, daughter of the seventh Duke of Manchester, Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, has long occupied a leading position among Englishwomen. Some years ago she married Mr. Robert Carnaby Forster, and both he and his wife devote much of their time to outdoor sport.

The two official receptions on New Year's Day at Government House and the See House where the Mecca of many loyal pilgrims, paying their *devoirs* to Church and State. At Government House, His Honor and the house party were the most cordial of hosts, and at the See House, the Bishop and Mrs. Sweeny were assisted by Bishop and Mrs. Reeve in looking after their visitors.

Mr. T. Alfred Jones, of Haileybury, was in town this week. Miss Loraine Handyside, of Montreal, is a much admired guest at all the smart functions this vacation. Mrs. Charles Sampson is visiting her parents in Rusholm road.

The indoor baseball games of the military men interested in this sport begin this evening at the Armouries, when at the after reception in the Mess rooms Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald and Mrs. Percy Mason will receive the guests and act as chaperones.

The very sad and greatly deplored death of Mr. Charles Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, son of Mr. James Plummer, occurred on Monday, after a long illness following a second operation for appendicitis. The family circle at Sylvan Tower, with its sons and daughters, three of each, have always been one of the most attractive in Toronto. Two of the sons have been away with their regiments in service of the King, for years, occasionally visiting Toronto to be feted and welcomed by their many friends. Miss Plummer is now abroad, her younger sisters, Joyce and Winnifred, being here to comfort their parents in this great trial. The deepest sympathy is with this esteemed family in their loss.

The engagement is announced of Miss E. Mae Sutton to Mr. A. Fraser McQuarrie, the marriage to take place the latter part of January.

Mrs. Gordon Crean was receiving on Monday and Tuesday at her sister, Mrs. Dunbar's, 97 Roxborough street east. She wore a dress of cream satin beautifully embroidered, and Mrs. Dunbar and another sister received with her. In the dining room Mrs. Warren (*nee* Crean) and Mrs. R. S. Wilson presided at the table, which was lovely with the finest white carnations in a setting of feathery green ferns.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holland announce the engagement of their daughter, Edith Anderson, to Mr. T. C. Keefer, eldest son of Mr. Charles Keefer, C.E., of Ottawa, and grandson of Mr. T. C. Keefer, C.E., C.M.G., of Rockcliffe, Ottawa.

Miss Edith Holland has gone to Montreal to visit her *fiance's* parents, Mr. and Mrs. Keefer.

Mrs. George A. Cox held her first reception since her marriage at her home in Sherbourne street, on Tuesday afternoon, when throngs of ladies filled the spacious rooms of the fine old mansion from four to six o'clock. Mrs. Cox wore her *robe des noces* of soft white satin elaborately sewn with pearls and bugle embroideries, and her hair simply done in the new Classic style. She was a very dignified and gracious bride, and everyone admired her very sincerely. Mrs. Ed Cox and Mrs. Bert Cox assisted in the drawing room, and the guests strolled by various ways to the dining room, where a perfectly lovely table was set with elaborate refreshments, hot and cold, and centered with a splendid basket of deep crimson roses and feathery green. Mrs. Cox, a widowed sister-in-law of Senator Cox, and Mrs. George Morrow, poured coffee and tea, and half a score of lovely maidens waited on the visitors. Everywhere was beautiful flowers and admiring crowds; in fact, but rarely has a bride been so inundated with callers. All were glad to hear that Senator Cox is recovered from the effects of what might have been a very severe fall which he suffered a few days before.

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1904 ..... 96 per cent.
1905 ..... 98 per cent.
1906 ..... 97 per cent.
1907 ..... 97 per cent.
1908 ..... 97 per cent.

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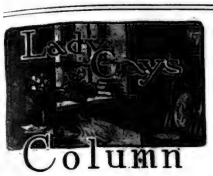

Column

THE funniest things in the New Year are certainly the new s and mammas and their new s! There are lots of them ol this year, quite a few boys, be going to have a war, sure! get letters beginning with ortho- wishes and then surely slanting nstanter to "but I must tell you t our dear new blessing," or s to that effect. They all mean and no matter what enthralling of tasty bit of gossip, or specu- e philosophy or physic research be begun in that letter, it in- y branches off, or leads up, or ly breaks into baby! You don't ut what has been said of Mrs. dirtation with old B., nor can you grasp the ultimate conclusion whether there be canals in Mars and even the deep question as what is possible in the matter of ought transference is clouded to vision, but you are thoroughly rmed that baby weighs just ten nds and looks like either, neither th of his parents, and is going to christened Reginald, because that's lucky name this year! When the bies aren't quite so new, but have their eyes properly open and can, un- der strong pressure, keep their mouths closed long enough to dis- close the rest of their indistinct feat- ures to the camera, you get 'em on calendars with apologies for the de- fects of the snapshot, which never does the dear infant justice. And you have to lie and lie in your letters of gratitude about the brightness, in- telligence and evident acumen of the baby on the calendar, for if you don't, the new papa and mamma will hate you as long as they live. However, no one would have the least respect for a new papa and mamma with a new baby at this season of the year who didn't brag and boast and talk about it, and take its picture to stick on calendars for their most favored friends, and generally give every proof of infantamania, if the type will st up such a word!

Some one with a long memory rites to ask me what has happened my baby, that adorable borrowed ite who used to peep in here occa- ally, just as everything interest- g in my daily life is sure to do. Little Lady Gay is flourishing, very rown up at two and a half, and re- rted as being struck speechless by e lavishness of Santa Claus, when was dressed and turned loose to scover whether he had called. Of urse she is pretty, and my best hristmas box was her little serious iiz staring wisely at me in a photo. s the Scotch say, so say I, to the friend who asked: "Thank ye for speerin!"

From all the east coast are arriving doleful accounts of the ravages of the Christmas weather. One friend writing from Massachusetts tells of monstrous seas that rent her sea wall, her garden, supposedly safe, and fin- ished by washing away a lot her hus- band had just completed purchasing! That last is the very meanest trick of my powerful love, the Atlantic ocean. And 'way down in the be- loved island, there have been weird doings, the tidal wave washing through pretty little old Placentia, where the sea has always shown off its choicest stunts, in the way of building up and destroying, and where scores of acres of beach form- ed of round pebbles the size of your fist stretch in un-walkable length about Placentia proper, the result of an historic storm many years back. There will be sails missing from the smart little fleet of fishing boats next summer, and women in black o' Sun- days, who wore whatever tint their fancy prompted and the wee shoppies could supply last summer. It's not all picnic and peace down by the sea!

Do you know the lady who is mad on medicine and always has, either personally or in her family circle, some dire complaint, on which she is posted to the last detail and insists on posting her entrapped hearers? Do you dodge her remedies and try to forget her symptoms, all in vain, and does she still pursue you with earnest directions to keep it on just so long, or to rub it well in, or to take it regularly every three hours, or to be sure and shake it well first? There are such ladies, and you can safely bet, when you see them whispering impressively to some startled or bored looking friend, not that they are ut- tering scandal at all, but that they are recalling some "awful time" he, she or they have recently endured, or else telling of some magical cure for the incurable. You are safe to catch an echo of "Rub it in well," or "Shake it thoroughly" as you slink by, fearful of an investigation of your own inner man, so soon after the temptations of holiday banquets. A peculiarity of such ladies is that their own appearance does not often shout in favor of their extra know- ledge or their superabundant reme- dies.

We are such creatures of habit that it is small wonder we find it difficult to change our ways at a day's notice. Which accounts for the pavement of Hades! Mechanically we go our daily round, even when it isn't monotonous; mechanically we turn up the same street, to get home, and sometimes find ourselves at the door of the house we have vacated and sold, borne thither by habit and a cloud of other thoughts. That happened to me more than once, some years ago! So it's not the resolution to change that is the pull, but the breaking of a habit whose first silken strand time has woven into a staunch cable. The man accustomed to wine at his meals turns mechanically to the wine list and is deciding whether it shall be red or white to-day when his resolve shakes the water-wagon, and rouses his memory. Can anyone imagine a more exasperating mo- ment? Or the woman who has de- termined she will speak no carping or criticizing word of her neighbor, finds herself in a lovely interesting group busily employed in picking the feathers off some fallen angel's wings. How childish and *poseuse* it becomes to withdraw, without telling that delightful episode, of which she alone knows, in the fallen angel's descent. Or when the girl has a spasm of humanity and promises her- self to abjure coquettish ways, and the moths come fluttering round her Vestal fire, she never thinks of the habit of eye and tone of voice and general pretense that binds her. Or those young men who, seeing for one clear moment the big things of life, and gauging justly its small pestilen- tial plagues, were moved to a great effort to reach the hailing distance of the former and cut loose from the clinging fingers of the latter. The moment when such vision comes is full of great pathos. What man might be! But man is a creature of habit and habit holds him, and the vision fades, and the little pestilential plagues of avarice, of lust, sloth, greediness, obtuseness and false shame gather round him, small but strong and insistent. Which is quite a cartload of paving stone for Hades, if he be weak and cowardly and averse to pain and self-immola- tion, as, truly, are most of us! Good resolutions versus habits, and a ver- dict for the plaintiff every time!

LADY GAY.

ELLEN TERRY'S CLEVER DAUGHTER.

Miss Edith Craig, whose mother is that idol of the English stage, Ellen Terry, is decidedly clever in her own way and has produced a number of plays for her gifted mother. It was Miss Craig who so successfully arranged "The Pageant of Famous Women" at the Actresses' Franchise League matinee recently held at the Scala Theatre, London. Miss Craig, like her brother, Mr. Gordon Craig, has many original ideas and the ability to carry them out, especially in the matter of stage management and scenery.

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A Celery Farm's Success.

ENTERPRISING women seem at no loss when it comes to earn- ing their living in new and untried fields. Given a little capital and a good deal of energy and brains it is surprising what excellent results are obtained by women who devote their time and attention to specializing. The time seems to have gone by when going into an office or a shop was about all women could do if forced to earn a livelihood. It doesn't seem so long ago since the pioneer women in the tea shop line were regarded as heroines. Yet to-day there is hardly anything which offers as a money making pusuit in which women are not showing themselves successful. Moreover they are opening up new paths, and proving that they can win out in entirely unexpected places.

One of the latest ways in which a clever and enterprising woman has shown what she can do in the way of providing a competence for her old age is in running a celery farm, from which she counts on clearing a little over six hundred a year, al- though she has made something just less than a thousand during the past twelve months.

Just now she is devoting all her energy to paying for a farm in Dela- ware which she is buying by means of yearly instalments. According to her story when she bargained for the farm four years ago there was a swamp right in the middle of the cultivated part, and in order to utilize this patch she decided upon convert- ing it into a huge celery bed. After many ups and downs, especially in the matter of obtaining adequate help, and much studying of garden lore, she sums up what she has learned as follows:

"The year I made $600 on my three acres of swamp land I learned that celery and lettuce are the vege- tables for which there is a perpetual demand. The next year I cut out my onions, spinach and early cab- bage and devoted the swamp to celery and lettuce. My profit on the swamp climbed up to $800, $200 of which was for lettuce.

"Last year I planted out almost as much again in celery, early and late crops, and my profit climbed up to $1,000. I fertilized the swamp to about the limit, I think, and I feel that that was the secret of the per- fection of my crop. The seeds were the best in the market, as I have learned from experience that cheap celery seed is the most expensive thing you can put on your farm, not excepting hens that are too old to lay. I have tried the hens also.

"I plant my celery seeds in the greenhouse in January. It takes be- tween two and three weeks for them to come up unless they are forced by heat. As soon as the fine hairlike plants develop the two first real leaves the process of picking out be- gins and drags along through Feb- ruary and March. The greenhouse must be kept well ventilated and not too warm.

"The earth in the boxes must of course be highly fertilized as the ob- ject is to produce fine stocky plants instead of spindling ones. In April, as soon as the muck in the swamp is dry enough to be ploughed, the fertilizer is sowed broadcast and raked and harrowed in until the sur- face of the swamp is as smooth as a flower bed.

"The young plants are taken from the greenhouse and set in the ditch to keep moist until they are set out in the damp muck. As the plants are set out the ground is raked over and made smooth, but within a day or so it must be gone over again to chop out the weeds. From then on until the celery is gathered there is a perpetual fight against weeds. The wheel hoe must be kept moving every day in the week, back and forth, and twice as hard Mondays because of the lapse of Sundays.

"So soon as the plants are large enough, which for those set out in April should be in June, the boards are laid over the patch. It will take just an acre of boards, ten inches wide by sixteen feet long mine are, to cover an acre of celery. These boards are laid between the rows, and two men, or one man and myself, take two boards at their ends on op- posite sides of the row, lift them up and hook a wire across. When this task is accomplished only a small part of the green tops of the celery plants can be seen peeking above the tops of the boards.

"It requires from five to ten days for the celery to be bleached enough for market. When that time comes I get into the patch with all the help on the place accompanied by all the wide tired wheelbarrows that I own and get to work getting the celery out of the muck, bunch by bunch. The roots are cut off with a knife, a few of the outer stalks thumbed off and the plants are tossed into heaps to be hauled to the cleaning shed.

"This shed is built over the ditch and the water so arranged that it flows into several large basins and then back into the ditch. The celery is washed, sorted according to size and put into bundles of one dozen each. The top is then cut off and the dripping bunches are packed in paper lined crates.

"If the celery is as good as that which I grow in my swamp it shouldn't fall below 30 cents the bundle. I have sold celery as low as 20 cents the dozen bunches and as high as 90. The first was as much too low as the last was two high. It was the season, not the quality of the celery, that counted.

"As soon as my June celery is taken away the ground is cleared and put in order for lettuce or late celery. I never risk letting the weeds in that swamp get ahead of me.

"People have asked me if it wouldn't have been better for me to remain in the store where I once worked, putting my savings in the bank against old age, than to invest in a farm and have the work and worry of keeping things going. I am sure it would not have been so sat- isfactory for me, whatever it might be for another woman.

In the first place so long as I was only putting money in bank the in- ducement to spend was much great- er than the inducement to save. I worked twelve years before I had as much as $200 in bank. When I set my heart on having a home and saw that by saving for a few years I would have money to pay the first instalment on a farm that could be made self-supporting I began to save in earnest. After I paid that first in- stalment I had to save to keep from losing my all.

"Now, after these few years I am not only my own mistress, but I have a self-supporting home. It would have taken me much longer to lay up enough money to retire on and then I would only have been able to live in a boarding house or rent a small flat in a small city. The business woman who listens to me will prepare for her old age by investing in a home that will pay its running ex- penses rather than counting on liv- ing in the city and either working or loafing in her old age."

A TALENTED MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Arthur Bourchier, perhaps better known to the English theatre-going public as Violet Vanbrugh, has appeared in a number of London successes. Her daughter, who is a winning little girl of twelve, has great aspirations, and long since made up her mind to follow in the footsteps of her parents and become a star.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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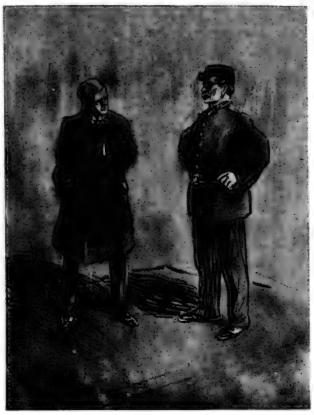
Synopsis:—On the morning of January 15th, 1907, Henry Holford, proprietor of a garage in Chiswick, a suburb of London, receives a visit from a mysterious neighbor, Kershaw Kirk, who shows a singular interest in a new German tire. He invites Holford to visit him that evening, when he tells his guest that he needs assistance, as he is suspected of the murder of Professor Ernest Greer, a famous chemist, in his laboratory in Regent's Park, London. The Professor had been found stabbed to death and his face burned with some corrosive substance. The two men go to the house where the murder was committed, and there find that the Professors only daughter has also been murdered in a somewhat similar fashion. Holford and Kirk go to the laboratory where the body of the murdered chemist lies and carefully search for a clue. Kirk acts rather suspiciously. They go back to his house and there he receives a mysterious telephone message, which fills him with dread and arouses Holford's suspicions. Holford is convinced that Kirk knows more than he has told him. Finally he goes to the house of the murdered chemist and there finds Kirk making a careful study of finger-prints as a clue to the murderer. Kirk suggests Greer was killed by someone trying to steal his papers. He forbids Holford to notify the police. When he leaves Holford, the latter follows him surreptitiously. Kirk goes to a poor section of London and enters a miserable tenement. Holford waits outside and is startled by a woman's scream: "You've—killed me—just as you killed—my dear father!" Holford follows an old woman who leaves the house, and then in the fog can't get back. He goes to Professor Greer's residence and finds a young man trying to get in. The man says he saw lights in the house, but adds that it cannot be Antonio, as he saw him taking boat for Calais. The young man, who gives his name as Langton, goes for police assistance. While he is gone Kirk slips out and insists on Holford letting him get away. He is in evident fear of Langton. When the police come they break into the house and find that a dinner-party has been in progress. The bodies of the Professor and his daughter have disappeared. But Holford sees reason to believe that the Professor's body has been cremated in the furnace in the laboratory.



"Someone was in this house—someone who, when I rang, extinguished the light and escaped!"

CHAPTER X.

LEONARD LANGTON MAKES A STATEMENT.

SEARCH of the upper portion of the premises revealed nothing—nothing, at least, to arouse the undue suspicions of the searchers.

My eager glance was everywhere, but I discerned nothing further of an unusual nature. The one great truth had become impressed upon me that the man Kirk, madman or master criminal, had got rid of the evidences of his crime.

He must have disposed of the poor girl's body in the same manner as that of her father!

I recollected that when seated with him in Bath Road, Bedford Park, he had admitted that he possessed another home. Was it in Foley Street; that squalid house where I had heard a woman's frantic screams?

I knew my duty, yet I still hesitated to perform it. My duty as a good citizen was to tell the police, openly and frankly, all that I knew. Yet if I did so, would I be believed? Now, after I had allowed them to search the place, I should, if I spoke, surely be suspected of trying to shield myself.

No, having assumed an attitude of ignorance, I saw I was now compelled to follow it. Kirk, clever, crafty, and far-seeing, had most ingeniously sealed my lips.

Yet why, if he were the actual criminal, had he taken me, a perfect stranger, into his condence? And again, what connection could the Eckhardt tyre have with the strange affair?

Who were those two mysterious callers who had followed his visit, and whom Pelham had seen? What could have been their object?

I stood in the large drawing-room listening to the discussion between the searchers, who had now returned there disappointed.

"I can only repeat, sir," remarked the inspector, addressing Langton, "that you must have been mistaken regarding the light in the window of the next room."

"I'm certain I was not," replied the young man doggedly. "Someone was in this house—someone who, when I rang, extinguished the light and escaped!"

"But how could he have escaped?" queried the officer.

"Ah! that's the mystery. By the roof, perhaps."

"The trap-door is bolted on the inside," declared the constable; "I purposely examined it, sir."

"Or by a window leading out on to some leads somewhere?" I suggested.

"There are no windows unfastened by which anyone could have escaped," the sergeant exclaimed; "I've looked at them all."

"Well," exclaimed the young man with a puzzled air, "nothing will ever convince me that I've brought you all here upon a fool's errand. I still maintain that something unusual has happened. Why has Antonio fled to France?"

"We must ask the Professor," replied the inspector. "He may have been sent by his master upon perfectly legitimate business. He was entirely trusted, you say."

"But he saw me in the buffet at Calais, and, turning, hurried away," Langton said. "In other circumstances he would certainly have raised his hat in greeting; he is a most polite, tactful man."

"Well, sir," laughed the officer, "I don't think we can assist you any further. Just go out, 403," he added, turning to the constable, "and tell the two men in the park that we've finished, and they can go back to their beats."

"Very well, sir," responded the man, replacing his truncheon as he left the room.

Both inspector and sergeant soon followed him, leaving Langton and myself alone.

After the front door had closed, we returned to the big dining-room.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I don't know what your theory is, Mr. Holford, but I'm absolutely certain that something has happened here. There is some crooked circumstance," and I saw deep lines of thought upon his shrewd, clever, clean-shaven countenance.

Why dare not Kirk meet him?

"The absence of everybody is certainly mysterious," I admitted.

"Doubly mysterious when one takes into consideration the fact that the doors leading into the laboratory have been forced," he remarked quickly. "Three persons dined here to-night. The Professor entertained a man-friend. Who was he?"

"That we can only discover when the servants return," I said.

"Or from the Professor himself," he suggested.

I held my breath. What would he have said if I had told him the truth—that the Professor was dead, and that a button from his overcoat had been lying among the ashes of the furnace?

I glanced around the comfortable room where the fire glowed cheerfully and the electric lights were so cunningly shaded. The Professor was, among other things, a connoisseur of old silver, and upon the sideboard were a number of fine Georgian pieces, tankards, salvers, candelabra, salt-cellars, decanter stands, and other things, all of which I recognised as perfect specimens.

My hand went to my jacket pocket, and I there felt the button. I withdrew my fingers in horror.

We had decided to await the return of the Professor. Await his return! Surely we would have a long time to wait for his arrival?

I was on my mettle. I alone knew the truth, and to conceal my secret knowledge from this shrewd and active young man would, I saw, be difficult.

We seated ourselves beside the fire, and, having offered me a cigarette from his case, he began to endeavour to learn more about me. But at first I was very wary, and exercised caution in my replies.

He apologised for mistaking me for an accomplice of thieves, whereat I laughed, saying:

"When we meet the Professor he will perhaps tell you of our long friendship."

"Curiously enough," he said, looking straight across at me, "I never recollect Ethelwynn speaking of you."

"I knew very little of the young lady," I hastened to explain; "the Professor is my friend. He has, on several occasions, told me what a great help she was to him in his experiments."

"She is his right hand," declared the young man. "Her knowledge of certain branches of chemistry is, perhaps, unequalled in a woman."

"And yet she is delightful and charming, and nothing of a blue-stocking, I understand," I remarked.

He smiled, for was he not the happy lover! Ah! what an awakening must be his ere long!

But we gossiped on. His face, however, betrayed a great anxiety, and time after time he expressed wonder why Ethelwynn had not remained at home to keep the appointment, or left him some message.

Indeed, we searched both her boudoir and her bedroom to find his telegram, but all in vain. Then again we returned to the dining-room.

"I suppose you've known the Professor for some years," I remarked, hoping that he would tell me the story of their acquaintance.

"Oh, yes," answered the young man, twisting a fresh cigarette between his fingers. "I first met him and Ethelwynn at the Gandolfi Palace, in Rome, four years ago. I was staying with my aunt, the Marchesa Gandolfi, and they were at the Grand Hotel. I saw quite a lot of them all through the Roman season. The Professor gave some lectures before one of the Italian learned societies, and I had frequent opportunities to take Ethelwynn out to see the sights of the Eternal City. I happen to know Rome very well, for I spent all my youth there with my aunt, an Englishwoman, who married into the Roman nobility, and who, like every other Englishwoman who takes such a step, repented it afterwards."

"You mean she was not very happy with her husband?" I said. "I've heard before that mixed marriages in Italy are never very successful."

"No," he sighed; "my poor aunt, though she became a Marchesa and possessed a dozen different titles and probably the finest palazzo in Rome, was very soon disillusioned. The Marchese was an over-dressed elegant, who lived mostly at his club, ogled women each afternoon in the Corso, or played baccarat till dawn. And Roman society was not at all kind to her because she was just a plain Englishwoman of a county family. Gandolfi was thrown from his horse while riding over one of his estates down in Calabria two years ago."

"The Professor was a friend of your aunt's, I suppose?"

"Yes, an old friend. At the time when we met, Ethelwynn had, I found, an ardent admirer in a young Italian lieutenant of infantry, who had met her once or twice at the Grand and in the English tea-rooms on the Corso, and had fallen desperately in love with her.

"The Professor told me of this, and in confidence asked whether I knew the grey-trousered popinjay. I did not. He had apparently told the Professor of his family and high connections in Bologna, had declared his love for Ethelwynn, and with her consent had asked the Professor for her hand in marriage.

"I consulted my aunt, who was much against the matrimonial union of English and Italians, and in secret I went to Bologna to investigate the lieutenant's story. What I found was rather interesting. Instead of being the son of a noble but decayed family, he was the only child of an old man employed as a gardener at a big villa out on the Via Imola, and so erratic had been his career and so many his amours, that his father had disowned him.

"I returned to Rome with the father's written statement in black and white."

"And what happened then?" I asked, interested.

"The amorous fortune-hunter spent a rather bad quarter of an hour in the Professor's sitting-room, and was then quickly sent to the right-about. He quietly got transferred to another regiment up in Cremona, while Ethelwynn, of course, shed a good many tears."

"And, her disillusionment over, she repaid you for your exertions on her behalf by becoming engaged to you, eh?"

"Exactly," was his answer as his mouth relaxed into a smile. "A very strong attachment exists between the Professor and myself. I am happy to believe, indeed, that I am one of his closest friends—at least that is what he declared when I asked his permission to marry Ethelwynn. Perhaps as regards finance I am not all that he might desire," he said frankly. "I'm not by any means rich, Mr. Holford. In fact, I'm simply a hard-working business man, but I have a very generous and kind employer in Sir Albert Oppenheim, and my position as his confidential secretary is one of great trust."

"Sir Albert Oppenheim!" I echoed. "Why, he's supposed to be one of the wealthiest men in England!"

"He probably is," laughed my friend. "Every rich man, however, has enemies, and he is no exception. I've read and heard spoken many very unkind libels about him; but take it, from one who knows, that no man in all England performs more charitable work in secret than he."

The name recalled several rumors I had heard, ugly rumors of dishonorable dealings in the City, where he was one of the greatest, shrewdest, and most powerful of modern financiers.

I had grown to like Leonard Langton for his frankness. That he was devoted to the unfortunate girl was very plain, and naturally he was anxious and puzzled at her failure to be at home to receive him after an absence of a month in Portugal, where he had, he told me, been engaged upon the purchase of the tramways of Lisbon by an English syndicate formed by Sir Albert.

He lived in chambers in Wimpole Street, with a great chum of his who was a doctor, and he invited me to look him up, while I began to tell him a little about myself, my motor business, and my friends.

He was a motor enthusiast, I quickly found; therefore I, on my part, invited him to come down to Chiswick and go out for a day's run on the "ninety."

Thus it occurred that, seated in that house of mystery, nay, in that very room where I had seen his well-beloved lying cold and dead, we became friends.

Ah! if I had but known one tithe of what that hastily-formed friendship was to cost me! But if the future were not hidden, surely there would be neither interest nor enjoyment in the present.

Suddenly, and without warning, I launched upon him the one question which had been ever uppermost in my mind during all the time we had sat together.

"I have met on several occasions," I said, "a great friend of the Professor's, a man you probably know—Kirk—Kershaw Kirk."

I watched his face as I uttered the words. But, quite contrary to my expectations, its expression was perfectly blank. The name brought no sign of recognition of the man to his eyes, which met mine, unwaveringly.

"Kirk?" he repeated thoughtfully. "No, I've never met him—at least, not to my knowledge. Was he young—or old?"

"Elderly, and evidently he is a very intimate friend of Greer's."

The young man shook his head. If he was denying any knowledge he possessed, then he was a most wonderful actor.

Perhaps Kirk himself had lied to me! Yet I remembered that towards him Antonio had always been most humble and servile.

I tried to discern any motive Langton could have to disclaim knowledge of the mysterious Kirk. But I failed to see any.

As far as I could gather, my companion was not acquainted with the man whom I had so foolishly allowed to escape from the house.

Yet had not Kirk himself expressed a fear at meeting him? Had he not told me plainly that by mere mention of his name to that young man, all hope of solving the enigma would be at an end?

Perhaps, after all, I had acted very injudiciously in admitting my knowledge of Kirk. For aught I knew my remarks might now have aroused further suspicion in his mind concerning myself. Yet was not the temptation to put the question too great to be resisted?

At my suggestion we again ascended the stairs, and re-entered the forbidden chamber.

I gave as an excuse that I was curious to examine some of the delicate apparatus which the Professor used in his experiments. My real reason, however, was again to examine those ashes before the furnace.

Circumstances, fortunately, favored me, for almost as soon as we were inside the laboratory we heard the telephone bell ringing out upon the landing.

"I wonder who's ringing up?" Langton exclaimed quickly. "I'll go and see," and he hurried away to the study where I had noticed the instrument stood upon a small side-table near the window.

The moment he had gone I bent swiftly and poked over the dust and ashes with my hand.

Yes! Among them were several small pieces of cloth and linen only half-consumed, some scraps of clothing, together with a silver collar-stud, blackened by fire.

I feared lest my companion should observe the unusual interest I was taking in the furnace-refuse, therefore I cleaned my hand quickly with my handkerchief and followed him.

He had his ear to the telephone, still listening, when I entered the study.

Then he placed the receiver upon its hook, for the person with whom he had been conversing had evidently gone.

Turning with his eyes fixed upon mine, he made in a few clear words an announcement which fell upon my ears like a thunderbolt.

I believe I fell back as though I had been struck a blow. By that plain, simple declaration of his, the dark vista of doubt and mystery became instantly enlarged a thousand-fold.

I stood staring blankly at the young man, absolutely refusing to believe my own ears.

What he told me was beyond all credence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORM GATHERS.

"I've just been speaking to Ethelwynn," Langton said. "She's down at Broadstairs."

"At Broadstairs!" I echoed, staring straight at my companion.

"Yes," he replied. "She tells me that her father went up to Edinburgh, but was suddenly called abroad upon

The Big Fur Sale

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN FURS

January Clearing Sale

We do not at any stage of the game handle second-class furs, and we are not strong on "Reduction Sales," because we rarely have any goods left over to dispose of. This season, however, we find that there is a very big stock of beautiful furs on hand, and to turn it into cash we are going to let the goods go at almost lower than cost price.

The exhibit includes costly and rich furs at greatly reduced figures—Persian Lamb, Hudson Seal, Pony Skin, Natural and Dyed Squirrel, Hudson Bay Sable, Royal Russian Ermine Ties and Muffs, Broadtail and Persian Lamb Ties and Muffs, Labrador and Eastern Mink Ties and Muffs, and in all the newest of Stoles, Ladies' Fur-lined Coats, Children's Furs, Sable, Marmot, Grey Lamb, Fox and Lynx.

CHILDREN'S FURS

In our January Fur Sale we are putting on the entire stock of Furs for children at prices that we assure you are much below cost price. The furs were originally made subject to a reduction at Christmas time, owing to our being overstocked.

FURS FOR WOMEN

Ladies' Persian Lamb Coats, 24 and 26 inches long, busts 34 to 40, for $125.00; were $145.00 and $160.00.

Pony Coats, odd sizes, were $60 and $75; very choice, $55.00.

Persian Lamb Coats, five only, mink trimmed, in blouse effects, 24 and 26 inches long, 34 and 36 busts, small number two curls; while they last, $60.00.

Black Pony Coats, 34 inches long, in any size bust, 37 inches long, best quality brocaded linings, regular $75, for $62.00.

Black Pony Coats, 30 inches long, busts up to 40, were $55, for $42.50.

Black Pony Coats, full length, any size bust, were $100 and $110, for $85.00.

Black Wolf Sets, stole or cape effect, with large Muff, were $48, for $40.00.

Isabella Fox Sets, large full Stole and Rug Muff, were $40, for $30.00.

Mink Marmot Sets, full-sized Stoles, with Rug Muff, were $33, for $27.50.

Ladies' Tweed Coats and Ulsters, 50 inches long, all sizes, felt interlined to waist, were $15.50 and $15, for $10.00.

One lot Tweed Coats, all sizes, with Alaska Sable Collars, were $25, for $20.00.

One lot Ladies' Fur-lined Coats, Fur Collars and Hamster linings, were $55 and $60, for $45.00.

One lot muskrat linings, superior collars, were $75, to be sold at $65.00.

To clear—Ladies' Trimmed Hats to be cleared; suit hats, $2.98, $3.98 and $6.50, reduced half-price.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

The W. & D. DINEEN CO., Ltd.

140 Yonge Street, Toronto

business connected with one of his newly-patented chemical processes. She rang up Antonio, intending to leave a message for me."

I stood listening to him, utterly dumbfounded. The young man was being misled. Had I not with my own eyes seen the poor girl lying cold and dead in the room downstairs? Besides, was it possible that she, who knew of her father's fate and had seen him lifeless, would tell her lover that great untruth!

Could this be one of Kirk's ingenious subterfuges in order to gain time?

"Then you are satisfied?" I managed at last to stammer.

"To a certain degree, yes," he replied, looking at me with a good deal of surprise, I saw. "But it does not explain why Antonio is absent abroad, or——"

"Gone to meet his master most probably," I interrupted.

"Perhaps. But why has the laboratory been broken open; and, again, why has the furnace been lit? Who were the three persons who dined here this evening? The Professor is away!"

"Miss Ethelwynn might have entertained two friends before leaving for Broadstairs," I suggested.

"They were men. Ethelwynn does not smoke cigarettes."

"Did she say whether she is returning to London?" I inquired.

"She will let me know on the phone to-morrow."

"She didn't tell you her father's whereabouts?"

"She doesn't know. He's somewhere in Germany, she believes. He has been in communication with a strong German syndicate, which it seems has been formel in Hamburg to work one of his discoveries. And in his absence somebody has undoubtedly been prying into his experiments."

"Somebody who you believe was disturbed by your ring at the door, eh?"

"Exactly!" replied the young man, glancing at his watch. "But now, Mr. Holford, I think I shall go to my rooms. I'm tired after my journey. The Channel crossing was an exceptionally bad one this afternoon. You'll call and see me very soon, won't you?"

I promised, and together we descended the stairs and left the silent house.

By his side I walked out by Clarence Gate as far as Baker Street Station, where we shock hands and parted.

After he had left me I halted on the kerb, utterly bewildered.

It had dawned upon me that there was just a chance of discovering something further among the ashes of the furnace. The window, broken by the police, would afford an easy means of access. Now, and only now, was my chance of obtaining knowledge of the actual truth.

Therefore I turned back again, and, loitering before the house, seized my chance when no one was nigh, opened the basement window and was again inside.

In a few minutes I was again standing in the laboratory, over which the glowing furnace threw a red light. I dared not switch on the electricity, lest I should give warning to anybody watching outside, hence I was compelled to grope by the fitful firelight among the ashes.

My examination—a long and careful one—resulted in the discovery of a metal cuff-link much discolored by fire, a charred pearl shirt-button, and a piece of half-burned colored linen. As far as I could ascertain there were no human remains—only traces of burnt clothing. But charred bones very much resemble cinders.

Yet were not those remains, in conjunction with the words of Kershaw Kirk, sufficient evidence of a grim and ghastly occurrence?

I left the house by the window, just as I had entered it, and, walking as far as the Marylebone Road, entered a small private bar, where, being alone, I took out the scraps of half-burned paper and eagerly examined them. Alas! most of the faint-ruled pages were blank. The others, however, were covered with a neat feminine caligraphy, the words, as far as I could decipher, having reference to certain chemical experiments of the Professor's!

Those precious notes by Ethelwynn at the Professor's dictation had, it seemed clear, been wantonly destroyed!

What could have been the motive? If that were found, it would surely not be difficult to discover the perpetrator of that most amazing crime.

I returned home more than ever mystified, but carrying in my pocket a cabinet photograph of the dead man, which I had abstracted from a photo-frame in his daughter's boudoir. It was theft, I knew, but was not that justifiable in such unusual circumstances?

Next morning I was early at the page in order to carry out a plan upon which I had decided during the past hours before the dawn. In the telephone book I searched for, and found, the Professor's number at his seaside cottage at Broadstairs, and asked the exchange for it.

In a quarter of an hour I was informed that I was "through."

"Is Miss Ethelwynn at home?" I inquired.

"No; she's gone out for a walk," replied a feminine voice—that of a maid, evidently. "Who are you, please?"

"Mr. Kershaw Kirk," I replied, for want of something better to say.

"Oh, Mr. Kirk!" exclaimed the woman. "Is that you, sir? Your voice sounds so different over the 'phone. Miss Ethelwynn left word that, if you rang up, I was to tell you that Mr. Langton is back, so you had better keep out of the way."

"What does Langton know?" I asked, quickly on the alert.

"Nothing yet; only be very careful. Are you coming down here?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I'll ring your mistress up later on to-day. Is there any other message for me?"

"No, my mistress said nothing else, sir."

"Very well," I said. "Good morning!" and I rang off.

That conversation created further doubts in my mind. Here was a girl whom both Kirk and myself had seen dead, yet she was still alive, and actually acting in conjunction with him to keep her father's death a secret! It was incomprehensible.

What could it mean?

Pelham came to me with some questions concerning the business, but I only answered mechanically. I could think of nothing—only of the mysterious, inscrutable affair in Sussex Place. The mystery had possessed my soul.

At eleven o'clock, suppressing all suspicion I held of Kershaw Kirk, I called at his house; but his sister showed me a telegram she had received soon after nine o'clock that morning. It had been handed in at Charing Cross Station, and was to the effect that he was just leaving for the Continent.

Another curious circumstance! He had gone to join that crafty-faced servant, Antonio Merli. Now that Leonard Langton had returned, he evidently thought it wise to make himself scarce. And yet Langton had calmly denied all knowledge of him!

A little before five o'clock that afternoon, while sitting in my glass office in the garage, the man Dick Drake brought me a telegram. It had been handed in at the Gare du Nord, in Paris, and was from Kirk. His enigmatical words were:

"Recall all I told you. I thank
"you sincerely for helping me
"over a difficulty last night.
"Shall rejoin you shortly. If
"questioned say nothing. All de-
"pends upon you. Silence!"

I read it through in wonder half a dozen times.

I longed to ring up Ethelwynn Greer again. It would be a weird experience to converse with one whom I had seen dead. Yet I could think of no excuse. Kirk had, no doubt, telegraphed to her, for it seemed that their association was, after all, a very close one.

The day's work ended, I got into a car and drove to the address in Wimpole Street given me by Leonard Langton.

His chambers were particularly cosy and well-furnished but his man, a young foreigner, told me that his master had left for Broadstairs by the "Granville" from Victoria that afternoon.

Therefore I remounted in the car, and turned away down into Oxford Street, entirely nonplussed.

I could not discern Kirk's motive in exposing the tragic circumstances to me. I did not see in what way I could assist him, even though his version of the affair were the true one.

Who was this Kershaw Kirk? That was the main question. Either he was a man of extraordinary power and influence, or else a most cunning and ingenious assassin. Yet was there no suspicion upon Antonio Merli, the foreign servant, who seemed hand-in-glove with Kirk?

Recollection of this caused me to turn the car towards the Euston Road and search along that long, busy thoroughfare for the tobacconist's shop kept by Antonio's cadaverous-looking brother, Pietro—the only outsider, apparently, aware of the Professor's death.

For fully half an hour I searched, until, near the Tottenham Court Road end, I came across a little shop where stationery, newspapers, and tobacco were displayed in the window.

Entering, I asked the dark-eyed girl behind the small counter if Mr. Merli kept the establishment.

"Yes, sir, he does," was her reply.

"Can I see him?"

"He's been suddenly called abroad, sir," anwered the girl; "he left London this morning."

"By what train?"

"Nine o'clock from Charing Cross."

"Do you happen to know a Mr. Kershaw Kirk?"

"Yes; he was here last night to see him," replied the girl. "That's the only time I've ever met him."

"When do you expect Mr. Merli back?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir! He's gone to Italy, I expect; and when he goes there he's generally away for some weeks."

"Then he often goes abroad?"

"Yes, sir; very often. He has some business, I think, which takes him away travelling, and he leaves this shop in charge of my married sister and myself. He's not married, as I dare say you know."

"He's seldom here, then?" I remarked, gratified at all this information.

"He lives out at Acton, and only comes here occasionally."

"You know his brother, of course?" I asked, after I had purchased some cigarettes.

"You mean Mr. Antonio? Oh, yes; he's been here once or twice—for letters he has addressed here."

"In another name—eh?" I laughed lightly.

"Yes, they're letters in a lady's hand, so perhaps we'd better not be too inquisitive," laughed the girl. And then, after some further conversation, I told her I would call again in a week's time to ascertain if she knew her employer's whereabouts, and, re-entering the car, drove back to Chiswick, my mind clouded by many anxicus apprehensions.

The outlook was every moment growing darker and more perplexing.

(*To be continued.*)

"My brother broke his leg yesterday." "Accidentally?" "We presume so. He had nobody to spite."—Kansas City Journal.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND HIS FAMILY.
This picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd-George and their daughter, Megan, was taken recently outside the new house which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has built at Criccieth.

The Greatest of English Art Collectors.

THE greatest English art collector of this age, perhaps of any age, has passed away in George Salting, who died of pneumonia the other day in one of his three rooms over the Thatched House Club, St. James's street, London, where he used to live, much as the late George Smith ("Chicago Smith") used to live at the Reform Club. Although he lived privately and economically Mr. Salting, unlike Mr. Smith, was known as a rich man, at least in Bond street and other places where the choicest specimens of various arts were sold. The New York Sun's London correspondent, gives this interesting account of Salting's life: He was born in 1836 in Australia, where his father, a Dane by birth, had large sugar estates and sheep farms, which he and his brother inherited when they were comparatively young men. He was educated at Eton and the University of Sydney and found himself in early middle age in England with about $150,000 a year, no desire to marry, no taste for philanthropy and a vague interest in art and curiosities.

He came under the influence of Louis Huth, who inoculated him with a taste for Chinese porcelain. The late '60s and the early '70s were the times when the old Dutch houses began to give up the treasures of Oriental art which had been accumulated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the finest blue and white, together with the rare black, famille verte and famille rose porcelain found its way over to England. Salting bought, and bought none but the finest things, at prices which seemed high then but are nothing in comparison with what they would be to-day.

His whole Oriental collection has been on loan at the South Kensington Museum for over twenty years. Thousands of visitors have admired and hundreds of collectors have envied those garnitures and single specimens, which form a collection surpassed only, according to a writer in The Times, by the Pierpont Morgan rooms in the New York museum, and in number, though not in quality, by the royal collection in Dresden.

From China Mr. Salting passed to English furniture, to the brass work of Dinan, to the weapons, bronzes and goldsmiths' work of the Renaissanee. He went to Paris for the Spitzer sale and spent $200,000, incurring the enmity of the dealers, who were exasperated against an English amateur who bought without employing an agent.

After Renaissance objects of art George Salting turned his mind to pictures. He came late into the market, for America was before him, but he gradually formed a very fine collection of Dutch pictures, an interesting gathering of Italians and an extraordinary gathering of drawings and miniatures.

Sometimes, like all collectors, he made a mistake and found himself possessed of a second rate thing. He never remonstrated and never asked the dealer to undo the transaction, but he bided his time and was certain sooner or later to swap it away. Thus in process of time his collection became about as perfect as any collection can be in these days, when the chances of obtaining really fine things are getting rarer.

George Salting was the most striking instance in England of the pure collector. He gave up his life to collecting; he had scarcely another interest except that he sometimes allowed himself a few days shooting, and his absorbing pleasure lay in acquiring these rarities and in showing them to friends, to experts and to learned folk of all nations.

He was penurious in private life to a point that amazed his acquaintances. He turned a deaf ear to all appeals for subscriptions and has been known to turn back because rain was threatening and a shower might drive him to spend a penny in an omnibus. Yet as a collector he never went bargain hunting; he would keep an eye on a newly discovered object of art until it had passed from hand to hand to the dealer whom he could trust, and then he could buy, of course paying the highest figure, or else he bought at the auction sales of great collections.

An interesting question at the moment of writing is what is to become of all his works of art after his death. He often hinted that the nation was to be his heir, but a man who habitually took weeks or months to decide upon a purchase was naturally in no hurry to sign his will.

Another art collector's death was registered this week, that of Dr. Ludwig Mond. The man of science, who found a fortune in his processes for recovering sulphur from alkali waste and similar mysteries to the ordinary mind, was a devoted collector of pictures, chiefly of those of the early Italian school.

His collection, one of the finest private collections in England, included Andrea Mantegna's "Holy Family"; Titian's "Virgin and Child"; two wonderful panels from the life of San Zenobia, by Sandro Botticelli; a monk, by Gentile Bellini; Giovanni Bellini's "Virgin and Child" and "Dead Christ" and a "Crucifixion" said by Vasari to be the first Crucifixion painted by Raphael.

It is reported that Salting left the bulk of his magnificent art collection to the British nation.

Every buyer of second hand books dreams one day of finding between the leaves of one of his acquisitions a banknote.

According to The Gaulois, a celebrated London novelist has just had a stroke of luck of this kind. He was poring over the boxes arranged along by the walls by the side of the Seine, and decided to buy for a couple of francs a "Henriade" in quaint type published last century, in which were a number of engravings. He went off with his prize, and in the evening began reading it. He found two of the pages of Scene 3 stuck together, and on opening them with a knife found three banknotes of 1,000 francs (£40) each, and the following message:

"Friend, whoever thou art, thou who hast read this book to the end, be legatee without remorse of this little fortune. It is all my pen has brought me in fifty years. May the muses be more favorable to thee, for thou are surely a man of letters.

"H. Z. 10 Jan., 1848. Paris, 3 Rue Mazarine."

Alexander A. Walker of Edinburgh has been notified by the Italian Ambassador in London that by order of His Majesty the King of Italy the Minister of War has granted him the right to wear the medal for the War of Independence and Unity in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him in the cause of Italy in the ranks of the British Legion during the campaign of 1860. Walker was working as a tailor in Glasgow when Garibaldi came to the front and he became enthusiastic and volunteered. Sailing from London he landed at Palermo and took part in the advance to Naples. He was at the battles of Milazzo and Reggio and at the siege of Messina, and entered Naples on September 7, 1860. Mr. Walker served a year, and although taking part in many engagements was only once wounded slightly.

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TORONTO and YOKOHAMA

To the Readers of Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—

During the present year the Trustees of the National Sanitarium Association have been greatly encouraged through the liberality of an ex-patient of the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium. This young man, hearing of the wish of the Board to establish a laboratory in Muskoka, promptly sent his cheque for $1,500 to cover the entire cost. Through his splendid liberality the poorest patient in the Free Hospital has now at his service the best that modern science and research can offer, as well as the most careful medical skill and nursing obtainable.

Within the past month the writer, in visiting Japan, had occasion to call at a public office in Yokohama. The gentleman in charge introduced himself as an ex-patient of the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, and with a degree of pride recalled the fact that seven years ago he had occupied a tent on the grounds of the Sanatorium, and was cured, to use his own words, "so well and good," that he has never had any symptom of his trouble since that time. To-day this patient occupies one of the most responsible positions in Japan, doing honor to Canada in the high position he holds.

Over five thousand patients have been cared for in our consumptive homes, and to-day three hundred and fifteen are in residence. **One hundred and seventy-six of these are absolutely free, paying nothing whatever towards their own maintenance.** This is made possible by the practical sympathy and co-operation of large-hearted friends in every part of Canada.

Three hundred dollars will endow a bed for one year.

One dollar will help. Will you?

Yours sincerely,

W. J. GAGE

Contributions for the Muskoka Free Hospital may be sent to W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, and for the Toronto Free Hospital to H. P. Dwight, Treasurer, 347 King Street West, Toronto.

SPECIAL FEATURES IN CONNECTION WITH GRAND TRUNK ROUTE TO BOSTON.

It is the only double-track route to Montreal. The only through sleeper to Boston leaves Toronto via Grand Trunk 9 a.m. train daily.

Tickets, reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

"The dress Mrs. Style wore at the opera was a perfect poem," said Mrs. Howard.

"As far as it went, no doubt," replied her husband, "but I thought some cantos were missing."—Brooklyn life.

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, JAN. 6, 1910.

The past ten days or so have been wholly given up to holiday festivities of all descriptions, dances having occupied the lion's share of the young people's time and attention. The first skating of the very backward season also added considerably to the holiday fun, and all the rinks are now being liberally patronized. The principal events of the week were the May Court Ball on Thursday night at the Racquet Court; and the first of Her Excellency the Countess Grey's skating and tobogganning parties at Government House, which, owing to Saturday—the day on which these bright events always take place during the months of January and February—being New Year's Day, Her Excellency thoughtfully changed last week to Friday, when a large throng of guests of all ages thoroughly enjoyed the sports.

The May Court Ball, which is one of the most anticipated events of each season in the Capital, quite equalled, if not surpassed its predecessors. The attendance was unusually large; indeed during the first part of the evening and until some of the older folk began to move homeward, dancing was extremely difficult and at times almost impossible, but this state of affairs was not objected to seriously when one thought how considerably the funds of this very deserving and charitable club would be augmented. The Racquet Court presented a most festive appearance with the very tastefully arranged decorations of scarlet and green. Numerous flags, and yards of bright bunting, completely covered the walls, and from the centre of the ceiling was suspended a huge scarlet bell from which hung long festoons of evergreen bearing numerous smaller bells of the same vivid hue. Brilliantly lighted with innumerable electric bulbs, the whole presented an exceedingly pleasing and seasonable picture, and this was added to by banks of luxuriant palms and ferns and flowers at the end of the room, and on the dais which was erected for the comfort of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey and party, who gave their patronage to the event. The vice-regal party and the guests were received by the May Queen, Miss Mary Scott, who was handsomely gowned in black jetted lace, and Mrs. Edward Fauquier, a former May Queen for many years, who wore a beautiful gown of peacock blue satin with irridescent trimming and embroideries of the same shade. A few "extras" were danced before the arrival of Their Excellencies and their party from Government House at about ten o'clock, their entrance to the ball-room being heralded by the orchestra striking up "God Save the King." The vice-regal party went directly to the dais, and contrary to the rule which has formerly prevailed on similar occasions, the quadrille of honor was left out, but His Excellency and other members of the group afterwards joined the dancers from time to time. Lady Grey looked very well in a gown of black jetted lace over black satin, the bodice having a cuirass of gold tissue, and she wore her handsome diamond necklace and tiara. Lady Evelyn Grey wore pale green satin; the Countess of Lanesborough was in black satin with pearl and diamond ornaments, and Lady Eileen Butler, her elder daughter, was much admired in a lovely gown of white satin, with overdress of sequined net and silver embroidery. Other members of the vice-regal party were Miss Grace Smith, the accomplished pianist of London, England, who was very pretty in pale yellow satin and pearl embroideries; Lord Lascelles, A.D.C.; Capt. Fife, A.D.C.; Major Trotter, Mr. Arthur Guise, Captain Newton and Mr. Hely-Hutchison, an English visitor who was for a few days the guest of Their Excellencies, and who left again on Sunday. A particularly appetizing supper was served downstairs at midnight, Their Excellencies going down first and on their return being followed by relays of the dancers in rapid succession. The large table in the centre of the room was very prettily arranged with brilliant blossoms, ferns and crimson-shaded candelabra, and numerous smaller tables, each cosily accommodating a party of four, were arranged around the room. As the bells rang out the hour of midnight, everyone hurried to the ball-room, and after three large circles had been formed one within the other, by all the guests joining hands, the orchestra struck up "Auld Lang Syne" and all joined in singing this time-honored refrain most lustily. As the last strain died away the shaking of hands and wishing one another a "Happy New Year" became general, and then the dance continued until after three a.m.

His Excellency's new Military Secretary, the Earl of Lanesborough, with the Countess of Lanesborough and their family have been staying at Government House since their arrival in the Capital, while Rideau Cottage is being put into order for them, and on Thursday Her Excellency, Lady Grey, invited a number of Ottawa's prominent hostesses to meet Lady Lanesborough at the tea-hour. Tea was arranged in the drawing-room, where Lady Grey received her guests, gowned in grey silk with lace trimmings. Lady Lanesborough wore a handsome black costume and black toque with grey feathers. Lady Evelyn Grey and Lady Eileen Butler, the latter Lady Lanesborough's elder daughter, were also present, and the guests were Lady Cartwright, Lady Fitzpatrick, Madame Brodeur, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Mrs. Otter, Madame Belcourt, Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss, Mrs. de la Cherois Irwin, Mrs. John Gilmour, Madame Girouard, Mrs. Idington, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. Robert Gill, Madame Marcil, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. Duff and Mrs. Molson Macpherson of Quebec.

Mrs. Molson Macpherson, who is Mrs. John Gilmour's guest, has been the guest of honor at several bright little gatherings during her stay in town, among them being a tea at the Country Club given by her hostess; Mrs. Crombie's very pleasant five o'clock on Wednesday; and a large tea, of which Mrs. Gwynne was the hostess, and at which Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber and Miss Marguerite Crombie presided over the tea and coffee urns. A tea on Tuesday of this week, at which Mrs. J. A. Clayton entertained, was also in honor of Mrs. Macpherson, and was much enjoyed by a large number of her friends.

Other charming entertainments recently given were: a bridge party of six tables at which Mrs. Martin Griffin entertained as a farewell to Miss Jane Fielding, whose marriage to Mr. K. N. McFee, of London, England, will take place on the 19th of January; a bridge followed by a tea which Mrs. Edward Farrer gave especially for Mrs. Owsley Rowley, of Montreal, who was also the guest of honor of Mrs. Remon's tea on Friday; Mrs. H. Allan Bate's bridge party given for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lansing Lewis, of Montreal; a tea at which the Misses Davies entertained in honor of Miss Rose Richards, of Swansea, Wales, who is visiting Mrs. Pennington Macpherson; and a delightfully arranged luncheon which had Mrs. R. L. Borden as hostess. Lady Fitzpatrick gave a particularly delightful bridge party for two visitors, one of whom was her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Cannon, of Quebec, who came up to Ottawa for the holidays, and the other, Mrs. Alex. Hill's guest, Miss Stikeman, of Montreal, and the same visitors were also the special guests of a very smart luncheon given by Mrs. Hill on the following day. Mrs. J. A. Clayton was another bridge hostess of the week, her gathering being in special honor of Mrs. Cargill, of Cargill, who is just now with her daughter, Mrs. Wilson Southam.

The "Not-outs" had a very merry holiday week, which included parties of various descriptions given for them by Mrs. W. W. Cory, Mrs. Percy Aylwin, Miss Helen Grant, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, Mrs. W. Thackray of Rockcliffe, Mrs. Somerset Graves, Mrs. Henry Farrer, Mrs. Ernest Jarvis and Mrs. Lightfoot.

Mrs. Harry Housser has returned from Toronto, and had as her guests for a few days Mr. Fred Housser, of Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Parsons, of Regina, Sask.

Several Ottawans are enjoying a portion of the holidays in New York, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mrs. David Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irvin, who are the guests of Mrs. George Van Buren while there, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Lake Marler. Sir Frederick and Lady Borden have gone to Boston to spend a week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Lewis, of Montreal, who have been holiday visitors of Mrs. Lewis's father, Mr. H. N. Bate, at Trenwick House, will accompany Mr. Bate on a trip abroad this month. Mr. Bate's party will also include his eldest daughter, Mrs. Alex. Christie, with her son, Mr. Harry Christie, who has recently recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and Mrs. Aldous, of Winnipeg, Mr. Bate's second daughter. They expect to sail about January 22, and will go first to Egypt, where they will remain for some little time, and will later visit the principal points of interest in Europe before returning to Ottawa in the late spring.

A particularly interesting event of this week, in which about fifty young people will participate, will be Mrs. Ward C. Hughson's "German" tomorrow evening, and owing to the novelty of this form of entertainment in the Capital, it is much anticipated by the fortunate ones who are to share in its fun.

The Racquet Court was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Tuesday night of this week, when Miss Clemow of "Hill and Dale" was the hostess of what proved to be one of the most enjoyable and quite one of the largest dances of the winter, and which was given for her nieces, the Misses Edith and Beatrice Bailey.

THE CHAPERON.

LORD MINTO'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.
An English magazine, in a recent issue, devoted an article to fashionable London photographers and those whom they considered their ideal sitters. One of the most prominent selected Lady Eileen Eliot, and the wisdom of the choice will not be disputed by those who knew Lady Eileen during her residence in Canada.

WILLIAM TASSIE, M.A., LL.D.
An oil painting by J. W. L. Forster of the late master of the Galt Grammar School, known as Dr. Tassie's Grammar School. The portrait was presented by the old Tassie boys to the Galt Collegiate Institute, which is the successor of the old school. The presentation was made by Mr. John N. McKendrick, B.A., and Mr. Thomas Peck, of Galt. The picture was accepted by Mr. David Spiers, on behalf of the Board of Trustees, who directed that it should be hung on the wall of the front hall of the college.

Canada First in Photo Surveying

SURVEYING by means of photography is now practised with great accuracy. The system was first used with success in 1888, and it is interesting to note that it is practically a Canadian idea. At all events it has been far more extensively employed here than in any other country. The process has been named photo-topography — another new word for the dictionary—for the reason that it consists in photographing a region from various high levels and making topographic maps from the data so secured. The difficulties encountered in surveying much of the country in the far north-west of Canada have been most formidable. Indeed it was found quite impossible to carry on such work in the regular way in the recent topographical surveys made along the boundary line between Alaska and northern British Columbia and the Yukon Territory. By means of photography, however, the Canadian Government surveyors have obtained remarkably accurate records, but even by this comparatively unhazardous method lives have been lost. So an idea may thus be had of the value of the new system in unexplored regions, where the extreme ruggedness of the country and the climate make the surveyor's work under the best circumstances most dangerous and difficult. The use of photography in this way is described in a recent paper read by Mr. P. W. Greene, before the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, an extract from which is here quoted:

"The instruments employed on the Alaskan boundary survey are two, the camera and the transit. On account of the nature of the country and the climatic conditions encountered, both are necessarily of the simplest possible design. . . The camera rests on a triangular base, identical with the base of the transit, so that both may fit the same tripod. The camera outfit complete, including case, 7 plate-holders, and 14 plates, weighs about 19 pounds. . . . Compared with most European instruments the whole equipment is very simple.

"A photographic survey is carried on necessarily in connection with a triangulation scheme, by means of which the positions of the camera stations are determined. The triangulation stations are so chosen as to form good camera stations. The qualifications of a satisfactory camera station are: (1) a good view of the surrounding country, unblocked by close or higher peaks; (2) that photographs taken from it shall contain points seen from other stations; and (3) that the intersection on any points to be plotted from two camera stations shall not be too acute. A judicious selection of suitable stations, to avoid both duplications and omissions, is the most difficult part of photographic work and requires a thorough understanding of the methods of plotting and also of the practical difficulties met with in the field.

"A full climbing-party usually consists of five men. On reaching the summit of a peak the observer and recorder immediately start on the camera work while the men busy themselves gathering rocks for the cairn which supports the triangulation signal. The camera is leveled up as an ordinary transit, and after focusing is ready for exposure. A series of seven photographs is taken including the complete round of the horizon, each photograph slightly overlapping the last. The points to keep in mind are that the camera shall always be focussed as described and that it shall be level before exposing. The exposures vary from 10 to 60 seconds. A sharp peak or any well-defined point is chosen in the field of each photograph, and this is sketched and briefly described by the recorder. He also records the exposure and the plate exposed. . . When the photographic work is finished the transit is set up in the same place and the points mentioned above are tried in to some peak or station of known position. . . By means of the sketches and descriptions, the points may be easily recognized on the photographs. . . . .

"In the Canadian work all plotting is done by the original observer. Contour maps are made showing 250-foot contours. The number of points plotted to the square mile depends on the accuracy required, the topography of the space between the points being sketched in from the photographs. The method of plotting is as simple as the field work. The first operation is to draw the 'horizon' and 'principal' lines on the prints. The former is so located that all points having a greater elevation than the camera station will show above it, and all lower points below. The principal line is drawn vertically through points in the centre of the field of the camera."

As noted above, in taking the photographs from the stations of the triangulation survey certain known points in their fields are located by transit bearings, and thus the bearing of the principal line of each photograph may be laid down from the point on the triangulation map. The position of any point in the photograph may then be located by following certain definite rules of measurement, taking account of the scale of enlargement of the original photograph and of the focal length of the lens in the camera. We read further:

"In the Alaskan-boundary survey the average climbs range from 4,000 to 7,000 feet. Both ascent and descent are made in one day. The climate in South-eastern Alaska is unfavorable for this kind of work, and there are, as a rule, only from 20 to 40 suitable days for work in a season. During a season a party will occupy from 15 to 30 stations, commanding an area of topography of from 500 to 1,500 square miles."

KAY'S
January Furniture Sale

Regular Prices Radically Reduced on Furniture Now in Stock

THOSE who contemplate buying furniture in the near future will make a great mistake if they fail to visit this store and look into the money saving opportunities afforded by our January Sale.

In view of the fact that furniture manufacturers generally have decided on a material advance in prices, the liberal reductions we make during January on our very moderate regular prices will appeal with double force to those who appreciate good furniture and like to secure it at Bargain Prices.

JOHN KAY COMPANY Limited
36 and 38 King Street West

A PRETTY AMERICAN.
Miss Millicent Ridgely Carter is the daughter of Mr. John Ridgely Carter, who has long been a prominent figure at the American Embassy in London, and who recently received another diplomatic appointment. Miss Ridgely Carter, who is at present in America, will shortly return to London, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Dorchester House while her father goes to his new duties at Bucharest.

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, JAN. 6. 1910.

THE officers' wives of the 13th Royal Regiment could have chosen a more suitable time of year for a farewell to Colonel Wentworth Moore, who retires from his command after five years service, than the Yuletide season. The first part of the evening was devoted to military euchre which caused much merriment, twenty-one tables being used for play, The pretty prizes of cups and saucers were won by Messrs. James Tabbatt, Thos. Hobson and E. H. Ambrose. After the presentation of these, supper was served at small tables, then the *raison d'etre* of this delightful entertainment occupied the attention of the guests, when a huge stocking filled with toys and a handsome souvenire pearl pin, accompanied by a witty address read by Colonel Mewburn, were presented to Col. Moore, who responded in a happy manner, thanking the ladies for their kindness, and expressing his appreciation of the handsome present. The members of the committee in charge were Mesdames R. A. Robertson, Sidney Mewburn, H. S. Griffin, Percy Dornville, W. K. Marshall, George Black, F. F. Dalley, George Fearman, J. H. Herring and Miss Meakins.

Mrs. Harry Burbidge, of Winnipeg, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Ansley, of Boston, spent the holidays with Mr. Lindsey, Main street west.

Miss Kate Mills, of Ottawa, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. George Mills, for Christmas.

Miss Edna Greening is visiting in New York.

A number of Hamilton people went down for the dance at Government House last Wednesday night, among them being Mr. and Mrs. John Eastwood, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Bessie Balfour, Miss Lily Bristol, Miss Dorothy Gates, Miss Constance Turnbull, Miss Meta Bankier, Messrs. John Crerar, Gansby Wilcox Doolittle, W. Watson, Stanley Robinson and R. Mullin.

Mrs. Baldwin left this week for Montreal where she will remain for some weeks, the guest of Mrs. R. Kilvert.

A very enjoyable luncheon was given at Hotel Waldorf by Mrs. R. B. Gardner on Wednesday followed by bridge. The dining-room had a very bright appearance with Christmas decorations, each table being centred by individual trees, in which a gift for each guest was tied with red ribbon, draped from the tree to the place-card. The guests included Mrs. McGiverin, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. R. Fearman, Mrs. James White, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Norman Jones, Mrs. Hadley (Chicago), Miss Rose (Toronto), Mrs. Norman Braden, Mrs. W. K. Marshall, Mrs. Roy Moodie, Mrs. Heurner Mullin, Mrs. John Eastwood, Mrs. Ernest Lazier. John Eastwood, Mrs. Ernest Lazier, Mrs. Calder, Mrs. Clyde Greene, Mrs. R. Parry, Mrs. J. H. Kerr, Mrs. James Gillard, Mrs. Van Allen, Mrs. Waddie, Misses Climie Lazier and Meakins. The prizes were won by Mrs. W. K. Mills and Mrs. J. D. Ferguson.

Miss Gertrude Carey will spend the winter in Europe the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ossip Linde.

Miss Anna Laidlaw and Dr. J. H. Laidlaw attended the wedding of Miss Eleanor MacDonald and Dr. Campbell Laidlaw, of Ottawa, at Kingston last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Counsell and their family of St. Catharines, spent the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Counsell, James street.

Miss Van Husen and Miss Muir, of Detroit, are guests of Mrs. Hendrie, Holmstead.

Mrs. C. S. Scott and Mrs. D. B. Dewar were joint hostesses of one of the most successful dances of this gay season on Thursday evening at the Conservatory of Music, when their daughters, Miss Isabel Scott and Miss Helen Dewar made their debut, wearing very graceful and pretty gowns of white satin with tulle and trimming of crystal beaded fringe. The dancing room was effectively decorated in Christmas greens, bells and streamers of bunting, the stage being banked with palms. A splendid programme was played for dancing, and it was the wee sma' hours when happy good nights were said. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, the Misses Braithwaite (Toronto), Miss Dewar, Miss Watson, Miss Agnes Hobson, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Violet Watson, Mr. W. G. Watson (Calgary), Miss Hoodless, Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Alice Hope, Miss Rathbun, Mr. Rathbun (Toronto), Miss Moodie, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Meta Bankier, Miss Bristol and her guest Miss Margaret Scott (Toronto), Miss Violet Crerar, Miss Helen Wanzer, Miss Muriel Cartwright, Miss Strathmore Findlay, Misses Balfour, the Misses Howell, and the Messrs. Gansby, Wilcox, Doolittle, Ley, Morrison, Montizambert, Ralph Bruce, Ian Hendrie, J. M. Young, Alan Young, Gartshore, George Balfour, John Gibson, Price and Law, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Howell leave next week for a trip around the world. The Misses Howell will spend the winter in California.

A very jolly dance was given on Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Henderson at the Jockey Club for Miss Dorothy Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Herring, of Worcester, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Herring, Main St. West.

Miss Constance Turnbull is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Davidson, St. George street, Toronto, and was one of the attendants at Miss Davidson's wedding this week.

KATRINE.

The Women of Germany.

"I BELIEVE that the typical German hausfrau is a myth," said a New York woman who returned the other day from a year's residence in Germany. "I don't see how the average German woman finds any time to be a hausfrau. I sometimes wondered when the German woman found time to do anything at home.

"I spent eight months in Berlin with my daughter, who was studying music. From 11 to 12 in the morning the cafes were packed with German women, who go out to take their second breakfast in the public restaurants, a thing unknown in America.

"They take along their sewing or embroidery and sit an hour or two over their cup of coffee or glass of beer. At the concerts, too, they take their work and spend hours day after day listening to the music. You can spend an afternoon listening to beautiful music, a magnificent orchestra with fine vocal artists for 16 cents. That is an illustration of things that help to exile Americans.

"At three in the afternoon again you will see the cafes crowded with German women taking their afternoon tea. I think American women are more domestic than German, because I never heard of American women who left their homes in the evening to pass the time at the club. A German friend took me one evening to the German Women's Club. The club has a magnificent suite of apartments, including auditorium, reading room, parlor, cafe and smoking room.

"When she took me into the last apartment it almost fazed me for a minute. It was blue with smoke. I had never before seen a room filled with elegantly gowned, cultivated women all smoking. These were the wealthy society women of Berlin, titled some of them.

"They were cosmopolitan in their dress and manners and did not present any striking points of difference from the American woman except in the smoking. It made the occurrence of last summer, when our immigration officials detained a second class passenger, a woman art dealer, for inquiry into her sanity because she smoked cigarettes, appear very funny in retrospect.

Why She Cried.

MISS Muriel Million was sitting alone,
With a very disconsolate air;
Her fluffy blue tea gown was fastened awry,
And frowsy and rumpled her hair.
"Oh, what is the matter?" I said, in alarm,
"I beg you in me to confide":
But she buried her face in her kerchief of lace
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Come out for a spin in the new motor car,
The motor boat waits at the pier;
Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park
Or a canter on horseback, my dear."
'Twas thus that I coaxed her in lover-like tones
As I tenderly knelt at her side;
But, refusing all comfort, she pushed me away,
While she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible woe;
You know I would love you the same
If the millions of papa had vanished in smoke
And you hadn't a cent to your name.
If you came to the church in a garment of rags
I would wed you with rapturous pride."
She nestled her cheek to my shoulder at this,
Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"You know," she exclaimed, in a piteous wail,
"That love of a hat that I wore—
The one with pink roses and chiffon behind
And a fluffy pink feather before!—
I paid Madame Modiste a fiver for that,
And our parlor maid, Flora McBride,
Has got one just like it for fifteen-and-six!"
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

—Tit-Bits.

The Queen and the Hospital.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA takes a keen interest in many charities, and has done much, both before and since King Edward's accession, to encourage others to follow her example. Among her special interests is the London Hospital which she often visits, the authorities only learning of her coming an hour or so before she arrives. In order to prevent the gathering of a crowd the Royal carriage drives to the back of the hospital buildings and inside the gates, Her Majesty's visits thus being rendered quite private. The Queen shows great interest in all the patients and never fails to speak to each one in every ward she visits. At times, when the attendants have wished to spare her fatigue, she has always insisted in stopping at any cot that was in danger of being passed by, and has exchanged a word with its occupant. The Queen never forgets anyone, and she is described as one of the most thoughtful and painstaking of hospital visitors.

It was through the initiative of the Queen that the first Finsen lamp was installed in London. She was struck by the wonderful cures in cases of lupus that had been effected through these lamps, and at a cost of £100 she had one sent from Copenhagen where she first saw them. For this as well as many other innovations the Lonodon hospital has to thank the Queen.

Queen Alexandra takes a great interest, too, in Army nursing. At the time of the Boer War she gave directions that twenty-eight nurses should be sent out at her own expense. When she went down to the London Hospital to say "Good-bye," she gave to each a personal present.

It is mainly owing to her, loyally helped by Lady Roberts, that a proper organization now exists for nursing soldiers in peace and in war, and she nominates two members on the nursing board of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service. which manages this department of the War Office.

To show something of gratitude for her kindly interest, a beautiful bronze statue of Queen Alexandra has been erected by private subscription in the grounds of the hospital.

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Miss Clara Brett Martin, B.A., LL.B., B.C.L., barrister, solicitor, and notary public, was re-elected last week to the Toronto Board of Education, of which she has been a member since 1901. Miss Martin secured the second largest number of votes, and is the only woman on the Board.

A Unique School.

MISS MARTHA BERRY has established a most wonderfully successful school for Mountain whites near Rome, Georgia. the whole work growing out of a Sunday school class she started less than ten years ago. Miss Berry was so impressed with the needs of her "poor white" boys that she has spent all the intervening time working on their behalf. Their parents she found were too poor to supply them with anything more than the barest necessities of life, and they were growing up in utter indifference to everything pertaining to education. To remedy this in a small degree she first invited a number of them to meet her every Sunday at a little cabin she owned, and there undertook to teach them a few of the things they most needed to know.

At the time Miss Berry had no thought of establishing a permanent school. Instead of being a temporary affair, however, the school soon made itself an institution practically without any effort on her part. So far as the children of the "poor whites" were concerned they not only crowded her cabin to more than its full capacity every Sunday, but they finally came to her with the request that a day school be added.

For a time it looked as if the movement had come to a point beyond which it could not go, but finally Miss Berry screwed up sufficient courage to make a trip to the North that she might tell some of the rich philanthropists about her mountain school.

As a result she went back to her pupils with funds sufficient not only to maintain the school but to enlarge it. To-day the school has a thousand acres of land, much of it under cultivation, and several fine buildings, in which fifteen teachers are kept busy instructing the 150 pupils, not only in the studies of the ordinary school, but in the useful trades as well. Miss Berry is now engaged in raising an endowment fund sufficient to support it and had already secured $25,000 each from Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Russell Sage.

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN in her farewell lecture before returning to England is credited with having said that she was going back home to tell her countrymen how much better the men in America treated the women who were working for the ballot than Englishmen did their wives and sisters struggling for the same cause.

"You have heard a great deal about the English suffragists throwing stones," said Mrs. Snowden. "Let me tell you what the Englishmen throw. Men, not workingmen, not rough looking men, but students, and divinity students at that, have shot peas at me at my meetings until blood was on my cheeks. They have thrown rotten cabbage at me, dead rats and mice; nothing was too bad for them to hurl at me."

The Academy of Moral and Political Science in France has offered a prize of $400 for the best thesis on "The right of suffrage; should it be extended to women; in what circumstances, and to what extent? The history of the movement and its application in France and in foreign countries." The competition is open to both sexes and the prize is to be awarded in 1913.

Tempting the Sick

What a task to tempt the elusive appetite of the invalid with something dainty, delicate, palate cooling and wholesome. And it must be made quickly and served very soon after the desire is expressed or the patient has changed his mind. Hundreds of just such tempting jellies, custards, etc., are made possible with

Pure Gold

(Trade Mark Registered)

Quick Desserts

Dainty, refreshing jellies made with Pure Gold Jelly Powders. Delicious, nourishing puddings with the Quick Tapioca, Chocolate, Arrowroot and Custard. Pure, wholesome and "just right" for the weak digestion of an invalid. From the moment the invalid says he wants it to the time you serve it is but a few minutes.

For example, we suggest this

Invalid's Food

Into one pint of water, slightly salted, stir three tablespoons Quick Tapioca and cook fifteen minutes. Serve with cream and sugar. This is a very nutritious breakfast dish and serves as a change from the cereals.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in a very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result.

2 B

MADE IN CANADA

Samples on Request

Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address

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Dear Editor
Enclosed please find $3.00 for one year's subscription to "The Paper Worth While." My address is

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Yours truly

TO CALIFORNIA.

The electric lighted Los Angeles Limited and the electric lighted Overland Limited, only three days from Chicago to the coast via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line. Drawing room and private compartment sleepers, composite buffet-library and observation cars, dining cars. Trains and berths electric lighted throughout. The Los Angeles Limited also has Pullman tourist sleepers between Chicago and Los Angeles, and the China and Japan Fast Mail has Pullman tourist and standard sleepers to California points. Illustrated literature, maps, rates, etc., on application to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King street, Toronto, Ont.

Griggs—"So Tom is married, eh?" Briggs—"Yes, for the present. He's married an actress."—Boston Transcript.

Bronson—"What did that pretty salesgirl say when you stole a kiss?" Johnson—"She said: 'Will that be all to-day?'"—Boston Transcript.

MRS. JAMES LOWTHER.

The wife of the Right Hon. James Lowther, Speaker of the British House of Commons, was, prior to her marriage, Miss Mary Beresford Hope, daughter of the late Right Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope. She is very keenly interested in politics and has been since long before her husband became Speaker in 1905. Mrs. Lowther is also connected with some of the best traditions of Victorian religion, politics and literature.

EATON'S

A January Sale in Whitewear of a Very High Grade

Manufacturing our January Sale Whitewear permits better workmanship, better materials, better *values*, than could be otherwise possible.

Lingerie of our own designs in many original and exclusive effects, in qualities that compare very favorably with imported hand-made goods, so that those who hitherto have sought elegance in lingerie in foreign centres will see in this assortment every reason for taking full advantage of the January Sale.

Indeed the feature of this Sale of Whitewear is the large extent of the showing of finer lingerie, a few examples of which we illustrate and describe.

Corset Covers, fine quality nainsook, full front with embroidery insertion, two rows of lace insertion, neck and arms with lace beading and ribbon, also edge of lace, tucked back with lace insertion; sizes 32 to 42 inches. January Sale price $1.50

Women's Gowns, fine quality nainsook, square neck with embroidery insertion, beading and ribbon, also edge of embroidery, waist and sleeves with embroidery beading and ribbon, also frill of fine embroidery; lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches. January Sale price $4.27

Women's Skirts, extra fine cotton, with embroidery insertion, deep flounce of lawn with three clusters of tucks, embroidery insertion and wide frill of fine skirting embroidery, dust ruffle; lengths 38, 40, 42 in. January Sale price, $4.00
—Second Floor—Centre.

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED